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THE  
THE GRANITE MONTHLY  
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,  
AND STATE PROGRESS

33

VOLUME XXXIII

CONCORD, N. H.

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1902





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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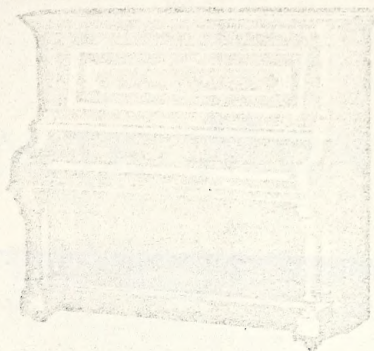
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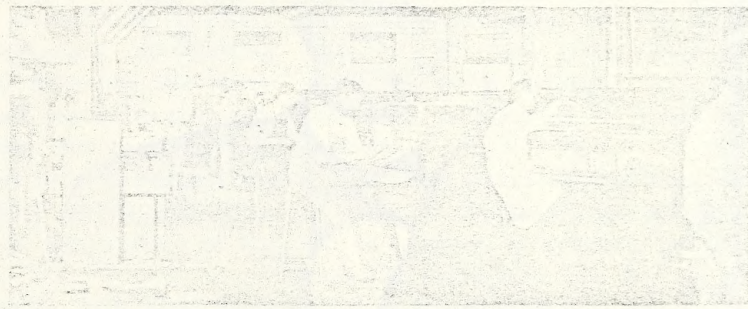


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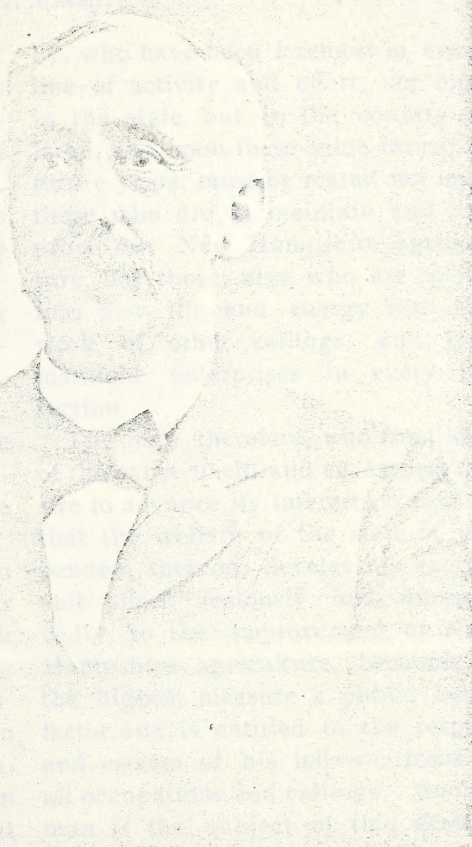
HON. NAHUM J. BACHELDER.

By H. H. Ketchum.



PROSPERITY'S agricultural presupposing an intelligent and progressive rural population, is the sure basis of national prosperity and progress. Whoever labors most effectively to promote the welfare of these interests in agricultural pursuits, by quickening their intelligence, stimulating their ambition, inducing the adoption of improved methods, strengthening their love for the soil, and at the same time increasing the measure of their personal contributions most to the welfare of the nation at large.

New Hampshire has long been reckoned as a manufacturing rather than an agricultural state, though by every count since the last century has shown more capital invested and more men employed in agriculture than in all lines of manufacturing within the state, and even from the last census it appears that the value of the agricultural products of the state was greater than in any previous census year. In any event, however, unless agriculture is fostered, encouraged, and sustained there can be no general prosperity for the state itself. From the New Hampshire farmer have come the men and the women, in the years gone



HON. NAHUM J. BACHELDER.

of Andover born, September 2, 1850, on the old Bachelder homestead in "Tampah Village," the east part of the town, known in later years as "Highland Farm." Here was typical New England farm house, and the location, which is about a mile and a quarter from the





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No. 1.

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*By H. H. Metcalf.*

**A** PROSPEROUS agriculture, presupposing an intelligent and progressive rural population, is the sure basis of national prosperity and progress. Whoever labors most effectively to promote the welfare of those engaged in agricultural pursuits, by quickening their intelligence, stimulating their ambition, inducing the adoption of improved methods, strengthening their love for their calling, and at the same time increasing the measure of their self-respect, contributes most to the welfare of the nation at large.

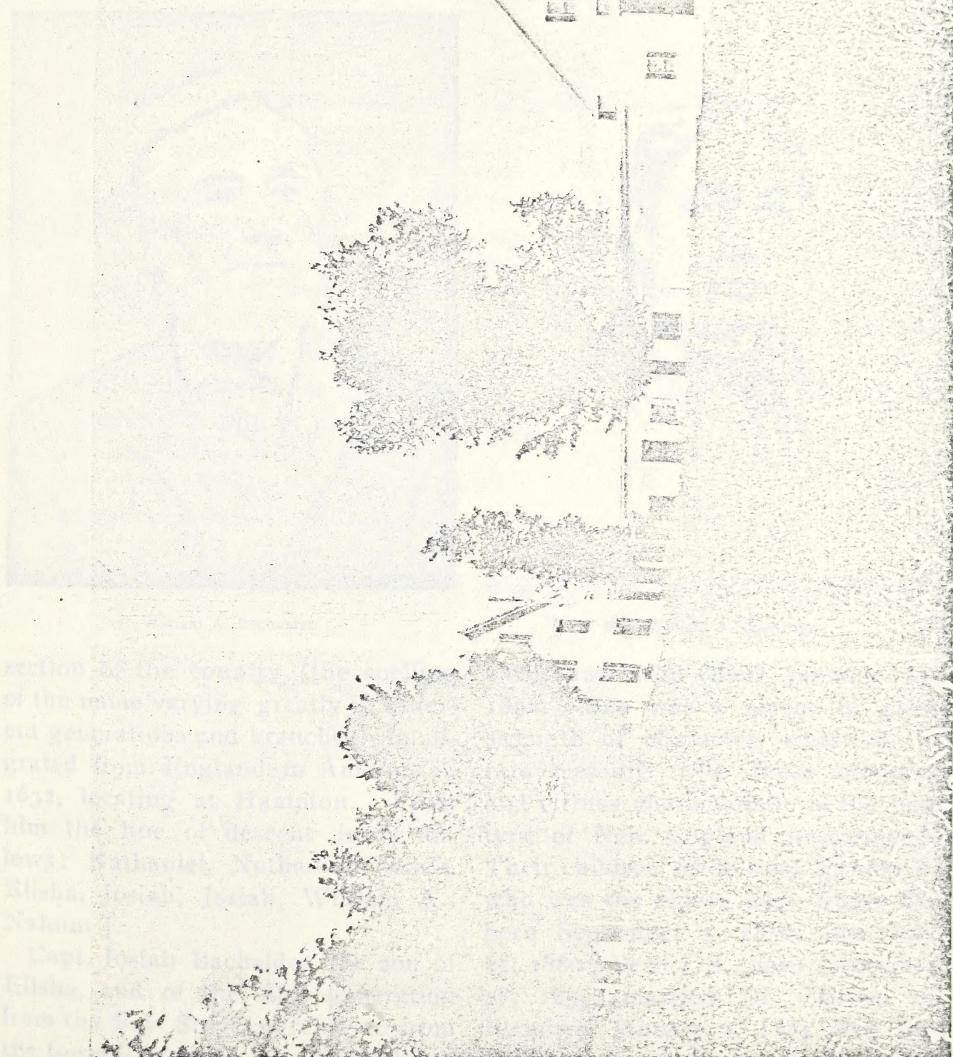
New Hampshire has long been reckoned as a manufacturing rather than an agricultural state, though by every census until the last the returns have shown more capital invested and more men employed in agriculture than in all lines of manufacturing within the state, and even from the last census it appears that the value of the agricultural products of the state was greater then than in any previous census year. In any event, however, unless agriculture is fostered, encouraged, and sustained there can be no general prosperity for the state itself. From the New Hampshire farms have come the men and the women, in the years gone

by, who have been foremost in every line of activity and effort, not only in the state but in the country at large, and upon these same farms, in future years, must be reared not only those who are to maintain and improve our New Hampshire agriculture, but those, also, who are to infuse new life and energy into the work of other callings, and into manifold enterprises in every direction.

The man, therefore, who from love of the cause itself, and an earnest desire to advance its interests, knowing that the welfare of the state is dependent thereon, devotes his energy and effort, zealously and unreservedly, to the improvement of New Hampshire agriculture, becomes in the highest measure a public benefactor and is entitled to the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens of all occupations and callings. Such a man is the subject of this sketch, Nahum J. Bachelder, a native and citizen of the town of Andover, born September 3, 1854, on the old Bachelder homestead on "Taunton Hill," in the east part of the town, known in later years as "Highland Farm." Here is a typical New England farm home, and the location, which is about a mile and a quarter from the







"HIGHLAND FARM" BUILDINGS.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and dark smudges, particularly along the left edge and bottom. A small, dark, irregular mark is visible near the top center. The page is otherwise empty of text or illustrations.



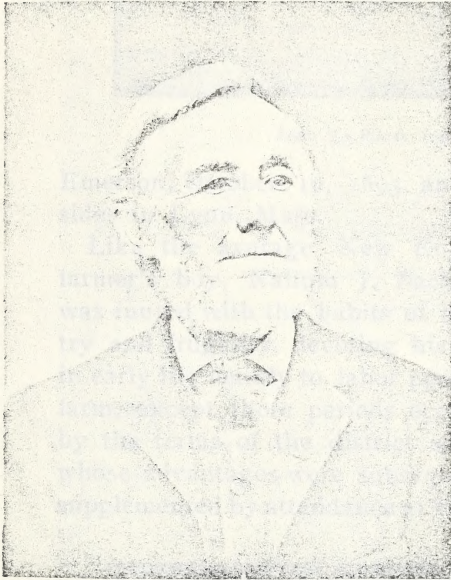


railroad station at East Andover, is one of the finest in the state, overlooking the beautiful Highland lake, and commanding delightful views in many directions, embracing some magnificent mountain scenery, in which Kearsarge, Ragged, Monadnock, and Ossipee mountains are prominent features.

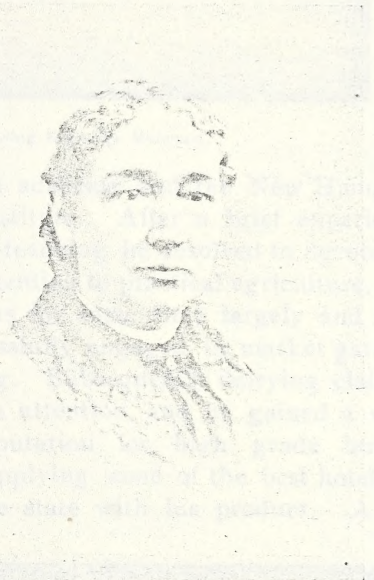
Rev. Stephen Bachiler, the famous progenitor of the Bachelders in this

and cleared up the farm, in whose occupancy he was succeeded by his son, Dea. Josiah Bachelder, and he in turn by his son, William A., the father of Nahum J.

William A. Bachelder, an intelligent, progressive, and public-spirited citizen of Andover, was born July 4, 1823. He married Adeline E., daughter of Abram and Hannah F. Shaw of Salisbury, born October 5,



William A. Bachelder.



Mrs. William A. Bachelder.

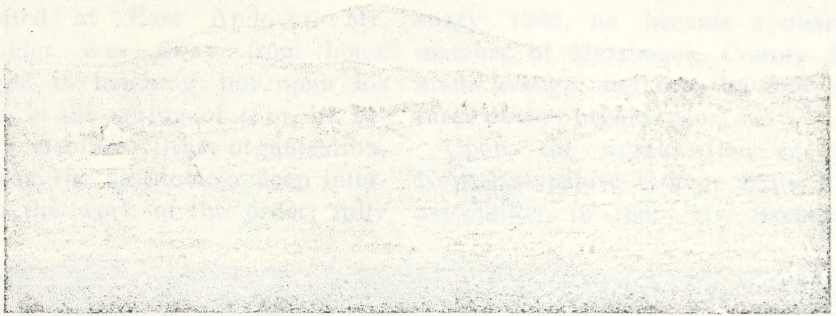
section of the country (the spelling of the name varying greatly in different generations and branches), immigrated from England to America in 1632, locating at Hampton. From him the line of descent is as follows: Nathaniel, Nathaniel, Josiah, Elisha, Josiah, Josiah, William A., Nahum J.

Capt. Josiah Bachelder, the son of Elisha, and of the fifth generation from the Rev. Stephen, removed from the town of Hawke, now Danville, to Andover, in 1782, and located upon

1829, and who died January 17, 1896. She was a person of great strength of character, endowed, in rare measure, with those qualities and virtues characteristic of the best type of New England womanhood. Their children, aside from Nahum J., who was the eldest, were Lizzie C., born September 5, 1856, died July 15, 1880; Bertha S., born December 18, 1859, married Dr. Charles S. Flanders, January 1, 1884, died December 26, 1899; Mary E., born August 12, 1861, married Daniel







From the Piazza, looking West, showing Kearsarge Mountain.

Emerson, October 10, 1895, and resides in Lynn, Mass.

Like the average New England farmer's boy, Nahum J. Bachelder was inured with the habits of industry and frugality, devoting his time in early life mainly to labor upon the farm, except those periods occupied by the terms of the district school, whose advantages were subsequently supplemented by attendance at Frank-

lin academy and the New Hampton Institute. After a brief experience in teaching he resolved to devote his attention to practical agriculture, and was for some time largely and successfully engaged in market gardening. Subsequently dairying claimed his attention, and he gained a wide reputation for high grade butter, supplying some of the best hotels in the state with his product. A be-



Looking East, showing Highland Lake and East Andover Village.





liever in, and advocate of, progress in all things, he put his faith into active practice, and adopted improved methods in all his operations.

When Highland Lake grange was instituted at East Andover, Mr. Bachelder was away from home engaged in teaching, but upon his return, in the spring of 1877, he became a member of this organization, and from the first took a deep interest in the work of the order, fully

he was elected master, to which position he has been reelected with remarkable unanimity at the close of each two years' term down to the present time. Meanwhile, in February, 1886, he became a charter member of Merrimack County Pomona grange, and was the first lecturer of that organization.

Upon the organization of the New Hampshire Grange State Fair association, in 1886, Mr. Bachelder



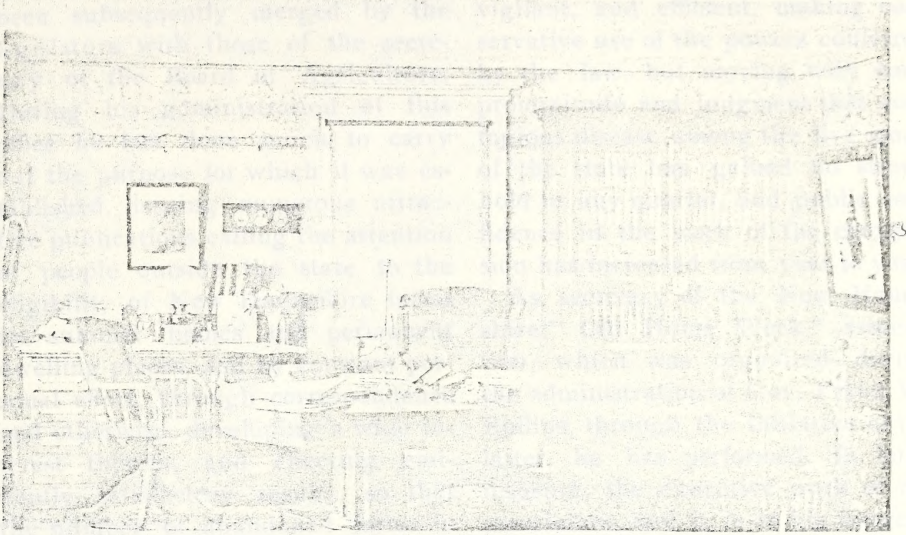
On the Lawn.

realizing the immense benefits which it was destined to bring to the farmers of the state and nation. He soon became master of this grange, serving four years successively in that position, and creating so favorable an impression through his reports and committee work in the State grange, that at the annual meeting in December, 1883, he was chosen secretary of the latter organization, the duties of which office he discharged with characteristic fidelity for a period of eight years, when

was made secretary of the association, holding the office for ten years in succession, with the exception of a single year, during all of which time he was the chief executive officer, and to his ability, judgment, and zeal was due in large measure the high reputation and success of the annual exhibitions of the association during that period. Since the organization of the Concord State Fair association in 1900, he has been its secretary, his reputation as a successful fair manager, and his energy







In the Library.

and discretion contributing in large measure to the wonderful success of the exhibitions already holden by this organization.

Early in 1887, upon the death of James O. Adams, who had been secretary of the State Board of Agriculture from its organization, Mr. Bachelder was chosen secretary of the board, his selection having been due quite largely to the recognized ability of his services as secretary of the State grange, and the manifest propriety of establishing relations of cordial coöperation between the Grange and the Board of Agriculture. This position he has held to the present time, a period of fifteen years, and, it suffices to say, has more than fulfilled, in the character of his service, the most sanguine expectations of those who were actively instrumental in securing his election. From the first he took a deep interest in the work of the board, and by his industry and intelligent devotion he succeeded in so raising its stand-

ard that it took rank with the best in the country, and through the co-operation of the Grange, which he was able to command, from the thinly attended gatherings which they formerly had been, its institutes soon came to command the attendance of large numbers of farmers in the communities in which they were held, and of their wives and families as well, and are generally recognized as an important educational agency in the agricultural sections of the state. In the general management of his office and in the preparation of his reports he has displayed tact and ability of high order.

During the administration of Governor Goodell the legislature established the office of commissioner of immigration, its purpose being to secure, as far as possible, the reoccupation of the abandoned farms of the state, and to check the tendency to depopulation in the country districts. To this office Mr. Bachelder was appointed, and has also held the same





to the present time, its duties having been subsequently merged by the legislature with those of the secretary of the Board of Agriculture. During his administration of this office he has done much to carry out the purpose for which it was established, issuing numerous attractive publications calling the attention of people outside the state to the eligibility of New Hampshire farms for summer homes and permanent dwelling-places, and by constant personal effort, through correspondence and otherwise, developing a wide interest therein, and effecting eminently satisfactory results, so that the number of abandoned farms in the state has been vastly reduced.

As a member of the State Cattle Commission since its organization, in the double capacity of secretary of the Board of Agriculture and master of the State grange (the board consisting under the law of these officials and the secretary of the State

Board of Health), he has been active, vigilant, and efficient, making conservative use of the powers conferred by the law, but moving with such promptitude and judgment that contagious disease among the live stock of the state has gained no strong hold in any quarter, and public confidence in the work of the commission has increased from year to year.

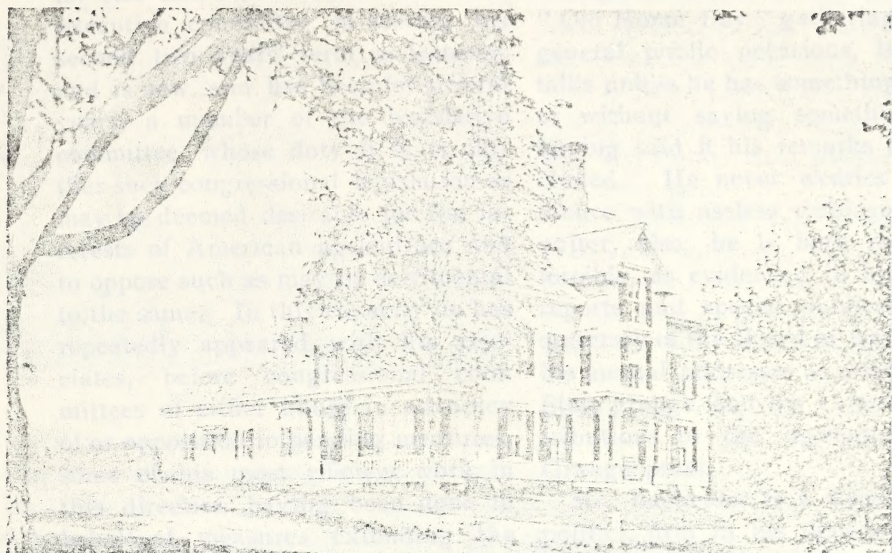
As secretary of the New Hampshire "Old Home Week" association, which was organized during the administration of Gov. Frank W. Rollins, through the initiative of the latter, he has performed, in large measure, the executive work of the association, and it is to his interest, zeal, and energy that the idea upon which the association is based has taken such a strong hold upon the public mind in different sections of the state, with the result that a large share of our New Hampshire towns now hold annual "Old Home Day" observances, bringing together the



The Cottage.







"The Halcyon"—Summer Hotel at East Andover, connected with the Farm.

present and former residents, and absent sons and daughters, in joyous and profitable reunion, and establishing a custom which other states of the Union are successfully following.

It is through his work in the Grange or Patrons of Husbandry, however, that Mr. Bachelder has become most widely known and has accomplished most. Serving for eight years as secretary and ten years as master of the State grange (being now upon his sixth term of two years in the latter office), and during the entire period as a member of the executive committee, he has necessarily been more prominent than any other member of the order in the state, has been more thoroughly conversant with its needs, its purposes, and its work, and in meeting and furthering the same has developed his own ability and resources to a remarkable degree. Aside from the faithful discharge of all duties as

an administrative officer, in which he has manifested tact, judgment, and equanimity under all conditions, he has, whenever practicable, responded to all calls for special service in attendance upon installations, anniversaries, dedications, field meetings, picnics, and Pomona grange meetings in all parts of the state, and is personally known and esteemed by a large proportion of the twenty-five thousand members of the order within its limits, which remarkable figure, in fact, has been largely attained through his devoted and conscientious efforts in furthering the interests of the order, for the promotion of the cause of agriculture in New Hampshire.

As a member of the National grange, by virtue of his position as master of the New Hampshire State grange, he has held a leading position from the start, and no man wields a stronger influence in the councils of that body. He served





for two terms as a member of the executive committee, is serving his second two years' term as lecturer, and is now, and has been for several years, a member of the legislative committee, whose duty it is to further such congressional legislation as may be deemed desirable for the interests of American agriculture and to oppose such as may be detrimental to the same. In this capacity he has repeatedly appeared, with his associates, before congressional committees of either house in advocacy of or opposition to pending measures, some of his most efficient work in this direction having been done in behalf of measures extending the scope of the rural free mail delivery service, which service, by the way, owes its establishment and extension almost wholly to the efforts of the Grange.

As a speaker Mr. Bachelder is both pleasing and logical, possessing the happy faculty of combining wit and wisdom, anecdote and argument. He has, undoubtedly, been heard oftener, and by more people, in the last fifteen years than any other man in the state, but, whether in the

Grange, in the farmer's institutes, at "Old Home Day" gatherings, or on general public occasions, he never talks unless he has something to say, or without saying something, and having said it his remarks are concluded. He never wearies an audience with useless verbiage. As a writer, also, he is both ready and forcible, as evidenced in his annual reports and special publications, as secretary of the Board of Agriculture, his annual addresses as master of the State grange, and his extensive contributions to the agricultural and Grange press.

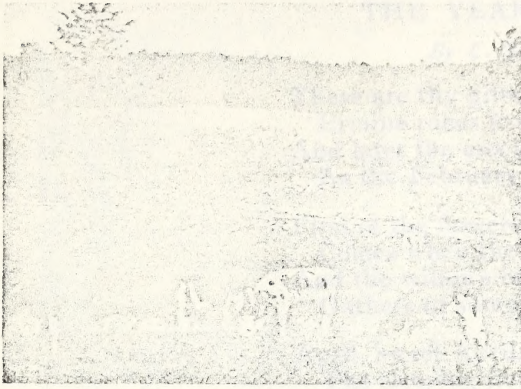
Mr. Bachelder is a Republican in politics, firm in his devotion to the general principles of that party, but in no sense a bigoted partisan, nor a politician in the ordinary sense of the term. He has held no public office aside from that of secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, except that of superintending school committee for three years in the strongly Democratic town of Andover, of which he was the last incumbent under the old district system. In 1891 Dartmouth college conferred upon him the honorary de-



A Part of the Dairy Herd.







A Bit of Pasture Scenery.

gree of master of arts. He is a member of the University club of Concord, also of the Wonolancet club. Aside from the Grange he has no connection with secret societies except as a member of Kearsarge Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of Andover. He attends the Congregational church.

June 30, 1887, Mr. Bachelder was united in marriage with Mary A. Putney, daughter of Henry and Abigail (Alexander) Putney of Dunbarton. They have two children living, Ruth, born May 22, 1891, and Henry, born March 17, 1895. Their home has always been at "Highland Farm," the old homestead, although for a few years past they have had a winter residence on State street, in Concord, as a matter of convenience, Mr. Bachelder having purchased a house for that purpose.

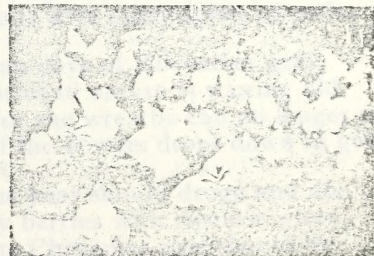
Through the purchase of adjacent farms and lands Mr. Bachelder has largely increased his holdings, having now about 700 acres altogether, with numerous buildings, those on the "old home" portion being one of the finest sets of farm buildings in the county. The original frame house, built by Capt. Josiah Bachelder, over a hundred years ago, con-

stitutes a portion of the mansion, additions and improvements having been made from time to time, while a new barn, 108 by 40 feet, with cellar under the whole, was erected a few years since.

Mr. Bachelder has, of late, been principally engaged at the farm in the production of milk for the Boston market, having secured a fine herd of Holsteins for that purpose. He cuts about one hundred tons of

hay, and his fruit product, mainly in the line of Baldwin apples, is also extensive. Poultry is also a feature to which he is now giving some attention, the white Wyandotte being his favorite variety. Notwithstanding the exacting demands of the various positions which he occupies, he spends considerable time at home on the farm, taking a personal interest in all the work, and himself frequently engaging therein.

As a citizen of Andover Mr. Bachelder takes a strong interest in town affairs, and is a ready advocate and supporter of all measures which he believes conducive to the public welfare. There is no man in town whose judgment is more generally relied upon in all practical matters, and none who enjoys a higher measure of personal popularity.







## THE YEAR'S WREATH.

*By C. Jennie Swaine.*

These are thy gifts, oh, bountiful year ;  
Ermine robes from the stormy sky,  
And later the crocus tints appear  
As the February days go by.

First of the flowers of wind-tossed March  
Comes when the days grow long apace,  
And the willows bloom, and the tasseled larch  
Gathers of summer a living trace.

April, sweet April, with smile and tear,  
The sleeping hepaticas uplifts ;  
And anon, the violets appear,  
Gem of all her beautiful gifts.

May brings the pale arbutus flowers,  
And the bright rhodora beside the moor ;  
And the birds wander back and seek the bowers  
Of the matins and mates of the year before.

Sweet " June the golden " is waiting to bring  
The pink-white laurels of the wild,  
With the wayside roses that bloom and cling  
With a deeper blush where the sun has smiled.

Oh, the water lilies of fair July,  
Clad in old-time robes of white and gold !  
Oh, the rubies and sapphires of the sky,  
Into heaven-blown flowers how they unfold !

The August days bring the cardinals  
Dreamy and sweet, by the silent rill ;  
And the fern loves best the shadowy dells,  
While the goldenrod blazes upon the hill.

September fringes the gentian  
With a touch like the sweet caress of love,  
Till the soft-toned azures of field and glen  
Rival the blue of the sky above.

October is sweet for the summer days  
Strung like diamonds amid the pearls ;  
And the winds through the clematis tendrils strays  
Till they tangle in glee every spray of curls.

Ah, the weird, wan days of November gray,  
When the garment of nature is waxing old,  
And the flowers for the wreaths can no longer stay,  
As the green of the bowers drops down in gold.

'Tis meet that the year should droop and die  
When the holly berries with ripeness glow ;  
'Tis meet that the Christmas rose should lie  
Last in the wreath beneath the snow.



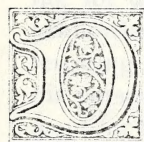




Wilson Hall—Present College Library Building and Art Gallery.

## DARTMOUTH COLLEGE LIBRARY.

*By Frederick Warren Jenkins, Departmental Librarian.*



DARTMOUTH college library is older than the institution which fosters it. The great library of to-day, by far the largest in the state, had its humble beginnings in the latter part of the eighteenth century, giving us the interesting history of a century and a half of slow but steady development. It began with the collection of books by the founder of the college, consisting largely of text-books for his pupils in the little home school in Connecticut. Later, when Eleazer Wheelock was formulating his plans for the education of Indian youth, his first appeals were, naturally, for funds and books. The first reference to the collection of a library yet found, is a let-

ter from Dr. Wheelock to Mr. Whitefield on September 16, 1762:

Mr. [John] Smith informs me that there has been some talk in England of collecting a library for ye use of this school. May God incline the hearts of his people to promote that design. Is there not a society in England lately formed, with a special view to the printing and dispensing of useful books. I wish I could be informed particularly of it and if you think fit, introduced to a correspondence with some members of it. Miss Williams before she left Wethersfield sent me a number of valuable and useful books to be disposed of as I might think best among children, which I now suppose might likely come to her from that society.

On March 15, 1763, the following year, President Wheelock sent a similar letter to Whitefield as follows:

By a hint which our good Mr. Smith of Boston gave me I understand that among the thoughts of kindness which the friends to this





undertaking entertained toward the progress and success of it, there were some of collecting a library for it which is now indeed much wanted. I hope in God that it will be accomplished and that some generous soul will also think of our necessity of a pair of globes and a good sett of maps etc.

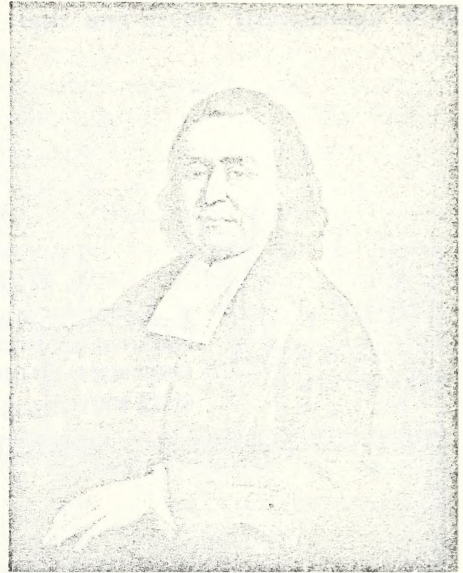
Such appeals were made frequently by the hard-working, persevering Wheelock, and many generous and prompt gifts were received. The reference to Miss Williams, noted in the previous letter, is the first recorded gift of this sort, but other donations followed in quick succession. The English and Scotch societies were very generous, and many prominent individuals in England and Scotland, being much interested in the conversion of the American natives, made frequent donations of books for the use of the school and its missionaries. Gifts came even from the king himself to Samson Occom,—a volume of which is still preserved in the college library. The old letters of President Wheelock asking for donations, and his letters of acknowledgment are curious and interesting; they are a monument to his perseverance in obtaining equipment for the college.

A word or two as to what these early books were may be of interest. In a letter from Mr. Dickson to Dr. Wheelock, April 22, 1763, we find the following list of books sent by him "for the use of your scholars:—"

1. (Not given).
2. Voll. of Perkins works.
3. Thesaurus Biblius.
4. The inward testimony of the spirit of Christ.
5. Sherlock on Providence.
6. Confutation of the Reasons and philosophy of atheism.
7. Ambrose Looking to Jesus.
8. Owen on the 130th Psalms.
9. Baxter's, Saint's everlasting Rest.
10. Truth's victory over error by David Dickson.

11. Heaven and Hell on earth, by Tho. Vincent.
12. Bants Keys for Catholics.
13. Doolittle's Catechism.
14. Browns Catechism.
15. Baxters Call.
16. Life of God in Soul of man.
17. Pooll against the Papist.
18. Allius Alarum.
19. Vincent on Judgement.
20. Christs (Illegible).

Again another letter, among the many, contains the following list, with comments in the margin, pre-



Samson Occom, one of the first Collectors for the Library.

sumably by President Wheelock, and showing that many books were lost before reaching this country.

Edinbr June 10, 1763.

Mr. Wilock:	
<i>right</i>	12 Testaments
<i>4 came</i>	12 Alleins Alarum
<i>only 6 came</i>	12 Flavel on reformation
<i>right</i>	12 Guthrie . . .
<i>only 3 came</i>	6 Bostons 4 fold state
<i>none came</i>	12 Sabbath breakers monitor
<i>none came</i>	12 Swearers monitor
<i>right</i>	12 Psalm books
<i>23 came</i>	24 each of the 3 short addresses
<i>only 5</i>	12 Young Communicant
<i>only 5</i>	12 Compassionate addresses
<i>right</i>	24 Harvey's sermons





<i>right</i>	12 Shower on time and eternity
<i>8 came</i>	12 Janeways taken
<i>none came</i>	4 doz. shorter catechisms

Rev'd. Sir

The above are sent at the order of the Society here for promoting religious knowledge among the poor. . .

Such was the collection of books for the founding of the great library. The old books still surviving are valuable only as curios and keepsakes,—few would find a place in the selection of books for a library today; yet these books fulfilled their

smith, and the great historian, Gibbon, were just beginning to write, while Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, and a score of other great literateurs were unborn; in Germany, Schiller and Goethe had, as yet, produced nothing. America had brought forth little that could be called literature. A few plaintive wails of Anne Bradstreet and dismal croakings of Michael Wigglesworth were the distant and feeble trumpetings of the



Old Dartmouth—Home of the College Library from 1791-1842.

mission,—they helped make good men,—that they were appreciated is shown by their worn covers and well-thumbed pages. Dry and uninteresting they must have been, but the spirit of the times was a severe duty, when a man thought not of what he would prefer to do, but what he must do.

Then, too, we must not forget that the field of literature at this time was very limited, and much that was in existence was not appreciated. In England, Fielding, Smollet, Gold-

grand procession of literary geniuses to follow. All honor then to this little library of "quaint and curious lore," to that brave little band of men who brought it, the best they had, into the wilderness.

Such was the beginning of the Dartmouth college library, several years before the founding of the college, and certainly before any plans of an institution at Hanover had taken definite shape.

In September, 1770, Wheelock removed to Hanover with his little





band of co-workers and pupils, and planted the newly founded college in the great unbroken wilderness. An interesting reference to the library is made in a letter of Wheelock's son-in-law, who had charge of the baggage, and wrote him on September 5 of that year: "Sir Cluet has got a barrel of rum & a barrel of molasses, a cag of wine, and half a barrel of shuggar. the knives and forks were put into a box of books. . ." This would tend to show the relative importance of rum and literature in the early days.

The heroic romance of that journey from Connecticut to Hanover is well known,—the struggle even for existence during the severe winter months that followed,—the hours of anxiety for Wheelock, the hours when the light of hope must have burned low, and cares and perplexities been almost overwhelming,—all this is familiar to the majority of New Englanders, at least. However, the year had not ended before the foundations were laid for the first Dartmouth hall, hardly more than a log-cabin, but serving for all the needs of the college.

At the first commencement, the trustees assigned an acre of ground to Bezaleel Woodward "to accommodate his building place." Mr. Woodward, who previously had been appointed librarian, built him a two-story house, and sometime within the next two years, moved the library thither, for in 1774, Dr. Jeremy Belknap, who had visited Hanover, writes in his diary: "The College Library is kept at Mr. Woodward's. It is not large, but there are some good books in it. The seal is also kept there. They have two good

globes of eighteen inches. and a good solar microscope."

In 1774 the library was removed from Mr. Woodward's house to a room in the original Dartmouth hall, which, however, could not have been a satisfactory location, for on September 19, 1784, the trustees take this action: "Resolved that Bezaleel Woodward Esq. be impowered to erect a building for a library, apparatus, and museum, for the College when supplies for that purpose shall be obtained. . ." However, the plan fell through, and the next move was in 1791, into "the middle apartment in the second story, in the front of the new building,"—the present Dartmouth Hall. It is not necessary to follow the peregrinations of the library from room to room during the next fifty years,—it is enough that Old Dartmouth Hall was the library home until 1842.

Running parallel with the history of the college library, for nearly a century, is that of the societies, founded by the students. In 1783 they founded the first literary society, called the Social Friends, and three years later came another similar society, the United Fraternity. Naturally, a warm rivalry sprang up between them, especially in debate, with the result that society libraries were started and grew rapidly, through their proud owners. The influence of these societies, for more than a century, was far reaching and beneficial, giving men that knowledge of books, that pride of ownership, that sense of business principles, which the college library could not have done.

At the beginning of the nineteenth





century the college library numbered some three thousand volumes, which, however, acquired as they had been, largely through gift, were of rather poor quality, if we may judge from the action of the board on February 18, 1818, which gave authority to Charles Marsh to sell the whole library, at a sum not under twenty-one hundred dollars. However, many of the books being at the present time

and had been so collected that it contained few books that either the instructors or students wished to read. The chief dependence of the latter for reading was upon the society libraries, in which they took so much pride, and to the increase of which they contributed with so great liberality in proportion to their means." One event in the history of these society libraries is of interest, the at-



Reed Hall—Home of the College Library from 1842-1885.

in the college library, we may infer that no purchaser was found.

Thus the society libraries grew side by side with the college library for the next half century, each doing its particular work, and filling its respective place in the life of the college men. That the society libraries were of vastly more importance, is very evident. Alpheus Crosby, in his memoir of the class of 1827, says, "The college library was very small,

tempt of the university faculty to get possession of them. The libraries at this time were in the second story of Dartmouth Hall, from which the college was excluded. One night when the Fraters were in session the university made its memorable attempt at getting possession. H. K. Oliver, then a student, has graphically described what happened: "Our deliberations were suddenly interrupted by the tramp of many feet ascending the





stairs, and then by sudden thuds like unto the sound of axes assaulting a door. Sent out to reconnoiter, I soon rushed back with the cry, 'They are forcing the door of the Social's library. Ho! Fraters to the rescue!' We were in full numbers and soon passed up the stairs, a wrathful host and full of fight. . . . That library they should never have if we could protect it. But the burglars got nothing, for the Socials, having had some presentiment of the mischief intended, had done the needful and moved the books away into a secure hiding place, leaving a beggarly account of empty boxes and very few of them. Thoroughly frightened at our dense array, armed as we were with sticks and stones and various aggressive stubble, threatening assault at the door in front and the ceiling above, — *juvenum numerosa cohors*, too formidable to be resisted, they capitulated, were all made prisoners of war and disarmed. They were found to be a crowd of village roughs headed by Professors Dean and Carter, an ignoble volgus.

'A beastly rabble that came down  
From all the garrets of the town.'

"These last were discharged on parole, while the professors were made to pass between two files of us students to the corner room in the rear, diagonally opposite, whence under assigned escort each was escorted to his home. Shirley of my class (Hon. James, of Vicksburg, Miss., a Union man, on whose plantation Generals Grant and Pemberton arranged terms for the capitulation of that city) and myself were put in charge of Professor Carter, while Crosby took charge of Professor Dean, a ponderous speci-

men of Falstaffy, who larded the green earth as he walked thereon, and who could have enacted the fat knight's rôle without stuffing. The two learned gentlemen were at first a little alarmed. . . . However, no harm befell (them) and they were safely escorted to their homes (now Sanborn Hall). They very politely invited us in and gave the cakes and ale, or aliquid simile. . . . Then followed a night of rejoicing and hilarious noise, and then lawsuits for assault and false imprisonment on the one side, and actions for trespassing on the other, and it was hard to tell which party was 'on the windy side of the law.' But it all came to naught, and after the great decision at Washington sustaining the college all smaller points followed the ghost of Creusa, and vanished into thin air."

A great stimulus was given to the libraries, in 1840, by the erection of Reed Hall, the second floor of which was given over to the three libraries. The college library occupied the east half of the second floor, the west side being divided for the two society libraries. This seemed ample accommodations, even for future additions, as the total number of books at this time was only about fifteen thousand volumes.

The society libraries grew much faster than the college library in the number of books actually purchased, as the appropriation by the college for this purpose was—when anything—very small. A more important source of growth for the college library was in the liberal donations of friends and alumni. The Roswell Shurtleff gift of one thousand dollars for the purchase of books on intellec-







View in Art Gallery—Showing the Webster Statue in Plaster, by Ball.

tual and moral philosophy and political economy; the Bond gift of five hundred books and fourteen hundred dollars; the Shattuck donation of two thousand dollars for mathematical books; the Parker gift; the Thayer donation of eighteen hundred books, many of them on military tactics being of great value, the Smith, Appleton, and Grimes donations, the Crosby gift, and the recent Mellen Chamberlain donation of two thousand volumes, and a generous gift of money,—these are among the most important benefactions.

College men of to-day cannot realize nor appreciate fully the importance of the old society libraries,—they did a great work in the early history of the college. One feature of their career is of special interest, and may well be a source of pride,—the use of a departmental library.

The seminar idea was known and in practical use at Dartmouth twenty years before its reported discovery by von Ranke at Berlin. The senior members of the class of 1827 opened a reference room for classical study, "The object was to procure the best aids to the critical study of the Greek and Latin classics. For this the members taxed themselves to the utmost of their means." This is probably the first example of a departmental library, and certainly much earlier than its supposed discovery.

In 1874 the three libraries were consolidated under the direction of the college, with the arrangement that every year a committee from the senior class make selection of books to the value of several hundred dollars. All books bought thus have an appropriate book plate on which the



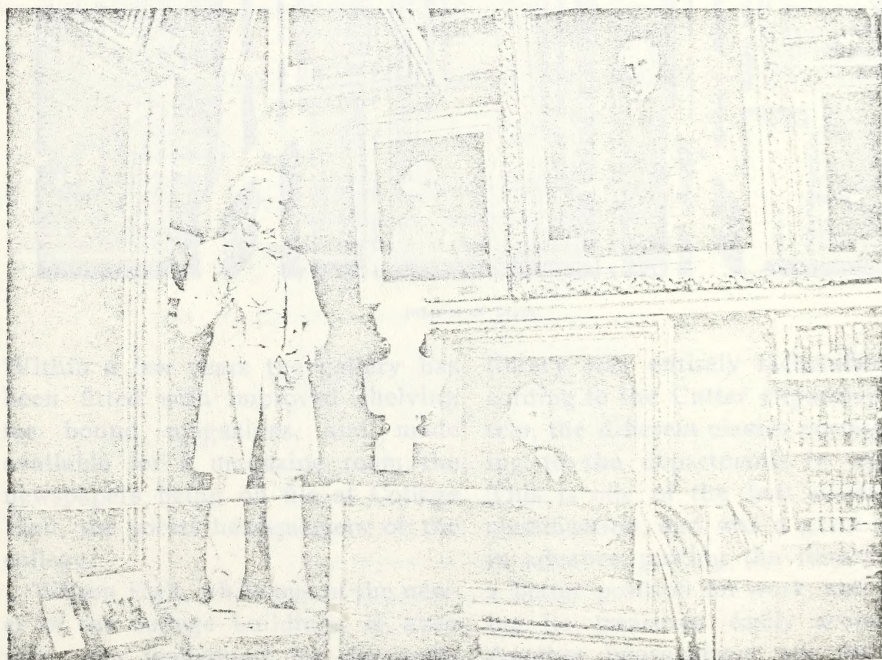


ownership is indicated. The union of the libraries was a wise and beneficial move for all concerned, and from that time the library began slowly but surely to take its place in the great equipment for college work.

The accommodations in Reed Hall at length became so cramped that duplicates and works of little value were removed to Thornton Hall, and year after year the librarian's report emphasized the need of a new library building. In 1883, Hon. Edward Ashton Rollins in his proposed gift of the chapel made it a necessary condition that sixty thousand dollars "should be first obtained by actual bona fide subscription on or before the first day of January, 1884, for the immediate erection of a fireproof library building for the use of the college."

The college at once made use of the legacy of fifty thousand dollars from the estate of George F. Wilson, together with sixteen thousand dollars from the Hallgarten fund, with the result that on June 2, 1884, the corner-stones of Rollins chapel and the new library building were laid. A year later the library of sixty-five thousand volumes was moved into its new home.

Wilson Hall, a brick and sandstone structure, was built after the most approved library construction, with fire-proof stack, electric lights, and steam heat. On the first floor, as one steps from the entrance vestibule, is a large hall with delivery desk opening into the stack, from which the general circulation is carried on; catalogues, both author and subject, make it easy for one to find the desired ma-



View in Art Gallery—Showing the Choate Statue, by French, and the Kimball Portrait of President Tucker, Given by Concord Alumni.

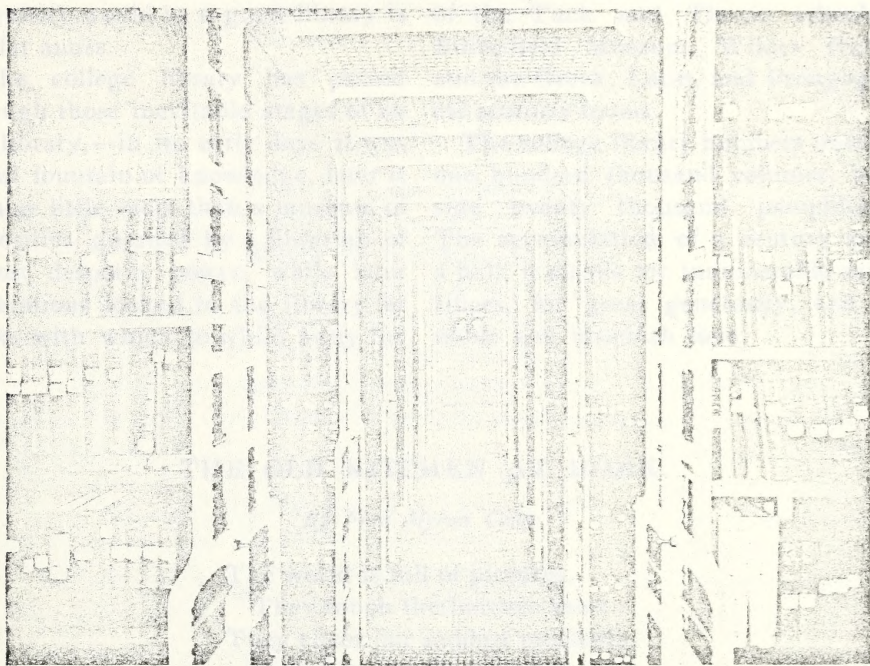




terial. A departmental reference library, with reading room adjoining, is also on this floor. Wilson Hall also contains a large reference room for general work, a library for collections on the subject of education for the special benefit of the faculty, and a fine art gallery, with an excellent collection of art photographs, and over one hundred portraits in oil.

Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale, or a score of new library buildings erected for colleges and universities within the past ten years, it is to be included with these as showing the growth in relative importance of the library in the system of modern education.

A great improvement and increase in workableness was made in 1893, under the present librarian, when the



Interior of Stack.

Within a few years the gallery has been fitted with improved shelving for bound magazines, and made available for a magazine room, the newspapers being on file at College Hall, the social headquarters of the college.

Wilson Hall, while one of the newer of the college buildings is, even now, very inadequate for the needs of the library. Hardly comparable with those of Columbia, Cornell,

library was entirely reclassified according to the Cutter expansive system, the different classes corresponding to the departments in college. This is one of the best systems of classification, and was a great stride in advance, putting the library into a better position for work, and making its treasures easily accessible. Another improvement was the classification of the twenty thousand pamphlets belonging to the college,





many of which are of great value. These were made still further available by the compilation of a good working catalogue.

The present administration has seen many improvements other than the two fundamental ones just mentioned,—the whole world of library economy has made great strides. The library is growing more and more to be the center of work, and Carlyle's prediction that the future university would be a great library is not far amiss.

The college library has passed through those inevitable stages of an old library,—in its early days it was a real fountain of knowledge, later it became little more than a museum of curiosities, guarded by a librarian of almost despotic power, while later generations looked to the library for books with which to while away the

time,—books for enjoyment rather than study; to-day the library is taking its true place as the greatest factor in the education of our college men. A member of the class of 1872 can recall but one instance where an exercise was accompanied with reference to library books. To-day the circulation for reference work alone averages two thousand books per month at the main library, to say nothing of the departmental libraries of the Tuck and Thayer schools, Butterfield Museum, Wilder Hall, and the Greek, Latin, and Pedagogical seminar rooms.

The college library numbers nearly one hundred thousand volumes, beside twenty thousand pamphlets. The accumulation of a century and a half, it stands for innumerable sacrifices, for great generosity, and a noble and unselfish love.

## THE OLD KITCHEN AT HOME.

*By Fred Myron Colby.*

The world is full of pictures,  
 They touch the hardest heart;  
 They cheer our saddest moments,  
 Grand lessons they impart.  
 Great artists tell their story  
 With all their faults sublime;  
 And once, whenever painted,  
 They're models for all time.

But there is one bright picture  
 I never saw portrayed;  
 Though in my mind it lingers  
 Like dream or serenade.  
 'Tis of a quaint old kitchen,  
 With woodbine by the door;  
 And, shining through the windows,  
 The sunlight on the floor.





A dresser in the corner  
Holds polished plates aglow ;  
And a woman by a cradle  
Is singing soft and low.  
And by the cheerful fireside  
Are children at their play ;  
While the tall old clock from England  
Ticks fast the hours away.

There hangs grandpa's brave musket  
He bore at Bunker's Hill ;  
And woolly heaps of snow-white rolls  
Just carded at the mill.  
The kettle sings o'er the embers ;  
The turkey's on the spit ;  
And grandma reads her Bible  
By light of the tallow dip.

From the wide, cheery chimney  
The warm hearth-fire streams bright  
Where the family circle gather  
At the coming of the night.  
I can see them there communing,  
Though it was so long ago ;  
And the music of their voices  
Comes to me with rhythmic flow.

And so this old-time picture  
Still hangs in Fancy's hall ;  
Its colors ever brilliant  
Against the faded wall.  
And there t'will hang forever  
With its misty scenes of yore ;  
Though strangers' feet now echo  
O'er the old kitchen floor.

In dreams I see the firelight  
Burning with cheery glow ;  
And hear my mother's clear, sweet voice  
Crooning so soft and low.  
Ay, dearer than any picture  
Limbed by the painter's art,  
Is that of the dear old kitchen  
Whose memories thrill my heart.





## SOME WILD FLOWERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

*By Grace A. DeMeritte-Dunlea.*

**O**NLY recently, a writer in an article on Durham said: "There is not that general prevalence of wild flowers that is found in many regions."

If you will come with me to that historic town I will take you to one of the homestead farms, which has been in the same family for generations, and on your return you may decide whether you agree with the above statement.

Let us take the old cow path, so worn and crooked, which begins near the barn back of the house, and winds its way in and out among the little hillocks, covered with checkerberries, and walk on until we reach the "Long Beeches." As we wander along, let us stop and pick a few checkerberries, and just before our path leads us in through a clump of young pines, notice that shrub of rhododendrons on our right, with its great clusters of gorgeous pink blossoms, and pick some if you like, but spring is yet chary of her gifts, and as we walk along we still find traces of winter, for in the little hollows between the hillocks, and in the corners near the old stone wall, still linger the remains of the once "pure and beautiful snow."

Having reached the "Beeches" let us sit on this cushion of bluets and cinquefoil, and rest, protected as we are from the bleak winds of the north by the tall trees, but first stoop

and pick those blue violets; even though the stems are short, they are the first we have seen, and only could have bloomed in a spot so sheltered.

How warm the sun shines in. See how lazily the flies move about in the warm sun as if they, too, were in search of some flower, upon which to light and rest on its sweet-scented bed, for the warm sun makes one feel languid, after the cold, bleak winter.

Over our heads spread the branches of a rock maple, through which we see the clear, blue sky, while from its trunk slowly drips the sweet sap. This surely is heaven on earth we think, just as a peewee lights over our heads and adds to our joy with her glad song, while off in the distance sounds the sadder note of the s-e-e peewee, s-e-e peewee.

On our return I will show you a peewee's nest, on a beam under the barn, all lined with soft, brown hair, with two little speckled eggs in it.

Listen to the continuous twitter of the bluebirds, sure harbingers of spring, while on that tree near the stone wall lights a red-winged starling, adding her sweet song to our bird concert. Near her, in the same tree, has perched a robin red-breast, and with her rain note, pee-qui, joins the chorus. Back of us, on the branches of an old dead tree sits a crow, cawing away, to the chorus of





the other birds, like a bass viol in an orchestra. But we started to search for wild flowers, and here we sit watching and talking about the birds. I think we must all have a drink of sap from the old tin pan, and then proceed on our ramble through the "Beeches." Drink to the joy and gladness to be found in nature, and to the health of the one who finds the greatest variety of wild flowers.

Ah! I have found the first liverworts, blue ones, under this tall tree, and here almost beside them is a knoll covered with rattlesnake plantain, so rare, with its pale green and white variegated leaves. And you? You have found more liverwort, but yours are pink and white; nestled close to the trunk of that birch tree are others of a deeper blue. There are so many here, one hardly knows which to pick first. Just beyond those blue liverworts is a bath flower with its blood red blossom, and here is another, and there are two more. They must have first sprung up on some old battle-field for you notice their color and odor is that of blood. The Jack-in-the-pulpit grows at the upper end of the "Beeches," but is not yet in bloom, and quite near it is to be found the maidenhair fern with its fine, delicate leaves. The brakes are just springing from the ground and are unfolding their pale, yellow, curly leaves. Let us walk on a little farther, but first pick a few of the red blossoms of that white maple.

A few steps more bring us to the "Davis Corner," where stand three giant black birches near the stone wall. Notice how beautifully their branches are bedecked with a fringe

of brown tassels, and if you will taste the bark you will find it equal to anything brought to us from the Spice Islands. Here in this sunny, quiet corner, in my childhood, I pictured a house, where I could live among the trees and flowers and birds, surrounded on all sides by the beauties of nature, made joyous by the glad song of the birds, sheltered by the tall trees, and lulled to sleep by the sighing of the winds through their boughs.

I must still take you with me just over this old fence, which you must climb, into the pines beyond to the banks of the Oyster river. Here we are, and on its banks I have found a prize, a nodding trillium, a painted one. I am indeed proud, they are so rare. Perhaps I was a little unfair to find the first one, as I knew where to search for them. How delicate and beautiful it is, with its three pale green leaves and its pure white blossom, with its three petals streaked with carmine, nodding above. Look a little farther up the river bank and see that bush of fly honeysuckle, with its two straw-colored bells, hanging gracefully down at every pair of pale green leaves. Beyond are some wild lilies of the valley, with their fern-shaped leaves and the pale yellow bells hanging beneath. Some of these grow down on the old graves in the field, and to me, as a child, their drooping bells seemed like tears falling for those who were sleeping beneath.

Let us follow the curving bank still a little further on, for "it winds in and out" like Tennyson's brook, with "here and there a lusty trout," and "here and there a grayling." His words seem to apply to this very





spot, for look over yonder and see that pickerel dart across in the shallow water "above the golden gravel," while the little minnows swim about more lazily, occasionally darting after a fly.

On this high bank we have reached the moose-wood just beginning to bloom, but the shrub is so tall, one must bend it down for the others to pick. What shrub is more beautiful than this, with its great flat clusters of fine white flowers, wreathed with larger ones growing out at every pair of bass shaped leaves.

I think we must retrace our steps, and which way shall we go? Shall we take the old wheel way up through the "Big Woods," stopping at the entrance for a drink of that delicious spring water, with a birch-bark dipper for a drinking cup, and follow on towards "Dish Water Mill," where are found the finest Mayflowers and the greatest abundance of yellow violets, or shall we go across lots to the old turnpike road, and then enter the woods? I think the latter, as the time is passing and this does not take us so far from home.

I must ask you again to climb this fence, but first do stop and pick that yellow violet before it is crushed beneath the foot. Then, over the stone wall we will take the foot path past this beautiful white maple, gorgeous in its spring dress of red. You must add a few of these blossoms to your bouquet, for these are a deeper red than those you have.

We have at last reached the old turnpike road which used to connect Portsmouth and Concord until the Piscataqua bridge was swept away. I will not now, however, weary you

with history, but let us cross this road just before we get to the bridge which spans the Oyster river, step over the line into the town of Lee, and enter the wooded field. Look over under the edge of those pines, where the warm sun shines in and see the trailing arbutus, with its green leaves and clusters of wax-like blossoms, half hidden beneath. Let us not linger here too long, for on the other side of the river you will find more perfect ones.

Shall we go back to the bridge, you ask? No! Here is an old tree fallen across the river, where I have crossed so many times. Would that I could take you back with me to the days of my childhood, when I crossed this same old tree, with those who loved the dear flowers as well as I, when we followed these same paths, I have taken you to-day, and it was our ambition to see who could get the largest handful of liverworts in the "Long Beeches," or find the pinkest Mayflowers.

Let us pass to the other side on this fallen tree, holding fast to that green tree also grown across, that you may not fall. Is not this fairyland? And have you noticed that this green tree is one of those beautiful, fragrant English willows, with its pale yellow-green leaves and yellow tasseled blossoms, fit for the fringe of a fairy's dress?

Are you not repaid for your tramp, for have you not found the arbutus in great profusion? Is there anything more fascinating than lifting these green leaves in some secluded spot and finding these dear little blossoms hiding beneath as though they were too modest to show their heads?





We will sit and rest a little on this carpet of moss and flowers, which nature has provided, but the sun is getting low and we must not linger too long. We will cross the river the way we came, for in a field on the other side is the dog-tooth violet in full bloom.

Had we time I should like to take you with me to the "Pond Hill Road," where on the rocks, scarcely covered with earth, beside the road, is the early saxifrage in full bloom, but Durham and vicinity is so full of wild flowers and ferns that it would be impossible to see all in one afternoon.

Later in the season I could show you where to find the anemone, the mitella, the cucumber root, the gold thread with its star shaped flowers, the chick wintergreen, the many varieties of Solomon's seal, the fringed polygala, the arethusa, the adder's tongued arethusa, the buck bean, which grows near "Tasket's Brook," the many varieties of pirola, the wild geranium, the pitcher plant or umbrella flower, and various kinds of orchids, including the white, pale green, and pink with its tall stalks, the lady's-tresses, with their twisted stems of sweet-scented white bells, to the lady's-slipper, all of which are found in great profusion.

How gladly would I show you another winding path through the woods on this same dear old homestead farm, where you would come to a field with its winding brook filled to its banks with the brilliant cardinal flowers. On the return you could step into the woods and pick a bouquet equally as brilliant of the scarlet bunch plums. Then I would take you into the large field in front

of the house, yellow with buttercups, where you would find the scarlet lilies, and also the yellow ones with their graceful, yellow, hanging bells, in clusters of from two to seven, and where an occasional bunch of blue chickory, or a bunch of yellow ox-eye daisies have crept in. In other places you might find an occasional field white with the common daisy. In the early autumn the fields and roadsides are brilliant with not less than twenty-seven varieties of golden-rod, besides you would find the pink snap-dragon and the closed and the blue fringed gentian, also the robin's plantain and the wild aster.

Had I time I would like to take you through the Thompson woods (now a part of the college farm) and show you the many beautiful wild flowers there. I could seat you on a moss-covered rock by the river, and I am sure you would think yourselves in paradise, surrounded, as you would be, by the tall, dark pine trees full of singing birds, with the plaintive note of the woodlark in the distance, the rushing of the water over the rocks at your feet, and flowers or ferns wherever you might reach your hand.

Or, I would lead you to still another spot, where the maidenhair fern grows in such masses that you would almost fear to step lest you might crush one, or where the giant brakes would almost reach your waist, or to the Burnham woods, where you would find many varieties of those fine, delicate rock ferns.

Elsewhere you would find many parasites such as the beechdrop, the pine sap, the one-flowered broom rape, the dodder, and the beautiful Indian pipe.





I would take you farther but the lengthening shadows remind us the day is drawing to a close. The song of the birds has ceased, giving place to the joyous peeping of the frogs, and I must take you back to the railway station, where, later in the season, in a nearby field, you would find great purple clusters of the groundnut.

I hope you have enjoyed this ramble and are not so weary but that some time you will again visit this town in search of not only these, but other wild flowers not mentioned here.

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## THE BIRDLINGS.

*By Samuel Hoyt.*

Right in a crotch of the apple tree  
As near to my window as near can be,  
Is a warm little nest where the birdlings peep  
Just as I wake from my morning sleep,  
While the mother-bird flies in quest of food  
To bring in her beak to her little brood.

"Peep! Peep!" they say, as the morning breaks  
And the busy world from its slumber wakes—  
"Peep! Peep!" till the mother bird hies her way  
To the little nest, at the dawn of day,—  
Back to the nest from over the hill  
With dainties the little mouths to fill.

And day after day I look to see  
This little brood in the apple tree;  
And day after day, as I look, I sigh  
As I think of the time in the by-and-by,  
When the little birdlings—tiny things—  
Will grow in strength and will stretch their wings,

And, some bright morning, before I wake,  
Their nest in the apple tree forsake;  
And I shall look on the empty home,  
Nor, look as I may, shall see them come—  
But my loving wishes will always be  
With my little friends in the apple tree.

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# FARMER'S

WEDNESDAY

1914

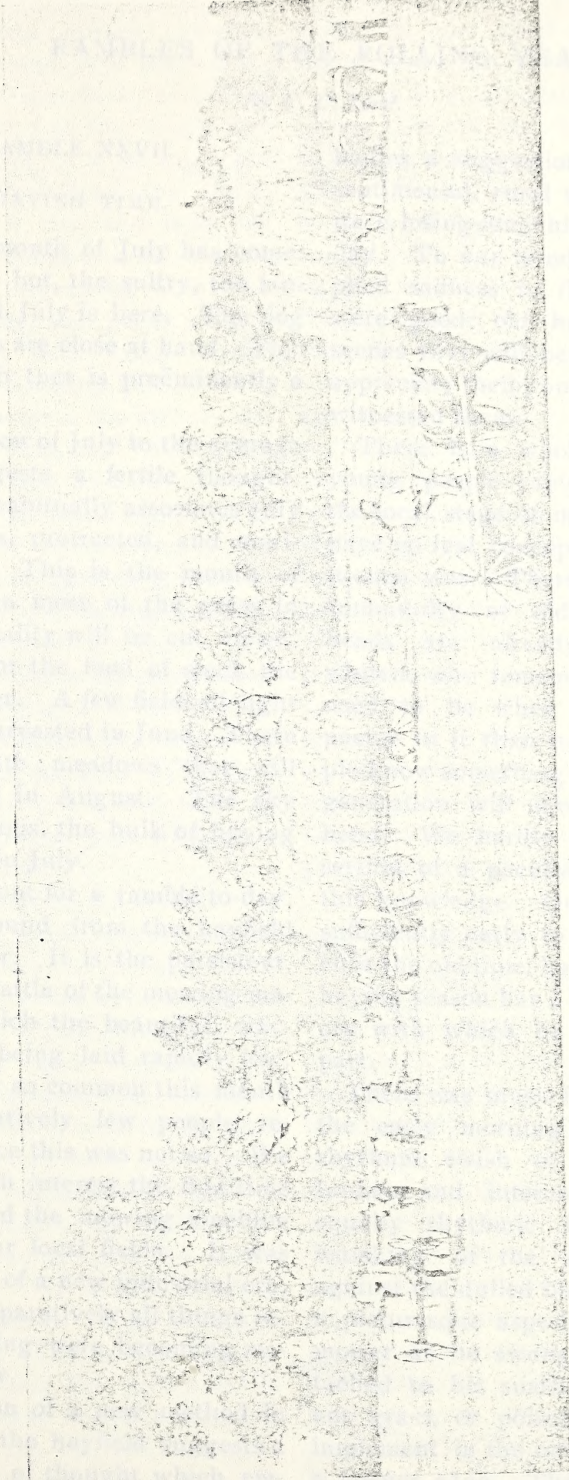


The month of July is the best time to visit the country. The weather is just what is needed for a summer vacation.

The month of July is the best time to visit the country. The weather is just what is needed for a summer vacation. The farmer is busy with his crops and the city is full of people who want to enjoy the outdoors.

As we go to the country, we find a beautiful scene. The fields are green and the trees are full of leaves. The air is fresh and the sun is shining. This is the best time to visit the country.

The weather is just what is needed for a summer vacation. The farmer is busy with his crops and the city is full of people who want to enjoy the outdoors.



HAYING TIME.

The month of July is the best time to visit the country. The weather is just what is needed for a summer vacation. The farmer is busy with his crops and the city is full of people who want to enjoy the outdoors.

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## RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

*By C. C. Lord.*

### RAMBLE XXVII.

#### HAYING TIME.



THE month of July has come. The hot, the sultry, the languid July is here. The dog days are close at hand. This is the month that is preëminently a summer one.

The mention of July to the average farmer suggests a fertile thought. The farmer habitually associates July with arduous, protracted, and anxious labors. This is the month of haying, when most of the grass in this rural locality will be cut, cured, and stored for the food of stock the coming winter. A few fields of light grass were harvested in June. There are some late meadows that will be harvested in August. The sky being propitious, the bulk of haying will be done in July.

As we go out for a ramble to-day, a peculiar sound from the hayfield greets our ear. It is the persistent, monotonous rattle of the mowing machine, by which the beautiful, waving grass is being laid rapidly low. This sound is so common this month that comparatively few people remark it. Once this was not so. We remember with interest the first time we ever heard the mowing machine rattling in our local fields. It was the inception of a new industrial era, in which comparatively all things relating to haying were becoming methodically new.

The mention of a new method in the service of the hayfield suggests a peculiar train of thought which em-

bodies a suggestion of regret. The sentimental, rural world seems, as it were, losing something excellent every day. To our mind, there is an implied sadness in this loss. There were good, old haying times and scenes that will never return. To appreciate them, one must have once witnessed them.

There is a whole generation of young people rapidly coming upon the local stage of mature action who have no real conception of haying as it once was. There is a large rural community of older folks, whose heads are already beginning to whiten, who remember what haying used to be when there was more poetry in it than now. These people know something that the younger generation will never fully comprehend. We hardly need add the assertion of a peculiar satisfaction in this knowledge. One who was born sufficiently early to see and experience the old-time, happy scenes of the haying season has a treasure of memory with which he will not gladly part.

There was music in the hayfield in the early morning when the low, rhythmic swish of the scythe was broken and interchanged with the equally rhythmic but more rapid whisking of the sharpening rifle against the dulled blade. There was a picturesque aspect of the old-time mower as he swung his scythe, attached to his snath, in the luxuriant grass, or poised the compound implement in the act of whetting for a keener edge. Then the cut grass





was thrown into parallel swaths, which the farm boy was often delegated to spread, and many a thrill of pleasure he found in the simple and often toilless task. Who has ever been a boy, spreading the fresh, sweet swaths of hay, and does not remember the delight there was in the occupation, especially when the fork that twirled the green wealth about revealed with every stroke some new or interesting herb or flower? Then there were the raking, the rolling, the heaping, the loading, the driving to the barn, and the unloading—all more or less suggestive of toil and yet of toillessness in the mind of the lusty, farm boy, who, in spite of its prolonged labors, loved no rural time like that of haying. All the present methods of harvesting the grass are changed or are changing. The beautiful, ideal season of haying has fled forever. The new age advances to profit, but there is hardly an industrial gain without a corresponding loss.

The rural resident in middle life most likely has a full appreciation of the good, old days of haying, when the scythe predominated in the fields of grown grass. This thought leads us to another and kindred one. They are older people who remember when the rhythmic beat of the flail was heard in every barn in autumn. They are very old folk who recollect when every reaper of grain went forth to the fields with his sickle in his hand. We might multiply thoughts like these. This is an age of innovations. The rural simplicity of the former times has given, and is giving, way to the complex methods of industrial life in the country. While we welcome the new, in

justice to our ideal sentiments we repine at the loss of the old.

There is a substance in all good things that we can never lose. In this permanence we can always rejoice. We are thinking of this truth to-day because we have just passed a field of fresh, blooming clover, laid low by the relentless mowing machine. No matter how it falls, we shall ever love the sweet clover. So we may say of the stately waving herdsgrass with its wealth of tiny, pale-purple blossoms. The redtop will ever cheer us by the richer tint it lends to the ripening hayfield. Then the buttercups and daisies, and their numerous flowering associates of the field and meadow, are ours to enjoy till the ruthless hand of industry strikes them. The inherent beauties of nature are ours forever. The progress of invention cannot deprive us wholly of them. Hence the poet will muse on them and sing, though a thousand industrial novelties call for the prosaic admiration of the world.

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#### RAMBLE XXVIII.

##### SUMMER VISITORS.

As we go out for a ramble to-day, a pleasant sight greets our eye. In the broad highway, we meet a number of persons in a carriage. A brief glance at them suggests that they are all of one family. If they are all of one, it is certainly a happy family. There is no hesitation in our conclusion. These persons are abroad for pleasure. There is not a single suggestion of constraint in their aspects and attitudes. Theirs is an excursion for pure enjoyment, and their faces indicate that they are not disappointed of their object.





There is another and more specially evident fact concerning this family, or group of persons. They are not of our own country folk. Their forms, features, dress, manners,—all indicate a closer acquaintance with the more populous haunts of humanity. These individuals illustrate a universal law of existence. Every thing on the earth imbibes and appropriates something of its habitual environment. In the higher orders of creation, this truth is more manifestly emphasized. In man it has its largest and grandest expression. How easy it is for the observing individual to distinguish between the residents of the larger towns and cities and those of the country!

Through all the rural regions of this land has spread the enthusiasm that welcomes the summer visitor. The number of country hotels and rural boarding-houses that annually open their doors to guests from the crowded marts of larger towns and cities seems to be increasing. Herein is an experience of pleasure mingled with profit. It is an experience common to all concerned. The summer visitor desires recreation, health, and strength. His host secures a pecuniary gain from the patronage. This is the material aspect of the case. There is an advantage of a higher nature. It accrues in the instance of both the visitor and the host.

In these historically and educationally advanced days, we love to think that the world is improving. At the present time it is the privilege of reflectively observant people to point out the signs of the world's progress, which, in spite of any incidentally temporary relapses that may at any time occur, seems to be

an incontrovertibly established fact. The causes of this progress are not always as apparent as the fact itself. Doubtless these causes are of a nature too multiple and complex for the complete comprehension of every observant individual. But there is one cause that no one need deny. It is implied in the mutually social exchanges of knowledge, thought, and feeling by people of different natural associations and incentives.

One of the greatest afflictions of the world has been and still is its lack of understanding and appreciation between members of different social communities. In the instance of this understanding and appreciation, there is a great subsidence of social trial and peril. It is an indisputable fact that ignorance breeds suspicion, suspicion controversy, controversy offense, and offense distress. The law operates in a thousand more or less crucial ways. In things large and small, the want of adequate, practical knowledge of the logical and legitimate relations of necessary, different conditions costs the world an indescribable amount of needless trouble. We ought to be happy in the prospect of a gradual mitigation of social evils resident in a simple need of a wider range of practical intelligence.

Confined to his own busier and more proscriptive social circles, the resident of the larger town or city is in danger of reflecting upon the average ruralist as a man of few ideas and many idle and unwarrantable conceits. Limited to his own peculiar field of observation, the resident of the country is liable to contemplate the representative town-dweller or urban as the embodiment





of unbounded exclusiveness, assumption, and pride. Brought into close contact with each other during a few months of each year, these two diametrically personal opposites arrive at a mutual understanding and appreciation, becoming fast friends while they might have been the bitterest of enemies.

The summer visitor seeking recreation and recuperation, takes a sojourn in the country. It is summer. The earth is dressed in a tempting robe of verdure adorned with bloom. The air is fresh and pure. The sunlight is unobstructed and inspiring. To him the delights of the rural landscape are akin to those of paradise. He takes advantage of the boundless opportunities for individual and collective excursions. He visits fields, pastures, woods, vales, hills, and mountains, springs, streams, and lakes. He reclines, walks, drives, hunts, and fishes. He observes, thinks, studies, and dreams. He confers with his new, rural friends and discusses all the aspects of the world and things in it. He is surprised and gratified to find that his host thinks as often and as well as himself. In all he learns much that is new and profitable. He discovers that the sphere only of his new-found friends is different from his own. He goes home with a nobler appreciation of society in the country. All his improved conceptions of social rusticity are happily reciprocated. His host has become more complacent towards the town and city, and when, next winter, he has made a visit to a new, city friend and been shown the sights and the use of them, he will be both a kinder and a wiser man.

## RAMBLE XXIX.

### BERRIES ARE RIPE.

The present time is one peculiarly suggestive of rural delights. Old and young seem to participate in a special, seasonable privilege. The evidence of this fact is discovered both in-doors and out-doors. There exists a predominant source of popular pleasure that is unmistakable.

The reason of the present evident general enjoyment is easily expressed. A few words only are demanded for the statement of it. It is summed up in a brief sentence. Berries are ripe. These three brief words declare the whole truth. With the ripe berries comes social happiness that is positive and unmistakable.

Berries are ripe. This statement, however, is not wholly and exclusively applicable to the present time. Berries have been ripening since the month of June beamed upon us with its characteristic fervor of temperature. In sunny June, the scarlet strawberry peeped out of the luxuriantly thriving grass and gladdened the heart of the casual Rambler. But July is preëminently the month of berries. The strawberry hardly lingers into the present month, but in its place come a number of delicious representatives of the great family of berries. There are the red and black raspberries, the endless varieties of blueberries, bilberries, or huckleberries, and then the luscious low and high blackberries, the last being also a later production of nature's ripening influences. As was the limited fact in June, so now is the general case in July, and so will be the partial experience in August,—the prolonged and variable berrying season bearing





witness to the enthusiastic purpose of the populace to avail itself of the gratification implied in the supplies of small, wild fruits of the charming summer.

The description we give of the present aspect of the berrying season may appear to some prosy people to be too rhetorically fervid. But we beg such persons to have patience with our words. It is true that the rural social world rejoices and is glad when berries are ripe, though the exultations may often be more instinctive than deliberative. People love, long for, and seek the fresh, ripe berries in the annual return of the heated term of the year. They may not all realize why this is so, but nature has a beneficent law that anticipates impulse as well as reflection. People love, seek, and enjoy the berries of summer because they need them. The wild, semi-acidulous fruits of the heated term represent a provision of nature for the gustatory benefit of animal or physical life. In the expressed instance, the desire is adapted to the use. There is no season of the year when berries are so gratifying to the taste as now. This is the case because berries are designed for the protective amelioration of the effects of superabundant heat on the animal or physical frame.

From late autumn, through winter, till earlier spring, mankind, in this geographical latitude, endures a comparatively constant experience of cold. In the presence of prevalent cold, man's system assumes a corresponding necessary condition. Subject to a demand for warmth, normal human taste craves more solid and more heating food, and for the ensuring of its proper digestion and assimila-

tion, the system reacts upon the cold in a tonic expression of force and thus becomes adequate to the extra alimentary task laid upon it. It is then that the ordinary appetite cares relatively less for succulent and acidulous fruits. With the advent of returning climatic heat the physical condition is reversed. In the predominance of warmth, the system needs less food, the atonic or relaxed condition ensues, and the taste craves the juicy and semi-acid fruits which are sought with an eagerness that promises delight in the attainment of the desired object. The succulence of fruit dilutes the fluids of the body, its acidity lowers the speed and temperature of the circulation, and both make man more healthy and happy.

In the time of each, each variety of berry has its prominence in the mind of the seeker after summer pleasures. To-day people seem to give their special attention to the blueberry. There are so many varieties of fruit that are classed under the general name of blueberry that the term has only a limited scientific meaning. Blueberry, bilberry, huckleberry, and whortleberry are all names representative of one popular class of berries, though strictly speaking the two former names seem to imply a botanical distinction from the two latter. However, the common mind is not scientifically critical in its use of convenient terms. It is, perhaps, just as well that it is not. The popular gratification is just as intense in the present case, while the labor of the mind is less. In the popular conception of the privileges of the "blueberries," a world of enjoyment is now apparently realized. In fact, a large portion of the rural





world seems to be occupied with blueberries at this season. By the roadside, in the fields and pastures, and even to the verge of the woods, grow the succulent and luscious blueberries. There are the high bushes, the low bushes, and the bushes of medium size. There are the light blue berries, the bluish black berries, and the very black berries. There are the larger and the smaller berries. There are the berries that are noticeable because they are exceptionally sweet to the taste, and the berries that are unusually tart to the tongue, and the berries that express all variations of sweetness and tartness between the two extremes. But the berry-picker gathers them all, tosses them all into one vessel, the continent of the welcome blueberries, and tastes the deliciousness that may be said to be realized only once in a whole year.

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### RAMBLE XXX.

#### FAVORITE FLOWERS.

In speaking of favorite flowers, we imply no arbitrary rules of floral classification. Neither do we intend any distinctive relations of blossoms suggested by popular æsthetics. We are neither scientific nor social at this time. We only express a few ideas that occupy our thoughts during a personal ramble.

In this, the latter part of the month of July, it is but a common experience to observe wild flowers in rambling in the realm of rural nature. In this geographical latitude, flowers bloom from early spring to late autumn. Yet there are times when blossoms seem to be more abundant

than at others. Yet all the blooming season affords charm for the æsthetic observer, though some times or some flowers may excite his peculiar gratification.

We premise in this way because in going out to-day we notice signs of the blooming of certain flowers that always afford us a peculiar personal delight. We do not mean that at this time of the blooming season we enjoy an exclusively æsthetic privilege in consequence of the flowers that now begin to appear. However, we insist that there are certain blossoms that more especially please us, and that some of them begin to appear in the landscape about this time.

Fancy has conceived a language or symbolism of flowers. If there is really such a thing as an analogy, or correlation, between the things of outward sense and those of inward soul, then there must be some absolute law by which this analogy or correlation may be discovered and interpreted. We reflect in this manner to-day, not because we propose to discuss any metaphysical obstrusities at length, but because an incidental thought of possible profit claims a mere recognition at this time. Personally we have our favorite flowers, and we observe a tendency in our mind to classify them according to a certain partially involuntary standard of form. Hence we ask mentally what this tendency to an identification of form signifies. From spring till autumn, we cannot help feeling an especial attachment for pendent or drooping forms of inflorescence. We love best those flowers that hang pendulously from the stem or at least have some parts that exhibit a





pendulous aspect or tendency. In reflecting upon this fact, we are moved to ask if it is true that the flowers that we love best are symbols of ever admirable qualities of modesty and humility.

The pretty, pendent, wild columbine delighted us in the month of May. We have all our life entertained a peculiar affection for the columbine, because it was the first wild flower we remember gathering in childhood. If this fact of experience were isolated, we should think less of it, but the truth of our special fondness for blossoms that hang down from their attachments to the plant, or at least have pendulous parts, confronts us with a logical theory of individual preferences. After the columbine of May has faded and perished, we find a special pleasure in contemplating the beautiful iris of June, bearing as it does those drooping petals that we learn to regard as the special cause of the fondness with which we are constrained to observe it. We pass through June and advance a long distance in July, and then, in some pleasant vale, on the bank of some sparkling, babbling brook, perhaps partly hidden by the overhanging verdure of larger and sturdier forms of botanical growth, we discover a little golden, floral jewel pendent from a delicate stem, and our heart bounds with a sensation of special pleasure. We have found the blossom of the jewel-weed, the sensitive *noli me tangere*, or touch-me-not, one of the most interesting plants indigenous to this locality. This tiny galeate, or helmet-shaped, flower in some respects resembles an inverted cornucopia, and is properly suggestive

of the popular name of the plant that bears it. A slight blush upon a surface of gold makes the flower especially beautiful. We are sorry we cannot pluck this flower with the indifference that we do others. To use the language of appearances, it is an exceedingly timid bloom. Sever it from its native stalk and it shrinks up and perishes almost instantly, even though the broken stem is placed immediately in water. The only way to gather the blooming jewel-weed is by cutting off the plant at the earth, and then the peculiarly tender flowers can be enjoyed in transportation a short period of time. The sensitiveness of the jewel-weed affords various botanical facts of curious study.

One reason why we have indulged the thoughts of this ramble is because we find our reflections reaching out towards a flower that is not yet a full and perfect æsthetic realization, though we observe evidences of its promised perfection. As we roam on the banks of a lively stream, we notice that the terminal buds of the *lobelia cardinalis* show signs of future blossoming. The cardinal flower is the glory of summer. Though it has pendent petals, its superlative attraction does not result from this fact. This labiate bloom, of such characteristically pure, deep crimson, is properly named. Delicate and beautiful in form, it is the one transcendently gorgeous wild flower of the whole blooming season. It is the royal blossom—the queen of the rural flowering realms. In the presence and enjoyment of the *lobelia cardinalis*, one feels as if he had reached the climax of delight in nature's floral beauty.





PUBLISHERMENTS AND MARRIAGES IN THE TOWNSHIP OF  
RUMFORD (NOW CONCORD), NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1732-39.<sup>1</sup>

*By John C. Ordway.*

**T**HE present city of Concord, first called "The Plantation of Penny-Cook," was granted by Massachusetts to a company of about one hundred settlers from Essex county, more than two thirds of whom were from Haverhill and Andover, and the balance from Newbury, Bradford, Boxford, Salisbury, and Ipswich with perhaps one or two from Woburn and Chelmsford in Middlesex county. The grant was made in 1725, and the settlement began a year later. In 1733 the plantation was incorporated by the name of Rumford, which name it retained until 1765, when it was incorporated by its present name.

The publishments and marriages here given are taken from the earliest records of the town.

Philip Kimball's & Dorcas Foster's Purposes of Marriage were posted up at the Meeting House in Rumford on the 31st Day of July, 1735.

Intentions of Marriage between Jeremiah Dresser of Rumford & Mehitable Bradley of Haverhill was posted up at the Meeting House in Rumford the — of September, 1735.

Intentions of Marriage between Joseph Hall of Rumford and Deborah Abbot of Andover were published at Rumford y<sup>e</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> Day of May 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between James Scales<sup>2</sup> of Rumford and Sus-

anna Hovey of Topsfield were published at said Rumford the 27<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Andrew Bohonon<sup>3</sup> and Tabitha Flanders both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 10<sup>th</sup> Day of September 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between James Peters and Elizabeth Farnum both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 16<sup>th</sup> Day of October 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between George Abbot of Rumford and Sarah Abbot of Andover were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the 24<sup>th</sup> Day of December 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Samuel Bradstreet and Margaret Goorden both of Sun Cook were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Nineteenth Day of January, 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Benjamin Rolfe and Hiphzabah Hazzen both of Sun Cook were posted up

<sup>1</sup> James Scales was the first male school teacher in Concord. He was a native of Boxford, Mass., and a graduate from Harvard college in 1723. He taught school several years in Concord and afterward removed to Canterbury, where he resided and held public office for some years. He was afterward a minister and pastor of the church in Hopkinton in which town he died July 31, 1776.

<sup>2</sup> Andrew Bohonon was from Salisbury or Kingstons, Mass., and Tabitha Flanders was the first child of Deacon Jacob and Mercy (Clough) Flanders from South Hampton. They were early settlers of Salisbury. Tabitha died in that town, February 18, 1810, having reached the remarkable age of one hundred and one years.—[Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> A complete list of the publishments and marriages contained in the first volume of town records.





at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Nineteenth Day of January 1736.

Intentions of Marriage between Richard Eastman of Sun Cook and Mary Lovejoy of Andover were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Twenty Sixth Day of September 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Isaac Foster of Rumford and Abigail Bradlee of Haverhill were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Twenty first Day of November 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Daniel Rolfe jun<sup>r</sup> and Elizabeth Flanders both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Eighth Day of January 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Zebediah Farnum and Mary Walker both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Fourteenth Day of January 1737.

Intentions of Marriage between Nathan Burbank of Contoocook and Sarah York of Exeter were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Twenty second Day of April 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between William Walker & Elizabeth Peters both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the Tenth Day of May 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Thomas Conneagham of Sun Cook & Anna Otterson of Haverhill were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the 18<sup>th</sup> Day of July 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Timothy Bradlee and Abiah Stevens

both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 5<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Jonathan Bradlee of Rumford and Susanna Folsom of Exeter were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 9<sup>th</sup> Day of September 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Lot Colby and Ann Walker both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 9<sup>th</sup> Day of September 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Timothy Walker jun<sup>r</sup>. of Rumford & Martha Colby of Almsbury were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 8<sup>th</sup> Day of October 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Joseph Eastman jun<sup>r</sup>. of Rumford and Abigail Millen of Hopkinton Ms. were posted up at the Meeting House in said Rumford on the 24<sup>th</sup> Day of December 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between John March and Mary Rolfe both of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in said Rumford on the 18<sup>th</sup> Day of February 1738.

Intentions of Marriage between Benjamin Blanchard of Canterbury and Bridget Fitzgerald of Contoocook were posted up at the Meeting House Door in Rumford on the 26<sup>th</sup> Day of March 1739.

Intentions of Marriage between Daniel Manning of Charlestown and Elizabeth Abbott of Rumford were posted up at the Meeting House Door in s<sup>d</sup> Rumford on the 19<sup>th</sup> Day of November 1738.

Marriages returned by the Rev<sup>d</sup>





Mr Timothy Walker<sup>1</sup> on the Twenty Third Day of September 1735. viz<sup>1</sup>.

Stephen Farington and Apphia Bradley both of Rumford were married the 28<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1732.

William Danford and Anna Flood both of Rumford and James Head of

Canterbury and Sarah Danford of Rumford were married the 17<sup>th</sup> Day of January 1733.

Philip Kimball and Dorcas Foster both of Rumford were married the 17<sup>th</sup> Day of June 1735.

Samuel Davis of Canterbury and Mary Lambert of Rumford were married the 19<sup>th</sup> Day of August 1735.

Exam<sup>d</sup> & Entered, by Benja. Rolfe Town Clerk.

<sup>1</sup>Rev. Timothy Walker was the first settled pastor in Penacook. He was a native of Woburn, Mass., born 1705, a graduate of Harvard college in 1725. He was ordained November 18, 1730, and continued in the pastorate until his death, September 1, 1782.

## THE TOILER.

*By George Warren Parker.*

Oft 'neath a load too great to bear  
He toileth day by day,  
No couch of down or sumptuous fare,  
He treads the thorny way ;  
Daring the right, disdaining wrong  
An honest laborer he,  
Lightening his work with merry song  
He sings as sing the free.

And thus forever must he toil,  
From hardships never free,  
'Till he has spun this mortal coil  
And heavenly riches see.  
Then, envy hords of earth no more,  
On thrones of others' gold ;  
The poor are rich in His true sight,  
The same now as of old.

Life holds a prize ; 't is much more fair  
Than place, or gold, or fame ;  
'T is others' burdens oft to share  
And bear an honored name.  
Success, reward, are meted those,  
No matter what degree,  
Who do their best, tho' poor their clothes,  
Their truest selves to be.

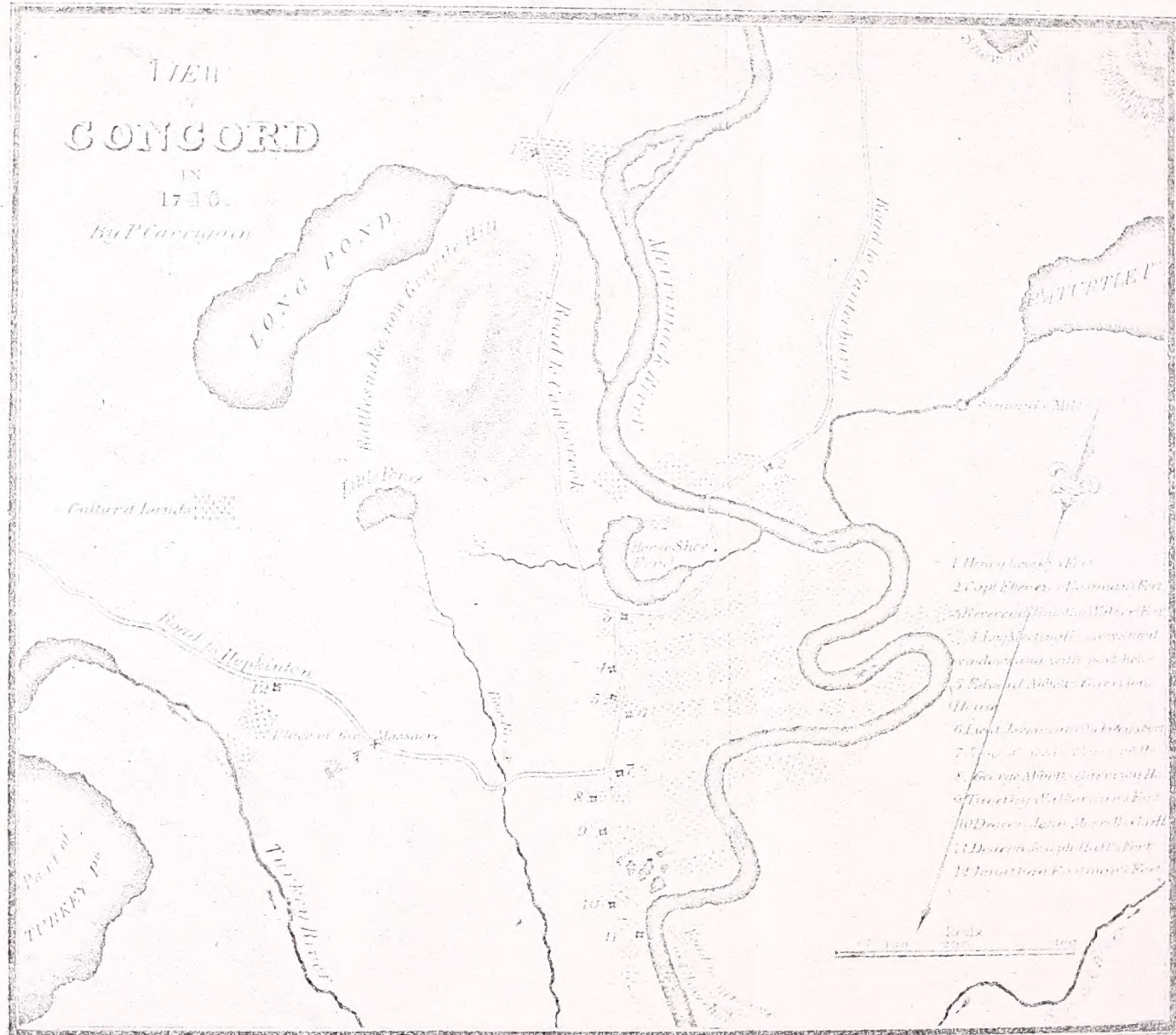




# THE CONCORD

IN  
1740.

By P. Carrigan



- 1 Henry's Lake (River)
- 2 Capt. Ebenezer's (House)
- 3 Reverend (House)
- 4 Long (House)
- 5 Edward (House)
- 6 (House)
- 7 (House)
- 8 (House)
- 9 (House)
- 10 (House)
- 11 (House)
- 12 (House)

Feet  
100 200 300





## THE GENESIS OF A NEW ENGLAND PLANTATION.

By Joseph B. Walker.



AS soon as the coast towns of New England had been populated, settlements were sought inland, and, at a time quite early, desirable locations for new townships became known. Among these was Penny Cook<sup>1</sup> upon the Merrimack, some forty miles distant from the sea. This was first granted as a town site as early as 1659, and several times afterwards, previous to 1726; but, as the grantees always failed to comply with the conditions of their charters, their franchises were forfeited.

Penny Cook was supposed and claimed by Massachusetts to be within the limits of its patent, although its northern boundary had not then been definitely surveyed and marked. In that belief its General Court on the 17th day of Janu-

ary, 1726, upon the petition of Benjamin Stevens and others, granted to one hundred prospective settlers a township seven miles square at this place, lying south of Contoocook river and on both sides of the Merrimack, under the name of "The Plantation of Penny Cook."

Before admission as a proprietor, each candidate was carefully examined as to his character and his ability to properly manage a share in the proprietary. He was also required to pay into the Colonial treasury the sum of five pounds. To secure a faithful compliance with these and other conditions, the General Court appointed an able committee consisting of "Hon. William Tailer Esq, Elisha Cooke Esq, Spencer Phipps Esq, & William Dudley Esq, John Wainwright Esq, Capt John Shipley, Mr. John Saunders, Eleazer Tyng Esq, and Mr. Joseph Wilder, who most faithfully discharged the duties assigned them; superintending the survey of the plantation lines and its partial division into lots, admitting settlers<sup>2</sup> and assisting them in the devise and adoption of such rules for the government of the proprietary as were deemed necessary."

<sup>1</sup> This name has been variously spelled at different times and by different parties. In the Proprietary Records, *Penny Cook*; elsewhere as *Penny-cook*, *Pennicook*, *Penicook*, *Penecook*, *Pennecook* and in various other ways.

To prevent confusion hereafter, it should be remembered that Penny Cook, now Concord, N. H., has borne, at different times, three different names. From 1725, when it was first chartered by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay it was called the *Plantation of Penny Cook*. It bore that name until 1733, when, by the same body, it was incorporated as the *Town of Rumford*. Thence, on to 1742, it was known as the *Town*, and from this time to 1749, as the *District of Rumford*. From July 12, 1749, when the District Act expired, on to 1765, a period of nearly sixteen years, it had no organized existence whatever, the Provincial Assembly refusing to accord it any. On the 25th of May, 1765, it was incorporated anew by the New Hampshire Assembly as the *Parish of Concord*, in the town of Bow. It continued to be a parish until January 2, 1784, when, by an act of state legislature, it was "Invested with all the powers and enfranchised with all the rights, privileges and immunities which any town in this state holds and enjoys, to hold to said inhabitants and their successors forever."

<sup>2</sup> It is an interesting fact, in harmony with the devout spirit of the time, that this little company of committeemen, representing the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, surveyors and expectant settlers should have brought with them their chaplain, and that, on the Sunday after their arrival, being the 13th day of May, 1726, public worship was celebrated for the first time in the wilderness of Pennycook, which before had heard only the cries of wild beasts and birds and the wilder cries of roaming Indians.





Up to the death of Passaconaway, and for some years after, perhaps, Pennycook had been the headquarters of the Indians of that name. The cunning and prowess of that great chieftain have been preserved in history and song. He died at some time between 1663 and 1669.<sup>3</sup> His successors were men of far less ability and unable to resist the pressure of the English immigration.

The new-comers to Pennycook encountered no opposition from the red men. Indeed, about all of these had retired inland before their advent. A few only maintained a straggling life in and around this locality. Of these, Waternummons was the most prosperous and important.

His wigwam stood on the south bank of the brook which drains the waters of Horse Shoe pond into Merrimack river, and still bears his name; midway between the two, at a point where the Concord & Montreal railroad crosses it. Its site was the highest in that vicinity and above the annual freshets. From its entrance he could survey his little patches of corn and pumpkins which his squaws were wont to plant and cultivate. Descending therefrom a few steps, he could give attention to his pots of wicker work anchored in the stream to capture fish for his larder, while on their passage between the pond and the river. Here he smoked his pipe, nursed his scattered thoughts, and responded by shrugs of his shoulders and by deep gutturals to the remarks made to him by his unwelcome neighbors. He considered the lands about him his

by occupancy.<sup>4</sup> They considered them theirs, by a title which, traced back to its origin, was the same. Might was the tribunal which settled land titles in those days. Waternummons was soon to lose his cause in this despotic court. He was the last of the Pennycooks at the headquarters of his people.

The survey above mentioned and the admission of settlers was completed within four or five months from the date of the grant, and work for preparing its territory for settlement was begun in the summer following. It is to be remembered that the territory of this plantation was as yet a wilderness, requiring much hard labor to fit it for occupancy. Farms were to be cleared from the primeval forest, houses, mills, and other structures erected, fences built, highways and bridges constructed, and the unbroken soil mellowed by the plow, before civil and domestic life could be there installed. To this work the admitted settlers at once applied themselves with vigor during the warmer parts of the four succeeding years, their families remaining meanwhile at their old homes, most of which were down the Merrimack at Haverhill, Andover, and Bradford, to which they annually returned when winter arrested their operations.

<sup>3</sup> The Indian title to the lands at Pennycook was extinguished near the close of the seventeenth century, as appears by the following extract from the Massachusetts records:

"Wanalanset made a demand of the Lands at Penicook from Suncook to Contocook as his Inheritance, saying that they were never purchased of him nor his Fathers; and he likewise in behalf of the Indians resorting to Penicook, prayed that a Trading house might be set up there.

"The Govr thereupon acquainted the Indians, that Wanalanset, Chief Sachem on Merrimack River, had sold all those lands to the English almost forty years agoe, and the Secretary shew'd the Indian the Record of his Deeds, with which they express'd themselves fully satisfied and acknowledged that the English had a good right to the said Lands by those Deeds."—Mass. Council Records and Archives, Vol. 31, p. 183.

<sup>4</sup> Judge Chandler E. Potter says, "Passaconaway died prior to 1669. . . . The year of his death is not known. He was alive in 1663."—The Farmer's Monthly Visitor, Vol. 12, p. 40.





Such progress was made by 1730, that a considerable portion of the households, who were to find here new homes and a new future, had made permanent settlement in the Plantation, partially peopling a new town, destined in time to become the capital of a sovereign state.<sup>5</sup>

Among the conditions upon which this plantation grant was made was one requiring the erection, within three years, of a convenient house for the worship of God, and another, that one full share of its territory should be set apart for the support of the ministry; a second as an encouragement to the first settled minister; and a third, "for the support of the school forever." These conditions were sacredly regarded and promptly complied with.

A still farther condition to be fulfilled—a condition by implication rather than of direct expression—was the early establishment in the community of a church of Christ and the instalment thereover of "a learned, orthodox minister;" which meant, in this case, a graduate of Harvard college who subscribed to the articles of faith adopted by the Boston Synod of 1680.<sup>6</sup>

A compliance with this requirement was in full accord with the will of a community, composed of men and women of English Puritan lineage, who held in deep reverence the views and customs of their forefathers. They were a godly, sober-minded people, who, during the preparatory seasons above mentioned, had maintained religious services upon the ground, by the aid of chaplains hired from time to time for that purpose.<sup>7</sup>

When, at length, the time had fully come for the establishment at Penacook of a permanent ministry, at a legal meeting called for that purpose by the committee of the General Court, before mentioned, the proprietors of the plantation took direct action to that end. This is so lucidly given in the clerk's record that a copy of the same is here presented.

"At a legal meeting of the admitted settlers or grantees of Penny Cook, convened the 14th of October, 1730, at the meeting-house in said township—

"Voted, That Ensign John Chandler shall be moderator for the present meeting.

<sup>5</sup> From a report upon the condition of this plantation in October, 1731 (Bouton's Hist. of Concord, pp. 128-131), it appears that seventy-nine houses had been wholly, and eighteen others partially, finished, of which some sixty to seventy were then occupied. It also appears that house and home lots aggregating in area about sixteen hundred acres, had been distributed to these allotted proprietors; more or less of which had been fenced and reduced to cultivation.

<sup>6</sup> The number of settled ministers within the present limits of New Hampshire in 1730 was sixteen. Their names, residences, and pastorates were as follows: John Odlin, Har. Col., 1702, Exeter, 1706-1754; William Allen, Har. Col., 1703, Greenland, 1707-1756; Joseph Adams, Har. Col., 1710, Newington, 1715-1733; John Moody, Har. Col., 1727, Newmarket, 1730-1778; Nathaniel Morrill, Har. Col., 1723, Rye, 1725-1733; Nathaniel Gookin, Har. Col., 1703, Hampton, 1710-1754; Joseph Whipple, Har. Col., 1720, Hampton Falls, 1727-1757; Ward Clark, Har. Col., 1723, Kingston, 1725-1737; Jonathan Shuning, Har. Col., 1712, Dover, 1717-1769; William Shurtleff, Har. Col., 1707, New Castle, 1712-1732; Jabez Fitch, Har. Col., 1694, Portsmouth first

parish, 1725-1746; John Emerson, Har. Col., 1689, Portsmouth, second parish, 1715-1732; Hugh Adams, Har. Col., 1697, Durham, 1718-1739; Matthew Clark, educated abroad, Londonderry, 1729-1734; James Chushing, Har. Col., 1725, Plaistow, 1730-1764; Henry Russ, Har. Col., 1707, Stratham, 1718-1749.

The population of New Hampshire, in 1730, was about ten thousand, nearly all of which was in the south and southeastern parts of it. The aggregate length of these pastorates was four hundred and eighty-nine years, an average of about thirty and a half (30.9-16) years. At this time ministerial settlements were usually for life. At a town-meeting holden in Stratham, in April, 1717, a committee was appointed "to agree with a minister for said town during his life if the cometary and he can agree."

<sup>7</sup> Of these, Rev. Enoch Coffin, of Newbury, who, on the 15th of May, 1726, before the party present to survey the plantation, preached the first sermon ever heard in central New Hampshire, was one. A second was Rev. Bazaleel Toppan, also of Newbury, and a third was Rev. Timothy Walker of Woburn, later installed as the minister of the plantation.





"Voted, That Benjamin Rolfe shall be clerk of said meeting.

"Voted, By the admitted settlers that they will have a minister.

"Voted, That Mr. Timothy Walker shall be the minister of the town.

"Voted, That Deacon John Osgood, Mr. John Pecker, Ensign John Chandler, Lieut. Timothy Johnson, Mr. Ebenezer Eastman, Mr. William Barker, and Mr. Ebenezer Stevens be a committee to agree with the Rev. Mr. Timothy Walker upon terms for being our minister.

"Voted, That Mr. Timothy Walker shall have one hundred pounds for the year ensuing, and then rise forty shillings per annum till it comes to one hundred and twenty pounds, and that to be the stated sum annually for his salary.<sup>8</sup>

"Voted, That the aforesaid sums relating to the salary shall be paid in whatever shall be the medium of trade for the time being in this province, at silver, seventeen shillings per ounce.

"Voted, That the one hundred pounds formerly voted for the minister, to enable him to build a house, shall be paid in eighteen months' time from the date hereof,—provided, and it is to be hereby understood, anything to the contrary above mentioned notwithstanding, that, if Mr. Walker, by extreme old age, shall be disenabled from carrying on the whole work of the ministry, that he shall abate so much of his salary as shall be rational.

"Voted, That Deacon John Osgood, Mr. John Pecker, Mr. Benjamin Niccolls and Ebenezer Eastman

be a committee to discourse with Mr. Walker about the time of his ordination, and to appoint the day; and that the said committee send to such churches as they think proper, to desire them to send their ministers and messengers to assist in ordaining Mr. Walker; and the said committee is to appoint suitable entertainment for them whilst here."

To this call, Mr. Walker gave the following affirmative answer:

"Penacook Oct. 14, 1730.

"To the admitted settlers and Grantees of Penacook:

"Whereas, formerly you have invited me by a committee to settle in the ministry in the said township; upon which invitation I have advised with learned pious and judicious divines in the ministry, who have jointly advised me to take up with your invitation, provided you vote a sufficient maintenance for me; and you having this day renewed your invitation to me, and done what satisfies me upon the account of salary: I therefore being deeply sensible of the importance of the charge and my own insufficiency to discharge the duties of the same, do accept your call, humbly relying upon the all-sufficient grace of God, which alone can enable me suitably to discharge the same, earnestly desiring your prayers, as well as others of God's people, that such plentiful measures of His grace may be afforded to me, as may enable me to discharge the duties of so sacred a function to his acceptance and your edification; that so both you and I may rejoice together in the day of the Lord Jesus.

"Timothy Walker."

<sup>8</sup> According to Dr. John Farmer, the value of £100, silver being estimated at seventeen shillings the ounce was \$130.67.—Bouton's Centennial Discourses, p. 67.





Just here a few words regarding the individual thus chosen minister of Penacook may be of interest. He was of pure Massachusetts Puritan stock; of the fifth generation in descent from his first Anglo-American ancestor, Capt. Richard Walker, who settled at Lynn in 1630, and was made a freeman in 1634. His father and grandfather were both deacons of the old Woburn church, organized in 1642; and the latter, at its formation in 1735, an original member and deacon of the West Woburn, now Burlington, church. His great grandfather, who came to Woburn from Reading about 1660, was a man of probity and entrusted from time to time by his fellow-citizens with important town business; while his great, great grandfather, Capt. Richard Walker, just mentioned, was for a long period a prominent citizen of Lynn and Reading; repeatedly representing these towns in the general court,<sup>9</sup> and discharging acceptably many municipal and other duties for which he possessed an aptitude. Some of these were of a military nature, he having been a member of the Honorable Artillery Company of England, and soon after his advent to New England (1638), an early member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, which still lives; renowned, of late, quite as much for its valor at the trencher as for its victories upon the battle-field.

Mr. Walker was born in that part of Woburn, Mass., which is now included within the limits of Wilmington, on the 27th day of July, 1705,

and was graduated at Harvard college in 1725. Among his classmates were Daniel Rogers, subsequently, for thirty-seven years, pastor of the second church in Exeter (1748-1785); James Pike, for sixty years (1730-1790) pastor of the first church in Somersworth; Ebenezer Flagg, for fifty-seven years (1736-1793) pastor of the church in Chester; and Matthew Byles for forty-six years (1733-1776) the eccentric Tory minister of the Hollis-Street church in Boston. At that time the relative social rank of families, having sons in this institution, was indicated by the position of the names of the latter upon the college catalogue. On this, Mr. Walker's name stands the twenty-eighth, on his class roll of forty-five.

To recruit his slender finances, soon after his graduation, he entered into an engagement with the selectmen of his native town to teach its grammar school. Parties of commanding influence induced these officials to break this contract and displace him. At this juncture the spirit of his Anglo-American ancestors was aroused within him, and he appealed to the court for redress, and in due time obtained it.

He was subsequently chosen master of the grammar school at Andover, Mass., and while there made the acquaintance of some of the leading promoters of the Plantation of Penny Cook, then residents of that town; a fact of interest as bearing upon his future connection with that enterprise.

Where and with whom he pursued his professional studies is not apparent at this writing; nor has it, as yet, been ascertained by what ecclesiasti-

<sup>9</sup>Capt. Edward Johnson, in his *Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England*, speaks of the "Band of Reading led by Lieut. Walker."—W. W. Providence, Andover ed., p. 192.





cal body he was licensed to preach. But he had been accredited as a minister in good standing, and had preached more or less at Penny Cook during its preparation for permanent occupancy.

The time appointed for the formation of a church of Christ there and for the ordination and installation over it of Mr. Walker, was Wednesday, the 18th day of November, 1730. In anticipation of the life before him, he had, on the Thursday previous, being the Provincial Thanksgiving day in Massachusetts, taken to himself a helpmeet in the person of Miss Sarah Barbeen of Woburn.

A day or two before that appointed for the sacred exercises just mentioned, following light trails through the wilderness for some forty miles, there came on horseback to Penacook, the Rev. John Barnard and the Rev. Samuel Phillips of Andover, and the Rev. John Brown of Haverhill, attended, doubtless, with their accompanying "messengers," whose names have not been recorded. Thus constituted was the ecclesiastical council called to discharge the solemn duties of this occasion.

On the chilly November day above mentioned, in the blockhouse which had been erected at the corner of Main and Chapel streets, and served for a time the triple purpose of fortress, meeting-house, and town house, the council, candidate, and people assembled. Then and there a church of nine members was organized, and Concord's first minister was ordained and set over it.

Mr. Barnard preached the ordination sermon, in the course of which he remarked to the congregation:

"There is this *peculiar Circum-*

*stance* in your Settlement, that it is a Place, where *Satan* some Years ago, had his Seat, and the Devil was wont to be Invoked by forsaken *Salvages*: A Place which was the *Residence* and *Head Quarters* of our *Indian Enemies*. Our Lord JESUS CHRIST has driven out the Heathen, and made Room for you, that He might have a *Seed to serve him in this Place*, where he has been much dishonored in Time past. Be then concerned to answer his just Expectation; be solicitous, that *you* who are becoming his Flock, may be his Glory; that *You* may be for a *Name and Praise* unto Him. Let RELIGION be upheld in your *Families*, in your *Closets*, in the *House of God*, and in your *Conversations*; and always endeavour to Live in *Love and Peace*, and the GOD of *Love & Peace* will be *with you*."

Mr. Phillips followed with a charge to his young brother in the ministry, giving him able counsel and solemnly exhorting him to "Endure *Hardness* as a good Soldier of JESUS CHRIST: Be always courageous in the Cause of GOD, not fearing the Faces of Men: And let your Zeal be ever tempered with *Prudence*."

Mr. Brown closed the exercises of the occasion by extending to his "Brethren of this Audience," the Right Hand of Fellowship.<sup>10</sup>

The young minister, thus ordained, was at this time but twenty-five years of age. Having thus publicly given himself to the service of God and of his fellow-men, he willingly placed himself in this small clearing of the wilderness, twenty-five miles within

<sup>10</sup> The church thus organized at Penacook was the second one established within the present limits of New Hampshire, on the west side of Merrimack river.





the Indian frontier. His post was one of danger and hardship, but he had courage and muscle both, with which to meet them. His was the stuff of which stalwart men are made.<sup>11</sup> Girding himself he turned his face towards Jerusalem and entered boldly an unknown future in which he was to act an important part for more than half a century.

Thus, within the short period of less than five years (Jan., 1726–Nov. 18, 1730), was born and auspiciously started on its career, a New England town, peopled with God-fearing men and women and ruled by religion, intelligence, and law. It had risen into being with a suddenness which recalls to mind the fabled birth of Minerva, who is said to have sprung by a single bound from the head of Jove. Forest begirt and remote, its nearest white neighbors were far away. As the eagle, sharp-eyed, perched upon some gigantic pine which towered above the surrounding wilderness, looked eastward and southward, the nearest settlements in sight were those at and about Dover and that of the Scotch-Irish at Londonderry. As he turned westward and northward the nearest smokes arising from civilized habitations, ascended from Fort Dummer, and the towns on and about the St. Francis river in Canada.

Just here, the careful students of New Hampshire history may natur-

ally inquire, what motives prompted the foundation by Massachusetts of this distant colony and the vigorous efforts which secured its completion in so brief a time? Other towns were developed by gradual accretions of population, extending over much longer periods. The answer to this inquiry is not hard to find.

As before remarked, the fertile intervals at Penacook, still unoccupied, had been long known to the inhabitants of the towns already peopled. In the families of these were children grown to maturity and seeking farms upon which to establish themselves and pursue the agricultural life to which the great majority of New England people were then devoted.

The lands at Penny Cook were supposed by the government of Massachusetts to lie within the limits of its charter, but were, at the same time, claimed by that of New Hampshire as being a part of its domain, the common boundary between these provinces being, as yet, undetermined. It is easy, therefore, to understand that the former should be willing to have established on her northeastern frontier an able colony of her own people, who, in any controversy which might arise, would naturally regard favorably her interests. This supposition may account in part, at least, for the extreme care taken by the General Court, in the selection of its members, in the adoption of proper rules for their government, and in restricting them to plantation rights only, until satisfied as to their character and future disposition.

During the week following his installation, Mr. Walker went to Woburn, and shortly afterwards returning

<sup>11</sup> The sturdy energy of Mr. Walker is shown in an anecdote which has survived to this day. According to this, he was returning one time on horseback from Andover, and arrived late in the evening at the ferry. Here he found the boat moored upon the opposite side of river and that the ferryman had retired to his house and his bed. Finding, after fruitless efforts to arouse him, that he must remain all night where he was, or be his own ferryman, he divested himself of his clothing and swam the stream. Having possessed himself of the boat, he returned to his horse, led him on board, recrossed to the landing, and thence proceeded to his home.





thence with his wife, took up the family life of the plantation. Their ménage was of the simple kind common to all their parishioners. They lived at first in a small dwelling, probably of logs, at the north end of the Main street, on the verge of the terrace which still overlooks Horse Shoe pond.

Whether this was a log or a framed house does not appear. Its accommodations proving inadequate, Mr. Walker built a new one, a few rods

to the south, on a plot designated on the township map as house lot number 2, in the first range. This was a framed house, its boarding and more or less of its timber coming from the sawmill erected at East Concord in 1728 or 1729.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> At a meeting of the Proprietors of Penacook, holden on the 15th day of May, 1728, it was "Voted. That Capt. Henry Rolfe, Messrs. Ebenezer Eastman and James Mitchell be a committee to agree with some person or persons to build a sawmill at Penni Cook, at some suitable place for a mill, and to oblige the persons who shall build the same to supply the town with good merchantable boards of yellow pine at thirty shillings per thousand and good merchantable white pine boards at forty shillings per thousand."—Pro. Records, Vol. 1, p. 61.

## HOW CORNIE'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

*By Henrietta E. Page.*

**I**T was choir rehearsal at St. Christopher's. The chattering choir boys were lounging around in a listless, aimless manner. A couple of lamps were lighted above the organ, but the rest of the great edifice lay shrouded in darkness beyond.

The choir master sat scowling and pale, twisting nervously upon the seat in front of the organ, impatiently turning the score before him, playing a few notes here and there.

To-morrow was Easter, the music was to be rehearsed for the last time, and the leading soprano was later than usual, and both boys and teacher were getting restless and impatient. At last turning around upon his seat he called out,

"Well, boys, it is useless waiting any longer, we may as well go though this anthem a few times. I will sing Clarence's part until he comes."

The lounging attitudes gave way

to alertness, positions were taken, the organ pealed through the silence, and the young, clear voices proclaimed that "Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

Three times was it rehearsed before the young autocrat, for whom they had been waiting, put in an appearance, and then in no complacent mood. He had a voice, and he knew it. He had been spoiled by praise, and had to be handled as with velvet gloves.

"You are very late to-night, Clarence; what kept you?" the teacher asked pleasantly.

"Didn't want to come at all, but father made me; was having a better time at home. Don't think I shall be able to sing to-morrow, anyway; throat's kinder sore."

It was an old threat, and did not frighten the master.

"Well, now you are here set to work in earnest. I am anxious that the music should go smoothly to-morrow. We always have been





noted for our fine Easter music, and I do not want it to do us discredit now."

After a few lines had been sung the teacher stopped.

"No, no, Clarence, don't chop those notes like that, you know better; carry them smoothly like this," and patiently Ernest Western sang over the disputed notes.

The boy sank sulkily into his seat.

"Well, sing it yourself if you don't like the way I do it."

"I shall like the way you do it if you do it correctly; now be a good boy," he coaxed much against his will, longing to pull the little upstart's ears.

But no, the boy sat and sulked. The teacher sighed. "I suppose he would like me to supplicate and implore him, but it will be a long day from this before I do," he thought.

"Well, boys, we will go through the rest of the music. We will do the best we can. I will help you along." The rehearsal continued, Clarence sitting on his stool, chewing gum, and swinging his feet to the music, but singing never a note.

He was fair as an angel, with great, blue eyes, and short, golden hair, a snarl with curls, but so utterly clogged with praise that he had no respect for any will but his own and his father's. He knew there was no other voice like his in the great city, that they could not possibly get along without him on the morrow. He also felt pretty sure of his part in the programme, and thought he could well afford to feign indifference, especially as there had been several other rehearsals. It pleased him to annoy his teacher.

Out in the darkness of the great

empty church a little form was huddled up in one of the pews, listening to those heavenly strains, clasping and unclasping his hands in ecstasy.

It was Cornie George, the ten-year old son of the good-looking octoroon who took care of the furnaces, sifted the ashes, and did the various chores incidental to the great edifice, considered beneath the dignity of a sexton.

To attend his father on his rounds had, for two years, been the bright spot in Cornie's life, and at first he had followed at his heels like a little puppy, but when he had mastered all the ins and outs of the church, he went on explorations of his own. No rehearsal was ever held that he did not attend, but so unobtrusively that he was never noticed.

He never was so happy as when he could join softly in the choruses with the boys, and when they were learning new hymns and anthems, listen to the fresh young voices, and hear the great organ pulsing through the darkness. He was not afraid of the darkness, he was used to it, for he was blind, and when the boys were gone and all was quiet, he would feel his way to the choir and sing over all the music he had learned. His little heart throbbed and burned almost to bursting at such times; he was so full of music that he just must give expression to it.

Uncommonly bright for his age, he was quick to learn. He attended public school with his sister, where he learned all he possibly could by sound, his teacher, a true woman, helping him to the utmost limit of her power.

How he did pity the music master, and Clarence, too, that he did not





value more his great gift and his golden opportunities. Oh, if he only could sing in such a choir how happy he should be. Then, perhaps, he might become a great soprano like Clarence, earn money, lots of money to buy medicine, and fruits and nice clothes, for his dear little mother who was not strong like his father, and take some of the burden off that father's shoulders, and perhaps, perhaps he might be made to see, if he could only pay some great doctor for his cure, as he had heard people say.

He got up, knelt upon the cushion and clasping his hands prayed :

"Dear God! Marmy says if I pray good and often to you, you may be sorry for me and make me like other boys, but not like Clarence Winthrop, like good, kind boys, who do not make trouble for their teachers, and love their parents. And, O God! if you only would make my sight come back and let me sing, how I would love you! Amen."

The fervor and pathos of his prayer condoned the seeming irreverence.

The organ stopped.

"Good night, boys, you have done well. I am proud of you. Be on hand early, won't you? And you, too, Clarence?"

"Perhaps I may, and perhaps I shall not come at all," and he insolently flung out of the church.

With a sigh of weariness Ernest Western leaned his head against the organ and closed his eyes—a little restful quiet seemed a boon after the turmoil.

He was aroused by a slight sound from the body of the church. He sat up and peered into the darkness.

Soft footsteps came down the carpeted aisle, softly, softly. Then a

boy came groping up the stairs and felt his way to the seat Clarence usually occupied. He looked like an Italian child. His jetty hair was glossy and curly; his skin a dark olive with a flicker of red in the cheeks, his dark eyes large and heavily fringed. A dream face! He was poorly but cleanly and neatly clad. He did not seem to notice Mr. Western until by an involuntary motion he knocked down a book which clattered to the floor. The little figure turned to the sound.

"Is that you, Dadda? Say, Clarence has been acting bad again, and putting poor Mr. Western out of patience. Shouldn't you think he would be ashamed. I can sing it right. Listen Dadda."

He opened his pretty mouth and the church rang with the sweetest voice Mr. Western thought he had ever heard. The offending notes were given their full value; sweet, smooth, and clear they floated to the vaulted arches. Every piece of the exquisite Easter music was rendered correctly and with infinite pathos, and the little singer stopped only when his father crept softly up the steps, not to disturb the boy before he was satisfied. His "Oh!" when he saw the teacher was checked by a motion of the hand, and turning upon his stool he began softly to touch the keys.

Cornie flushed through his brown skin, and for a second or two looked confused, then a look of supreme content passed over his expressive face.

"Sing, Cornie," said his father. The lad recognized the chords of the anthem that had been such a bone of contention between Clarence and





his teacher, and quickly complied. At the end Mr. Western said, "If he can only sing with the boys."

"I can. I always sing with the boys, only softly," he naively answered, but trembling with delight. "I did not dare to sing loud. Dadda told me not to let any one see me, and if I had they would have found me."

"And you would not be afraid?"

"No, sir," he answered simply.

The organist was in raptures, never had he heard so pure, so clear, so rich a voice. All uncultured as it was it beat Clarence Winthrop's all to tatters. Now he could hold the little rebel in defiance.

Easter came in smiling and warm for the season. The great church was thronged with style and fashion. The air was redolent with delicate perfumes and rare exotics.

The choir boys had slowly passed down the long aisle, singing as they went, and were now seated, robed in their spotless vestments, and looking like a band of waiting angels, with Cornie in their midst, radiant with happiness.

Clarence had made good his threat and absented himself until the last moment, hoping, but in vain, for an abject supplication for his return to the choir. He had waited so long that even he was ashamed to come of his free will. He was now seated in the body of the church beside his adoring but disappointed mother.

When the boys arose and their voices heralded Christ's resurrection, and Cornie electrified the people with his glorious voice, a feeling of rage and hate seized the boy that brought scalding tears to his eyes. He felt that he hated the whole world, and

the feeling kept growing in his heart all through the beautiful service, and when it was over he started for the stairs of the robing room, down which the boys were then coming, smiling and happy as only a lot of healthy boys can. Last of all came Cornie in his usually cautious, blind way, yet seemingly looking straight before him. Clarence struck him a vicious blow and the little fellow rolled down the steps, hit his head against some projection and lay senseless on the crimson carpet. A hush of horror fell upon all, broken at last by a voice saying:

"Shame, Clarence, to hit a blind boy."

It was Clarence's uncle, Dr. Winthrop, the best oculist in the city, who had been attracted to the spot by hearing of the little singer's misfortune.

"Blind! blind!" cried the now repentant boy. "I did not know that." He knelt and took the pretty curly head upon his knee. "He took my place and I was mad. He's coming to, he's all right."

"He did not take your place until you rejected it, and it served you right," his uncle said sternly. "I have heard from your cousin how you have acted, and you had better turn over a new leaf, young man! Hush! he is coming to."

Cornie opened his eyes and seemed to look around from face to face. He was intently listening, but he heard no sound. He got up and stood thinking for a moment.

"I wonder what hit me?" he said to himself. "I fell, and my head hurts some, but I guess I'm all right, and—I sung! I sung! Oh, it was good."





He seemed to remember something for he suddenly got down on his knees and clasped his hands as if in prayer.

"Dear God, I am thanking you for answering my prayer and letting me sing. It was lovely" with an ecstatic sigh. "And now will you send back my sight so I can see all the beautiful things dad-da has told me about, and so I can help dad-da and marmy, and—and—won't marmy be glad? Please God make Clarence a good boy. Amen."

There was not a dry eye around him, and Dr. Winthrop took the astonished boy in his arms, looking

eagerly into his beautiful and wide open eyes.

"Bless your dear heart! God will make me the instrument through which your prayer is answered, and if it is possible, light shall be restored to those pretty eyes."

After all it was a fortunate blow for it enlisted Dr. Winthrop's closer attention to the blind boy's case, and it taught Clarence a well-needed lesson.

No happier boy ever existed than Cornie when peace was declared and he and Clarence stood side by side and led the choir in the great church of St. Christopher.

### WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Sentiments expressed at the meeting of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs at Dover, May 15, 16.

*By Isabel Ambler Gilman.*

Women's clubs, you ask "What are they?"

Centers of intelligence

Where progressive, honest women

Manufacture common sense;

Where new theories are considered

In well-ordered, just debate,

And all practical suggestions

Find their proper estimate;

Where the lofty thoughts of others

Wake an echo in our own,

And the best that is within us

Finds expression and is known.

Clubs are colleges for women

Where some useful things are taught;

Quick perception, judgment, reason,

Tact and charity of thought.

Self-control and concentration,

Order, discipline of mind;

And the teachers are the members,

Work and pleasure are combined.





We believe that every woman  
Is entitled to a share  
Of all scientific knowledge  
That will lighten daily care ;

And the subjects that we study  
Are of woman's life a part ;  
Cooking, household economics,  
Home philosophy and art,

Education, manual training,  
Music, travel, literature,  
History, civics,—general knowledge  
That will good results secure.

Health, domestic sanitation,  
And such matters we discuss ;  
Labor-saving ways and methods  
Minus fraction, fret and fuss.

Every club woman may profit  
By this joint experience ;  
Knowing how prevents confusion,  
Practice gives us confidence.

Every woman is by nature  
Gifted in some special way,  
Though to casual observers  
All do not their gifts display.

In the club room all are equal,  
Every gift is recognized ;  
Timid, shrinking natures strengthened ;  
Hopes and dreams are realized.

Every little earnest effort  
Wins encouragement and praise,  
Those who try are helping others  
In so many different ways.

When a woman meets a woman  
On an intellectual plane  
Neither creed nor caste nor custom  
Will development restrain.

Women's clubs, you ask " What are they ?"  
Schools of pure morality  
Whose curriculum embraces  
" Gumption " and mentality.





## ONE LITTLE WORD.

*By Mary A. Fish.*

THE October sun beamed down genially on the one-story cottage and the old man sunning himself at the door.

The brown rose-bushes moved but lazily in the light wind though they did rustle protestingly now and then at the lagging summer. The trees had not all lost their autumn garb, though everyone knows the trees in a town as near Canada as Pinecroft ought to have assumed their winter dress at least two weeks ago, for wasn't snow to be expected any time after the first of November in greater or less quantity? No wonder the rose-bushes quarreled. Jake Taylor sitting at the door of his cottage sunning himself and smoking protested in even more unmistakable terms.

"Doos seem's if I never saw such warm weather this time o' year in my life. Shan't git int' th' woods 'fore Christmas this rate," he grumbled.

"What's that, father?" asked a young woman appearing at the door.

"Wall, here 'tis like June when we ought ter bergin ter think of winter quarters." The old man's rough voice softened as he turned to speak to his daughter.

The woman, hardly more than a girl in years, was made of different stuff than the buxom country girls in Pinecroft. Slight, of delicate build, she had a refined face, refined by that greatest of educators, suffering. She had dark, sad eyes, and lips which had learned to smile for oth-

ers' sakes yet which emphasized the expression of sadness when her face was in repose. Here in this village, remote from any large town, she led a lonely existence, was a thing apart from village life. Any one in Pinecroft could give you the details of the past three years of Maidie Taylor's life. Back of this they could not go, for Jake and Maidie kept a deep silence on the subject, much to the dissatisfaction of the gossips who felt defrauded of their rightful due.

Her mother died when Maidie was a child of twelve years and she was sent to an aunt who lived somewhere in that vague region known in vulgar parlance as "down b'low." Seven years passed away in which the girl received a fair education, and incidentally became skilled in housewifely arts. Then one summer morning, three years ago, she crept back to her father's house, a white-faced, sorrow-stricken woman, who hid herself from the curious gaze of the villagers. Soon they avoided her as they might a leper, and when a few months later the wail of a newborn babe sounded on the night, she was left alone in her anguish save for the ministrations of an old nurse who had been the friend of her mother. There were tales told of tempestuous scenes in the little cottage wherein could be heard Jake's angry curses and Maidie's pleadings. But out of this they derived no information, for whatever the cause of the disturbance Maidie evidently was not the





one who had incurred the disfavor of the upright old man, for no father could be tenderer than he to this shorn lamb of his.

"The new boss," he growled on, "and the crew have been up in the wood nobody knows how long, locating the camp. They'll have the houses blocked out and the thing ready to hum and not a bit o' snow, plague it, like as not till the day after never."

"Many families going this year?" she asked.

"No, only Whites and Willeys, there is a slew of them though. White's woman says she haint missed a lumberin' for fifteen year an' aint a goin' ter knock off this."

"Who cooks?"

"Dunno; Mis Willey, she did last year, but we nigh about starved part the time. She meant well but she wan't gifted to put in an extra bean when a man's more'n usual hungry."

A child's voice from within called the mother away, and as she obeyed its summons, she determined to win her father's consent to her going in as cook. As soon as the snow fell the larger part of the men went into the woods, there to live in log cabins until spring came and the streams opened to carry down their winter's work in logs to the coast of Maine. Communication with the outside world was to be had only once in two weeks when the mail and supplies were brought out by someone detailed from the camp for the purpose. She thought wistfully of the seclusion, longing to hide herself still farther from the eyes of the world and forgetting the ordeal she must endure morning, noon, and night.

The next morning being frosty, and the old lumberman's temper much milder, she ventured to propose her plan.

"No," he thundered. "Go in there and work like a slave among them men, some on 'em never spoke a decent word in their lives—why, 't would kill ye."

The slow tears gathered in her eyes for the plan had meant much to her. The sight melted the old man at once.

"There, there, don't feel bad, p'raps we c'n fix it up. How 'f you come in an' jist cook fer me. Guess I'm capable yet o' making camp jist's I did twenty-five years ago, fust time ye mother went to camp when we wus first married."

"Oh, father, can you?" The gratitude in her eyes was enough.

Early the next month Jake Taylor went into the woods to provide a suitable dwelling place for his small household. The many Willeys filled the long shanty provided for the workmen who did not bring their families. Close by a log house was erected for the White family, while beyond were the stables. Jake selected a spot a little apart from the other houses and nearer the forest which stretched unbroken to Canada. With the skill of experience, he erected his shanty speedily. Like the others it opened to the south and had a sloping roof which slanted on the north side. Unlike the others it boasted two windows and even a floor of plank and all the chinks were well stuffed with mud and moss.

After Thanksgiving the migration began. Jake was somewhat dismayed at the amount of furnishings Maidie considered it necessary to





take, but when she said firmly, "Baby must be comfortable," he said no more. Maidie's skilful fingers soon transformed the dwelling with the aid of the roll of crimson cloth which had been especially condemned as useless. The curtains before the bunks, those at the windows, and the covering of a box used for a seat and wardrobe were made of the cheerful material. Before the fire, far enough to be beyond the reach of snapping sparks, was a fur rug, the acknowledged domain of baby.

It was hardly to be wondered at that weeks passed without Maidie's meeting the new boss. The other women were, to say the least, uncongenial, tho' she was ready with kindly aid if required, that won from them the acknowledgment that she wasn't half bad after all. Yet she shrank morbidly from contact with her kind. One day she asked idly,

"How do you like the new boss, father?"

"Fust rate, keeps the men jumpin'. Haint but one fault as I knows on; will cuss and swear at a man who stays too long by his bottle when he does like a cup hisself. Say, you c'n feed down the horses to-day, can't you? My pair's goin' to stay in to-day and go to the village to-morrow."

As noon grew near Maidie went to feed the horses, first barricading the fire that baby might not suffer harm. This done she hurried to the stable and fed the horses, then turned her steps back to the shanty, turning once to watch the flight of a flock of snowbirds.

Just about noon the boss announced his intention of going into the camp to get up his reports to

send out the next day. After giving directions to the men he started, to be stopped by Jake who shouted after him, "Say, boss, jest stop at my shanty an' see 'f the girl's fed the hosses."

"Certainly," and again he started, leaving the men to their dinner-pails and the accommodations afforded by a log. When he reached the shanty he knocked, but there was no response. The process being repeated with like result, he opened the door, a thing most lumbermen would have done first. A rush of little feet and a baby's voice called "Mam-mam." The boss was fond of children and he caught the pretty child in his arms and tossed her high.

"There, now, that's just what I'd like to know, where's mamma?"

At this the blue eyes began to look dewy and the mouth drew down ominously at the corners.

"O Lord, don't, here I'll find your mamma. You was as happy as a clam till I disturbed you."

He put her down whereupon she howled.

"Say, old girl, have I anything to buy you off with? Here, how's this?" and he gave her his silver watch. Her cries ceased and while she was absorbed in her new plaything he made his escape.

A few steps then a turn and he was almost upon a woman who stood with her back to him, her face uplifted to the sky. Her cap had fallen off, and he noted with approval the short, silky rings of black hair which covered her head. Hearing his footsteps she turned.

"Maidie," he exclaimed.

"Frank," a deadly whiteness settled on her face.





"How came you here?" he asked sternly.

"With my father," she stopped him as he made a step toward her.

"Are you Jake Taylor's daughter?" His expression betrayed a knowledge of the current gossip.

"Yes, I went by my aunt's name in Lowell. I told you that before."

"So fate has thrown us together again. Under the circumstances you can hardly expect me to be pleased. How did you know I was coming here?"

"I did not know. Nothing would have tempted me to cross your path again."

"What is to be done?" he asked. "I would gladly go but every cent I have is sunk in here and I cannot break my contract."

"No," she answered quietly, "You cannot go." She hesitated then added, "Nor can I at once. Father would find out the reason and he has sworn to kill you. Even I hardly wish that."

"Oh, Maidie," he broke out, "how could you—"

"Hush," she put up her hand to stop him. "I know what you would say, but it is best left unsaid. You have done me an irreparable injury. May God and he only requite you!" Then she swiftly left him leaning against the stump, dazed and motionless.

Not many days passed before Jake in his ignorance commissioned the boss again with a message to Maidie. He found her just bending over the waking child and through the half-open door saw the fluttering little arms go up around her neck and watched her as she supplied baby with food ready prepared on the

table. A black hate filled his heart including Maidie, his broken idol; and the man who had forever shut such a scene from his life. Controlling himself with a mighty effort he entered, saying,

"I have a message from your father."

"From father?" The incongruity struck her at the thought of Jake's making a messenger of the man whom he hated. The baby in her lap mimicking every sound cooed,

"Fada? fada?"

The sound startled them both. Maidie crimsoned, while Frank with set teeth made for the door.

"If the man who betrayed her is alive he shall die," he swore grimly. From that day he grew more silent and stern, brooding over his injury and planning his revenge. The men soon learned that there was to be no fooling, and those remiss in duty to dread the lash of his sarcasm more than docked wages.

Maidie also suffered acutely, growing paler and more wan as the days went by, and it caused Jake's fatherly heart to ache as he watched her droop. And so the days drifted toward the spring. Baby alone grew and flourished, yet even she had to battle for her life. One night her red cheeks and hoarse voice startled Maidie. None of her simple remedies was of any avail; all the next day baby grew worse, and when Jake came home from work Maidie met him at the door.

"Father, we must have a doctor, or baby will die. I can't let her go. Oh, father, please hurry."

Jake began to growl a remonstrance, but when he saw the purple lips and the labored breathing he





turned and without another word went out.

The boss went to the door that night to look out. The early coming night had shut down black and dense with falling snow. As he peered through the darkness he heard the approach of hurrying feet. "Hello," he called out cheerily, "who's there?"

"Me, Taylor; baby's sick and Maidie's wild for a doctor." Then he stumbled on while Frank went in and shut the door. He paused a moment before the fire with an irresolute expression but finally shook himself into his heavy reefer and started toward Jake's cabin.

The uncurtained window revealed Maidie with baby on her lap, bending over her with a pale, agonized face. At the sight of her suffering his hate for her melted away and the old, unreasoning love came surging back upon him. Then suddenly his heart contracted as he saw the little hands beat the air frantically for breath. He turned on his heel and went swiftly in the direction of the stables.

"Here, Jake, I'll go; you stay with her and keep up a roaring fire, and don't leave her an instant." "Poor little cuss, I suppose she has a right to her life even if nobody did want her," he added as Jake disappeared.

Twelve miles to the town; never would that twelve miles be made more quickly. The sleek, well-fed roans were not built for speed, but go they did that night as they never had before. Arrived at the village the one physician was not to be found; one hour went by in waiting his return, and then another. Frank thought

with dismay of the increasing depth of snow that would impede his homeward progress. At last word came that he would not return that night. The kind-hearted doctor's wife, touched by the despair in his face, began to question him.

"A baby that's sick? How old? The poor mother, how she must feel. I'm afraid it's pneumonia. Here, you'd better go back to your wife and baby, and take this," putting two bottles into his hand. "Give her just a drop or two of this every fifteen minutes, and rub her well with this. I'll send the doctor as soon as he comes."

Frank was soon on his way. The stars were hidden still behind thick clouds, and the clogging snow made rapid progress almost impossible. Frank groaned. Maidie must sit so much longer with her despairing, heart-broken face. The village was left behind and then came a few scattering pieces of woodland, after this came the "great clearing." The horses were going slower and slower, and now they could only walk. The wind veered and the snow instead of the large, soft flakes became stinging needles. The temperature lowered rapidly until the cold was intense, penetrating to the very bone, and soon the reins fell from the benumbed hands. He tried to gather them up and found himself stiff in every joint. Hanging the reins about his neck he let the horses plod on their own way. It was futile to urge them.

Before long he began to feel a delicious warmth stealing through his limbs. He knew what that meant. He was freezing. A great terror took possession of him, not for himself, he did not think of that; but for baby





who had walked royally into his heart, and for Maidie, the woman he could not hate even though she had wounded him so sorely. By a mighty effort he rose to his feet, stamped them, and swung his arms. The tired horses, cheered by the sound of his voice, made renewed effort. All at once they stopped bewildered. The "great clearing" was almost past, they were almost under the eave of the great forest, but where was the track that led to the camp. The trees rose a black, impenetrable wall, more so that the shadows revealed little. The clouds broke, but showed him no trace of a road or opening in the ranks of trees and saplings. He left the sleigh and fought his way to the horses' heads. Had he not been almost unconscious with the cold he must have noticed the roughness of the way they had just been over. Baffled, dismayed, the helpless terror pressing upon him, he stood still a moment. Then obeying the homing instinct, which at this juncture was stronger in him than in the horses, he pulled them sharply to the left. The way was rough and full of pitfalls, but he stumbled on beside his horses, the cold again eating into his very vitals, the one idea in his mind; he must get the medicine to Maidie and baby. At last he began to pray despairingly, as even the most godless will when in dire extremity.

"O God," he prayed, "show me the way. I will make any sacrifice. Only show me the way to her." He stumbled into a hollow which nearly upset the sleigh. "God," burst from his lips, "I'll leave the drink, but let me get to her." Still the forest loomed up blank, impenetrable. He broke out again in pleading, "For

her sake get me in the way. I'll give up my revenge on him." A few steps farther and he felt the trail beneath his feet. Urging his horses to the highest speed possible he ran beside them until the circulation was thoroughly restored. With joy he hailed the light of Taylor's cabin when the last of the four remaining miles had been accomplished. Jake met him at the door, took the horses and fairly pushed Frank into the room. The change from cold to heat almost overcame him, but he quickly forgot himself in Maidie's anguish at the non-appearance of the physician.

"Will come as soon as he can," Frank explained, not thinking it necessary to add that days might elapse before he could get through. As soon as his numb fingers were thawed out he produced the medicine and gave directions. Maidie tried to arise but baby gave a feeble cry. Frank procured a spoon, and kneeling stiffly before them, dropped the medicine into the little parched mouth. He melted the congealed oil, and after heating his hands until he could hardly bear the painful reaction, rubbed the little pain-racked body. Thus all the remainder of the night those two fought death, sternly, grimly, never relaxing effort for an instant. As morning dawned the hoarse breathing grew easier and the wide, fever-bright eyes closed naturally. They looked at each other hardly daring to hope, yet each reading confirmation in the other's eyes.

The crisis past, Maidie grew whiter than ever, and her father sprang to catch her as she swayed in her chair. Frank with gentle hands took the sleeping child into his arms and sat





down before the fire, while Maidie was borne to the bunk. Frank sat motionless, his mind intent on keeping awake and ready to give baby her medicine should she arouse. Nature was too nearly exhausted, and he leaned his head against the fireplace and slept.

Jake worked over Maidie until her eyes opened once more. As she essayed to ask a question, he raised his finger warningly. She lay quietly a few moments, during which slumber overcame Jake, too. Intense silence filled the room. Slipping noiselessly from the bunk she crossed the room and knelt before the sleeping figures. Baby was sleeping naturally now; only care would be needed. Then her eyes rested hungrily upon the man's handsome face. Not all her woe, not all her shameful wrong, could stamp out the love she bore him. His eyes opened and he saw her kneeling there. He saw the unutterable, yearning love that filled the upturned face and knew it was for him. Woman-like she was the first to recover.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said. "You saved her life and she is the dearest thing I have, although"—she stopped. "The badge of my shame," she had meant to say. He read it in her eyes.

"Maidie," he exclaimed, "let us forget the past. You know I love you. If I can forgive you, can you not come back to me again?"

Maidie started to her feet. "Forgive me! Is it I or you who requires forgiveness? Forgive me for what; that you took me a mere girl, innocent and trusting, and tricked me with the wornout game of false marriage?"

"False marriage; are you crazy?

I married you honestly; God is my witness."

"I heard you deny it myself. No other could have made me believe aught against you."

"When, where?"

"The day I left; you were under the window talking to your cousin Fred. These were your very words; do you think I am liable to forget them? 'I should have married Maidie, but now it is out of the question; don't betray me.' I came home to father."

A remembrance of the situation came over him like a flash.

"Oh Maidie, Maidie, how much bitterness and sorrow for one little word. You know he was just married. I used to know his wife, and I said just in fun, 'I should have married May.' Maidie, you will believe me, won't you?" Then his eyes fell on the little one in his arms, he put her away from him with an almost repellant gesture. Maidie took her and kissed the cheeks, chin, and the blue, blue eyes, which were now open once more.

"Frank," she said softly, a flush tinting the wan whiteness of her cheek, "just then I was waiting to tell you the sweetest secret wife ever had, and when baby came it nearly killed me because I had no name to give her."

The light of comprehension dawned in his face. "Oh, Maidie, forgive me," he groaned.

A beam from the morning sun which rose bright and clear over the snowy wastes without, rested on them. She laid her hand upon his bowed head.

"Look up, dear," she said, "see, the morning has come."





66

## A THOUGHT.

*By Ormsby A. Court.*

If the feathered songster's carol bids no joy your life to fill;  
If the balsam-laden breezes fail to breathe your life anew;  
If the sun-flecked woodland pathways or the crest of yonder hill  
Wakens not the soul that 's drowsing, what has life in store for you?

# NECROLOGY.

WILLIAM S. LEONARD, M. D.

Dr. William S. Leonard, one of the best known physicians in Cheshire county, died at his home in Hinsdale, June 28, 1902.

Dr. Leonard was the only son of Rev. Levi W. Leonard, D. D., and Elizabeth Morrison Smith of Dublin, and was born in that town October 13, 1832. His grandfather, Jacob Leonard, was a resident of Bridgewater, Mass., and a soldier in the War of the Revolution.

He prepared for college at Phillips Exeter academy, and graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1856, and from the Dartmouth Medical school four years later, having taken high rank as a scholar in both his classical and medical studies. During his college course he taught school in several New Hampshire and Massachusetts towns. In the fall of 1860 he went to Hinsdale and became associated with the late Dr. Frederick Boyden, and as Dr. Boyden was interested in various business enterprises during the last few years of his life Dr. Leonard gradually succeeded to his practice, which became very extensive. He won an enviable reputation as a skilful and successful physician. He was a member of the New Hampshire State Medical society, and was twice elected a delegate to the Dartmouth Medical school. In 1887 he delivered the annual address at Commencement. Dr. Leonard was for many years a member of the board of education, and through his efforts the schools were greatly improved. In July, 1897, he was appointed a pension examiner, and was a member of the board at the time of his death. He possessed much literary ability, and his contributions to the local papers were models of good English. He had been for a number of years a regular correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*.

April 30, 1861, Dr. Leonard married Martha E. Greenwood of Dublin, who survives him. Seven children were born to them, three of whom, Frederick S., manager for the Fisk Paper company; William Jackson, professor of art in the University of West Virginia, and Margaret, a teacher in Miss Ingol's school for young ladies in Cambridge, Mass., are living.





## MARSHALL PERKINS, M. D.

Dr. Marshall Perkins, for more than half a century a practising physician in the town of Marlow, died suddenly at his home on Wednesday, June 11, 1902.

Dr. Perkins was a native of the town of Croydon, a son of James Perkins, a prominent business man of the town, born May 13, 1832. His preparatory education was gained at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, and Norwich university, and he graduated from Harvard Medical college in 1850, settling in Marlow in the practice of his profession in November of that year, and continuing there through life, with the exception of three years' service in the Union army during the War of the Rebellion, going out as assistant surgeon of the Fourteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, in September, 1862. He was with Sheridan at the battle of Winchester, and was at the battle of Fisher Hill and Center Creek. He went with the regiment from Baltimore to Savannah at the time of the capture of Jefferson Davis, the regiment having made a forced march from Savannah to Augusta, Ga., and guarded the streets through which Davis passed as prisoner. He was discharged at Hilton Head, July 5, 1865, by reason of the close of the war.

He was a successful practitioner, having a reputation for medical knowledge and surgical skill far beyond the limits of the town. He was also a public-spirited citizen, taking an interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the community, educational and otherwise, and was for many years superintendent of schools. He was a member and surgeon of Henry H. Stevens post, No. 86, G. A. R.

In 1859 he married Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Amos F. Fisk of Marlow, who survives him, with seven children, James A. and Waldo H. of the firm of Perkins Bros. of Marlow; Charles A. of Manchester; Mrs. Annie Upton of Manchester; Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Epping; Miss Kate L. of Marlow, and Mrs. W. A. Brady of Hartland, Vt.

## GEORGE N. PROCTOR.

George N. Proctor, born in Derry, November 13, 1835, died in Exeter, June 25, 1902.

Mr. Proctor spent his youth on his father's farm in Derry, but was later engaged for a time in lumbering in Salem, and in Methuen, Mass. He removed to Exeter in 1871, and engaged in the milk business, being the pioneer contractor in that line on the Western division of the Boston & Maine railroad, his route extending from Great Falls and Alton to Boston. Returning in 1895 he became the local manager for Hood & Sons. He was an enterprising citizen, and through his efforts the first Sunday passenger train to Exeter was secured. He was a trustee of Robinson Female seminary, and was active and influential in Democratic politics, though never seeking or holding office. He was a delegate to the National convention in Cincinnati which nominated Hancock and English in 1880.

September 13, 1863, he married Miss Abby Taylor of Derry, who died December 16, 1888. Two sons, J. Allan of Gloucester, Mass., and Mahlon F., and one daughter, Grace W., who resided at home, survive.





HON. MATTHEW G. EMERY.<sup>1</sup>

Matthew G. Emery, one of six brothers, was born in Pembroke, on his grandfather's farm (as was his father), September 28, 1818. His ancestry was of English origin, and two generations served in the War of the Revolution. With a good primary education, his father was disappointed that he declined to enter college, and decided to follow his father's avocation as a builder and architect, and to begin with foundation stones. At the age of eighteen he went to Baltimore and served his time as an apprentice, and became proficient as a stone cutter. In 1842 he received his first government contract and took a force of men to the quarry, where he directed the cutting of the stone for the post-office department. In 1842 he established his residence in Washington.

He voted for William Henry Harrison for president, and had a personal acquaintance with some who preceded and with all who succeeded in that office. Men of such high toned spirit of enterprise, so antagonistic to any show, so upright, and so unostentatious are few in any city, and public work seemed to fall to him. He laid the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol in 1851, Daniel Webster delivering the oration; and personally cut, squared, and laid the corner-stone of the Washington monument, July 4, 1848, and was present at its completion in 1884.

He was one of the regents of the Smithsonian, a trustee of Dickinson college, and of the National University of America a charter member and treasurer. Before the breaking out of the Civil War he had formed a company of militia, and was commissioned captain by President Lincoln, and during the war was president of the New Hampshire Aid, and gave generously to the sick and wounded soldiers of his native state. Always active in city affairs he never neglected civic duties, and, though mayor, most cordially supported the territorial system as far better for the District, not regretting the abolition of suffrage. In 1872 he retired from the business of building contractor and architect, and devoted himself to other interests.

In 1854 he had helped secure the charter of the Mutual Fire Insurance Co., and remained till death connected with it; helped organize the Washington Market Co., and for eighteen years was its president; was the first treasurer of the Metropolitan Railroad Co.; a director of the Electric Light Co., and of the Maryland Patriotic bank, and one of the organizers of the Bank of the Republic; had to do with the Metropolitan Insurance, and still another insurance, and the Security. In 1877 he was elected president of the Second National bank, which position he held to the end.

Such was Hon. P. H. Warner's statement of work, invaluable work well done, quoting three mottoes of Mr. Emery's that he thought the secrets of his success: "A good name is better to be chosen than great riches;" "The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all;" "See 'st thou a man diligent in business, he shall not stand before mean men."

May the youth of his native state adopt these mottoes and emulate his virtues

<sup>1</sup>At a special service on the afternoon of April 20, 1902, at the Metropolitan M. E. church in Washington, D. C., there was unveiled a tablet to the memory of Matthew G. Emery.





with equal success. Over the fallen tower of the church's strength, very loving were the words of Pastor Bristol, Dr. Kingsman of the tablet committee, and Mr. Durrell, city solicitor, Mr. Warner of his early partners, and Commissioner Macfarland, who emphasized the constant attendance on church and mid-week service; the better citizen because his citizenship was in heaven; because a faithful Christian a faithful patriot; of fidelity and disinterestedness, serving the community in office and out of office with equal zeal and intelligence, possessing optimism, charity, courage as soldier, as legislator, and as executive.

There were present Mrs. Emery, the widow, her daughter, Miss Mamie, the daughter of the much lamented son, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Cox and family. Master Emery Cox unveiled the tablet, which is placed beside the door, directly in front of the pulpit; close beside it is the base of one to President McKinley, when completed. The tablet is of beautiful white marble, with slender columns. Under the palm leaf on the pointed top the words, among his last, "Jesus calls; I am almost home."

MATTHEW G. EMERY.

Born September 28, 1818, died October 12, 1901.

President of the board of trustees of the Methodist Episcopal church for thirty-two years. Last mayor of the city of Washington.

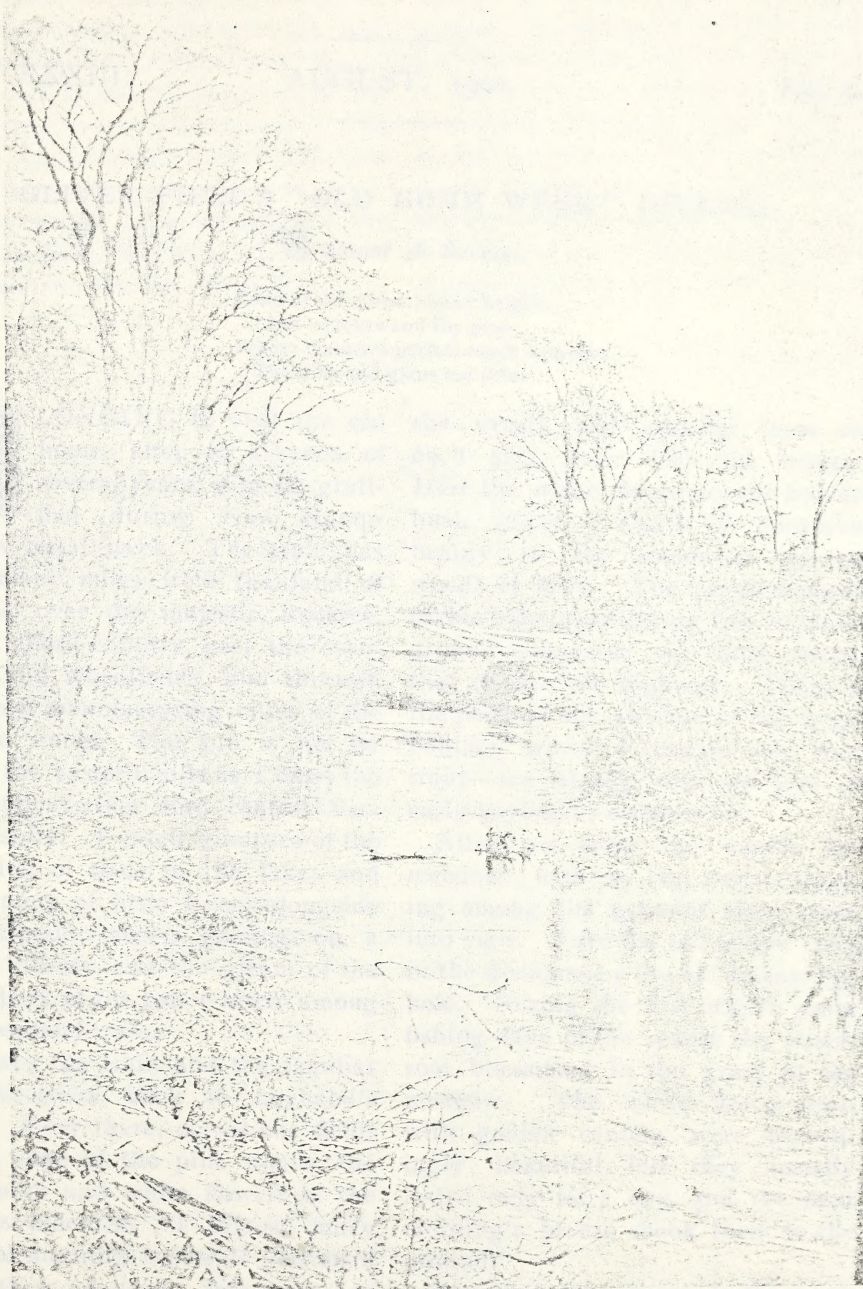
On the left of the pulpit are tablets to the memory of General Grant, Bishop Newman, and General Logan.

A. J. H.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



*"The lazy stream winding among the graceful elms."*





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXIII.

AUGUST, 1902.

No. 2.

## OLIVER FIELD'S "OLD HOME WEEK" JOURNAL.

*By Ernest A. Barney.*

Land of the cloud-kissed height,  
Land of lakes and the pine,  
Where Nature's perfect touch is bright;  
The hills and glens are thine.

**A** LONGING to visit the old home, after an absence of several years, is to be gratified during New Hampshire's festal week. The train has sped many miles from the land of flowers, over the majestic Rockies, across alkali country, past the cornfields and wheatfields, and through the busy manufacturing cities of the Middle states. The sun is not far above the eastern hills as I cross the Connecticut river into central New Hampshire. I catch glimpses of the reflection of trees in the lakes and still waters of little rivers alongside the railroad, sheep grazing on a rocky hillside, and the gleam of the white bark of the canoe-birch among the woodland trees.

I leave the train and the familiar road stretches back to boyhood's home. Over there, across the fields in the edge of the pine woods, the early pink and white flowers of the arbutus bloomed. I almost fancy the cool morning breeze is perfumed with their delicate fragrance, as memory recalls the years of long ago. The road now leads through

the woods, and graceful ferns on each side sway with the breeze. Here the white flowers of the hobble bush added a touch of Southern beauty to the somewhat sombre woods of May. The purple-fringed orchis blossomed during July in moist ground alongside the little brook that crosses the highway. There is the pool, in the shadow of the large boulder, where I caught my first trout—one of the supreme joys of early boyhood's outdoor life.

After we leave the woods, the meadows, with the lazy stream winding among the graceful elms, come into view. I see the tall willow trees in the distance, by the old swimming-hole. During the first bright, warm fishing days of the season the blood-root blossomed in the grass of the meadow. The white flower-cups, with golden centers, were exceedingly beautiful, but they usually lasted only for a day, and the next morning's breeze shook them to the ground.

The road turns sharply to the north and I catch a glimpse of a large, square, white-painted house at the





village, built by my great-grandfather nearly a century ago, and in a few moments I am home once more. How these homes remind us of the old-time thrift, independence, and hospitality of generations gone! The wide-spreading branches of tall elm trees near both corners of the house on the east reach out and interlock high above the roof, forming a canopy of green, where the birds delight to sing. Lilacs and snowball bushes are about the door,

stone wall at the west. Large clumps of crimson peonies, that hung heavy with their giant bloom in June, with ribbon grass and little pansies, called lady's delight, grew beside the path leading to the barn.

When the last century was young the forest furnished huge timbers for the old house. The cased outer corner timbers of these large rooms were a source of comfort to me when the tempests of winter howled, as I thought that no wind could move a



*"The bloodroot blossomed in the grass of the meadow."*

and a lane bordered with maples stretches westward from the gray old barn in the field below the house to the pasture on one of the bordering hills of the village. A broad hall leads through the center of the house to a door opening on an old-fashioned flower garden, where the fragrant lily-of-the-valley grew in the shade. Red, cinnamon, and single roses grew beside the house, and honey-locust trees lined the fence between the flower garden and the field on the south. Giant single hollyhocks and sunflowers hid the

house with such sturdy timbers. The wainscoting, mouldings, and shutters were all shaped and fitted by hand. The large hinges and nails were hand-wrought, and the smaller door latches were made from brass. A small corner room was ceiled instead of being plastered, and the partitions of wide pine boards, without a knot, have scarcely cracked by the heat and frost of a hundred years.

The houses of the village are set far back from the broad, maple-lined street, and the large, white church is





situated on the edge of the village at the head of a street, where it branches eastward and westward. Many tender memories cluster about the sacred edifice and the parsons of those early days, who were gentlemen of the old school—leaders of the people in social and political as well as spiritual affairs.

The old white school-house that fronted on the maple-shaded common, half way up the street, has been replaced with a more pretentious structure. I well remember the chalky atmosphere, the straight-backed, hard-wood seats, and the text-books of those early school days. "The American School Reader," containing many selections from Webster's speeches, "The New York Speaker," from which we learned Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Kellogg's "Spartacus to His Fellow Gladiators," and poems by Holmes, to declaim at the Friday afternoon rhetorical exercises, and Goodrich's "History of the United States," one half the size of the late histories.

Last night the bonfires gleamed from the highest peak of the bordering hills to announce the arrival of Old Home Week, and to flash a greeting to surrounding towns. The public exercises of the second day, selected as celebration day for the town, are over, and the shadows of



*"The white flowers of the hobble bush in May."*

evening are lengthening as I go for an hour's tramp among the hills. Wild strawberries grew on the edge of the meadow. The wild berries of the orchard above were smaller, but the flavor was delicious. As I remember them now, they seemed tiny red drops crystallized from the cool, sweet breath of the morning and the bright sunshine. The orchard stretches alongside the old moss and lichen-covered stone wall that borders the lane leading up to the pas-



*"Handmade buckets and sap-holders of long ago."*







*"The first fishing days when the willows put forth leaves."*

ture. Some of the trees of my boyhood days are standing now, although somewhat decrepit after the many battles with storm and sleet, and others have gone to feed the throat of the huge old fireplace.

I remember the sharp, wild flavor of the natural fruit that had a touch of woodland raciness we imagined no grafted fruit possessed. How delighted we were to test the flavor of the apples from each tree late in the fall just before apple picking time. True, some of the apples were concentrated tartness, but the exquisite flavor of others well repaid us for our efforts. I recall many happy days in the sugar orchard, and the brilliant golden, scarlet foliage of the red maples in autumn, the delicate tracery of the bare branches of the deciduous trees of this grove against

the sunset sky and the long-drawn, liquid notes of the vesper sparrow adding the completing touch to the twilight hour, foretelling a cool night and refreshing sleep among the hills.

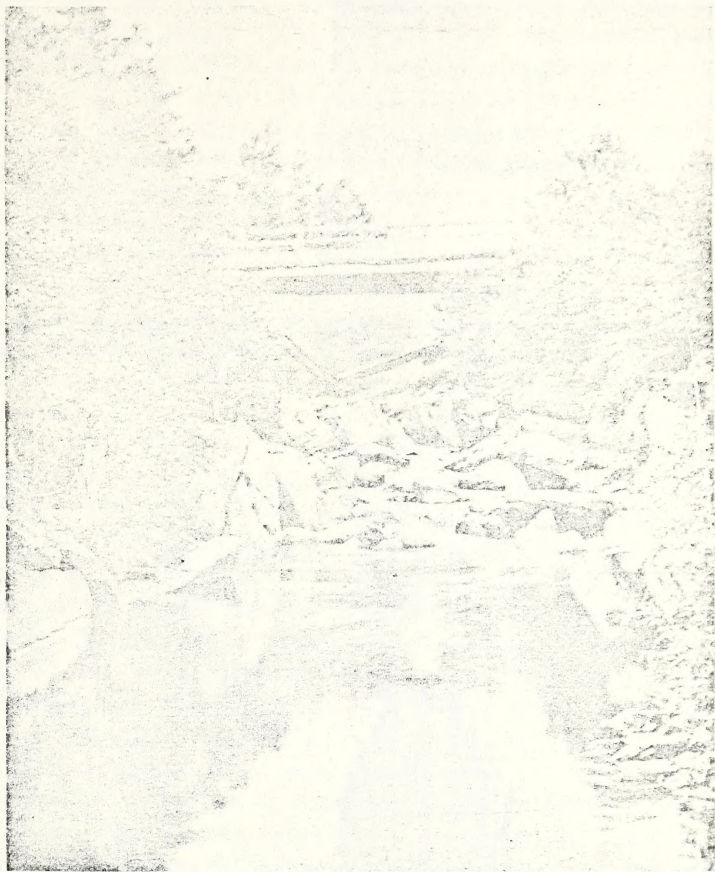
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Before the morning's sun has brushed the dewdrops from the grass, I have driven up through the woods of the foothills of the mountain range, where the hermit thrush sings during the spring and early summer in Nature's cathedral aisles of the moist woods. There is an element of peace and the joy of victory by strife in the song of the hermit thrush that leads one's thoughts upward and makes a more lasting impression on the listener than the song of any other bird among these hills.

After giving directions to the driver, I stand on the summit of the







*"At other points farther down the brook there are larger pools."*

divide a few moments before plunging into the woods on my way to the trout brook that comes down from the peak at the south that towers a thousand feet above me. At the south, beyond the range of vision, are the Isles of Shoals, where a handful of grass was more precious to Celia Thaxter than miles of green fields on the mainland; all the flowers possessed such a human interest, and an infinite variety of beauty in sea, shore line, clouds or sky always awaited her. On the eastern horizon Chocorua's Alpine horn guards the memory of Frank Bolles, who loved

that peak and the lake that nestles at the foot among the pines so well.

The Poet Whittier loved most the calm beauty of the hills and valleys of this lake region of New Hampshire when he wrote

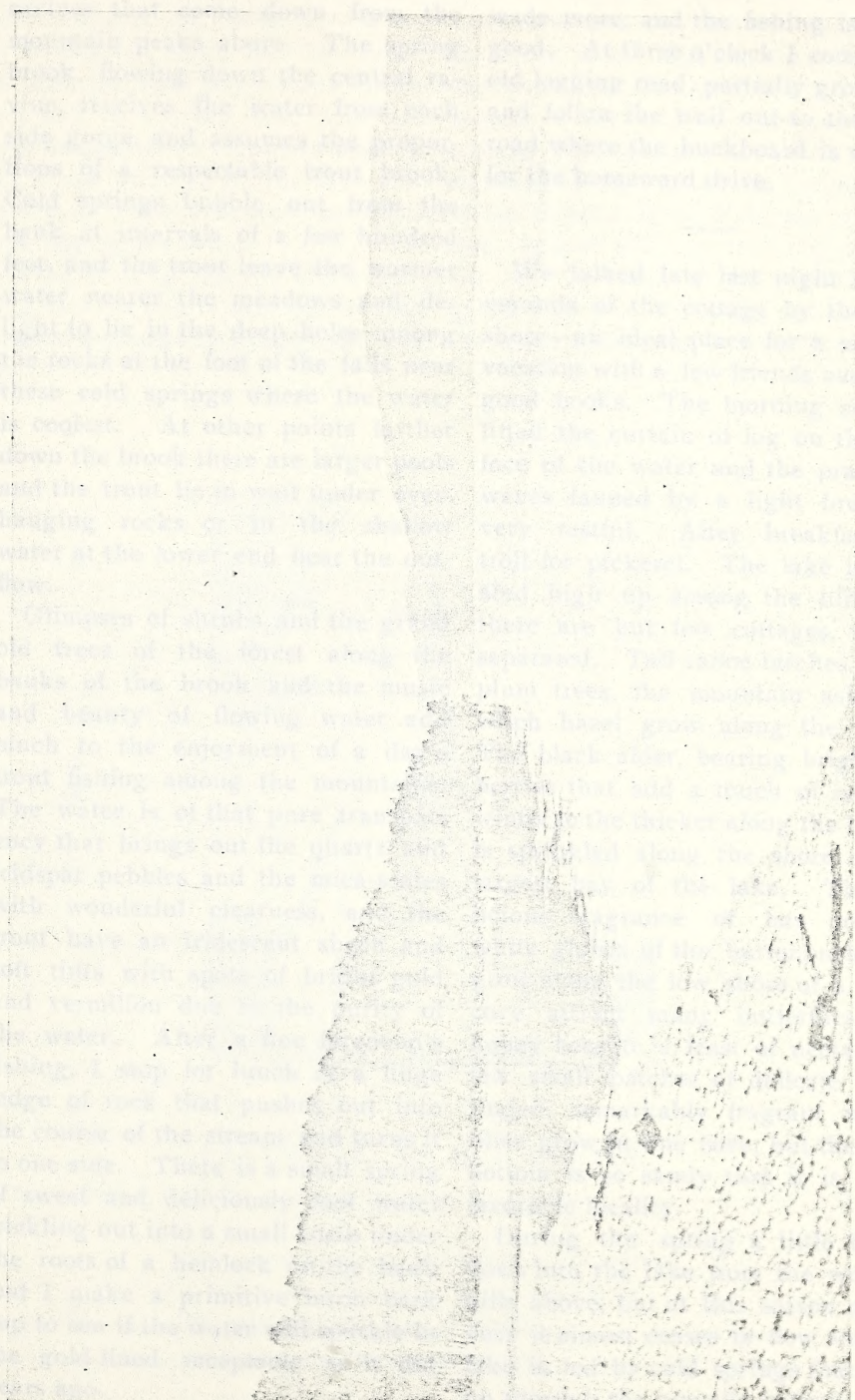
But none shall more regretful leave  
These waters and these hills than I;  
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve  
Or dawn is painting wave and sky.

After gathering up fishing-rod, basket, and lunch, I follow a path to the summit for half a mile, then a half hour's walk around the mountain range leads to a point a short distance below the junction of three





"The lake is situated high up among the hills"



After lunch I took a walk up the hillside. The view was very fine. I saw the lake and the hills. The lake is situated high up among the hills. The hills are very steep and rocky. The lake is very small and is surrounded by a forest of trees. The water in the lake is very clear and blue. The sky is very blue and there are many white clouds. The sun is shining brightly and the air is very fresh. I enjoyed my walk very much and I will go back soon.





ravines that come down from the mountain peaks above. The spring brook, flowing down the central ravine, receives the water from each side gorge, and assumes the proportions of a respectable trout brook. Cold springs bubble out from the bank at intervals of a few hundred feet, and the trout leave the warmer water nearer the meadows and delight to lie in the deep holes among the rocks at the foot of the falls near these cold springs where the water is coolest. At other points farther down the brook there are larger pools and the trout lie in wait under overhanging rocks or in the shallow water at the lower end near the outflow.

Glimpses of shrubs and the grand old trees of the forest along the banks of the brook and the music and beauty of flowing water add much to the enjoyment of a day's trout fishing among the mountains. The water is of that pure transparency that brings out the quartz and feldspar pebbles and the mica-scales with wonderful clearness, and the trout have an iridescent sheen and soft tints with spots of bright gold and vermilion due to the purity of the water. After a fine forenoon's fishing, I stop for lunch at a huge ledge of rock that pushes out into the course of the stream and turns it to one side. There is a small spring of sweet and deliciously cool water trickling out into a small basin under the roots of a hemlock on the bank and I make a primitive birch bark cup to see if the water will sparkle in the gold-lined receptacle as it did years ago.

After lunch I follow the less abrupt descent of the brook. One has to

wade more, and the fishing is not so good. At three o'clock I come to an old logging road, partially grown up, and follow the trail out to the main road where the buckboard is waiting for the homeward drive.

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We talked late last night on the veranda of the cottage by the lake shore—an ideal place for a summer vacation with a few friends and some good books. The morning sun has lifted the curtain of fog on the surface of the water and the prattle of waves fanned by a light breeze is very restful. After breakfast we troll for pickerel. The lake is situated high up among the hills and there are but few cottages, widely separated. Tall canoe birches, sugar plum trees, the mountain ash, and witch hazel grow along the shore. The black alder, bearing bright red berries that add a touch of color in winter to the thicket along the banks, is sprinkled along the shore of the largest bay of the lake. The delicious fragrance of late creamy-white globes of the buttonbush that grow along the low shore of a small cove attract many butterflies and honey bees to a feast of nectar. A few small patches of delicate pink-tinged, remarkably fragrant water-lilies grow in one cove, but the lake bottom is so sandy that it is not a favorable locality.

During the spring a little brook flows into the lake from the wooded hills above, but at this season of the year it almost ceases to flow and the lake is fed by cold springs that boil up through the gravelly bottom.

Pickerel fishing does not always require the uttermost skill of the

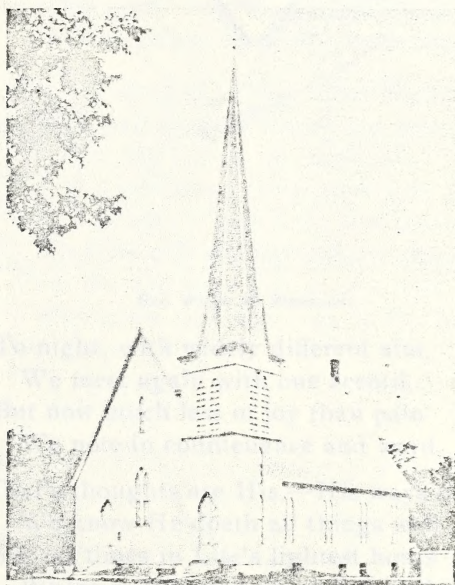




fisherman, and yet there is a peculiar fascination about it. The pickerel from the clear, cold water of this sand and rock-paved lake floor are sweet as trout from mountain brooks, and, if one wants to try his skill as a fisherman, there are small-mouthed black bass in the lake.

As the evening shadows are lengthening and the sun is nearing the line of mountains on the west I push out

from shore and row out into the center of the lake. The sun spreads all the colors of the spectrum on the palette of light, fleecy clouds that extend from horizon to zenith. It seems as though the Great Carbuncle of the Crystal Hills, of Indian tradition, indeed fell into this lake, and the red brilliancy of its quenchless gleam lights up the calm surface of the water with a wondrous glow.



## FAREWELL TO OUR PASTOR.<sup>1</sup>

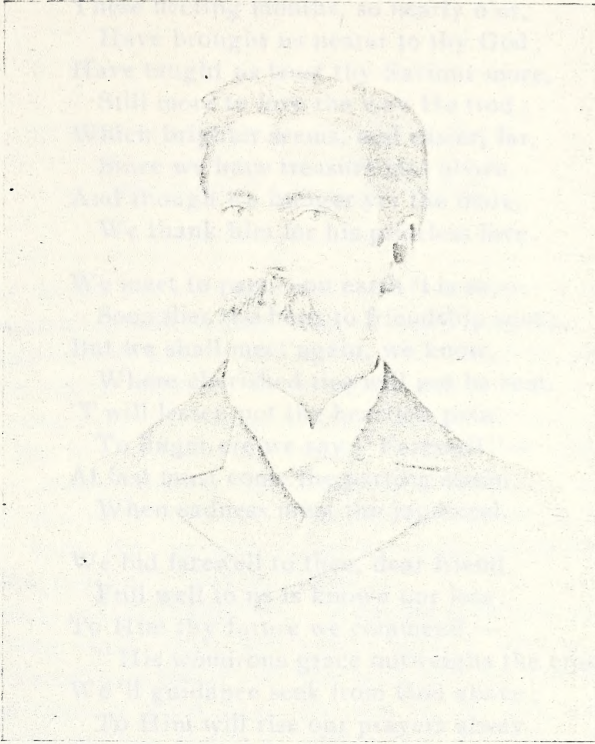
*By Mabel F. Drury.*

Six years have passed of priceless worth,  
 Since we for pleasure gathered here  
 To celebrate the day of birth  
 Of one we honor and revere.

<sup>1</sup>On the 17th of March the parishioners of the Congregational church of Bath tendered a reception to the pastor, the Rev. Walter H. Woodsum, who had accepted a call from the church at Hampstead. The high esteem in which he was held was clearly indicated by the large number in attendance, by the many useful and beautiful gifts, yet their tender regard for him found more complete expression in the lines of the short poem, so feelingly read by its young author.—[Ed.]







Rev. Walter H. Woodsum.

To-night, with widely different aim,  
 We meet again with one accord,  
 But now much less of joy than pain  
 We note in countenance and word.

God's thoughts are His,—His ways not ours,—  
 We know He doeth all things well,  
 Yet oft'times in Life's lightest hours  
 We're called upon to say farewell.  
 'Tis not His will that we alone  
 Should learn the worth of thee, dear friend,  
 His way is best,—He needs His own,—  
 His will we never should transcend.

We can but dwell upon the past  
 Three years of our church history ;  
 We would thy leadership might last,  
 But God has willed it not to be.  
 Thou gavest bread from heaven to eat,—  
 Our shepherd been so kind and true,—  
 As thou hast sowed, so shalt thou reap  
 Most blessed fruit as years ensue.



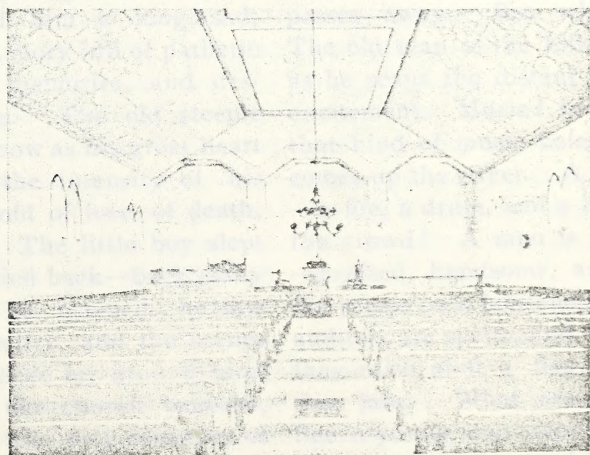


## FAREWELL TO OUR PASTOR.

These fleeting months, so nearly o'er,  
 Have brought us nearer to thy God ;  
 Have taught us trust thy Saviour more,  
 Still more to love the way He trod ;  
 Which brighter seems, and easier, far,  
 Since we have treasure laid above,  
 And though we hunger yet the more,  
 We thank him for his priceless love.

We meet to part,—on earth 't is so,—  
 Soon flies the hour to friendship sent ;  
 But we shall meet again, we know,  
 Where cherished ties will not be rent.  
 'T will lessen not the heartfelt pain  
 To linger ere we say " Farewell "—  
 At last must come the parting strain,  
 When sadness must the joy excel.

We bid farewell to thee, dear friend,  
 Full well to us is known our loss ;  
 To Him thy future we commend,—  
 " His wondrous grace outweighs the cross."  
 We'll guidance seek from God above ;  
 To Him will rise our prayers away  
 That He will keep thee in His love,  
 And strew rich blessings on thy way.







# WHAT THE OLD CHURCH SAW.

A RETROSPECT AND A PROPHECY.

*By Julian Howard.*

**T**HE band struck up a lively tune, the small crowd cheered, and flags waved, held aloft by happy school children, as the procession passed up the village street and over the hill past the old meeting-house. Some pointed, as they passed, at the lofty weather-beaten steeple with the remark: "Old as the hills, nearby." Far up in the lofty canopy, nestled close to the big, throbbing clock that, for nearly seventy years, had tolled off the township's time, a little boy, wandering from his mother, and in a venturesome spirit climbing the rickety loft to see the big bell, lay fast asleep in the heart of the great clock. In his dream the old church steeple spoke to the young boy's tender heart, and told him a long, sad, joyous story. A story full of pathetic scenes, joyous memories, and desperate struggles. The old steeple seemed human now as his great heart throbbed with the intensity of his emotion as he told of love, of death, and of sorrow. The little boy slept on and was carried back—back many years, till, as he listened, he saw with the old belfry, and the scenes of a century before lay around him.

Back of the old church beneath, the old pine, in the only cemetery of the town, lay two graves. On the hill yonder, but a mile away, stands a farmhouse, while on another hilltop

and within a stone's throw of the church is the only other house of the settlement. A year passes and the morning sun reveals a smouldering heap of ashes, while in the valley beneath, a thin trail with a score of indistinct figures in Indian file pass beneath the shadow of the mountain. And two more graves the steeple sees now.

A decade is passed, and, lo! a marvelous sight. Houses, houses, and the grist-mill on the brook just at the foot of the hill. A village has sprung up and the clang of the anvil, the buzz of saws, the hullo of the school boy, all betoken a new life, a new civilization. But more yet. Again the old belfry forgets himself, and another two years passes away. But what is that? The old man of the hill almost leans as he scans the distant street in his excitement. Music? he never heard that kind of music before. A band comes up the street. A simple thing—a fife, a drum, and a horn—yet see the crowd! A man is among them—excited, handsome, and dramatic. He jumps on a box and speaks. His auditors are spellbound. They cheer, they raise aloft a flag, they surge, they jam. What are they doing? See, a young man steps up—he holds a paper. He goes to a box and stoops—he is writing. A score are at his back. Many come and for a moment





stoop and then go away. Another man jumps on the box. He reads the paper and then there is cheering. Days and weeks follow, and the old clock sees that which makes him shake his head and sigh. A field on the common is being trodden to dust as the sons—the very heart of the community—drill for the battle-field.

Three, five, years pass, and again there is firing of guns, a band passes by and fathers, mothers, sad-eyed and weary, cheer as the "boys" march home. Many, many graves are in the old yard now. The years pass on, and the old sentry of the church tower pauses awhile. He sees an old farmhouse. An old man comes to the door, shades his eyes as he looks toward the setting sun, stoops, his hand on the casing, and hobbles slowly into the yard, pulls an old stool from beneath an apple tree, and sits down. An old woman, bent, wrinkled, and tottering, comes to the door, shades with her hand the dim eyes as she tries to see the hills behind which the afternoon sun is slowly sinking, touches the ground with her cane, hobbles slowly out, passing the flower bed that for twenty years she had so carefully nurtured but now is overgrown with weeds, and seats herself beside her husband. For seventy years has the old church seen these two live together in the holy bonds of matrimony. For sixty years in rain, and in shine, beneath his doors have they passed, Sabbath after Sabbath. His eyes fill and he looks again. The old man puts his hand to his head and seems long lost in thinking. He does not stir. Long he sits there, his feet wide apart, his head on his knees. His aged wife, weak, totter-

ing, rises and touches his shoulder. The golden sun, in a blaze of glory, sinks behind the distant summit, and the curtain of eve has fallen. The old tower shakes, and amid the solemn toll of the bell, two coffins are borne into the church beneath. And two more graves are on the hill.

Again the old sentry almost loses himself, but again he looks. He sees once more the farmhouse, the old oaken bucket, the sheep pen, the meadow, the sugar house—all prosperity, all happiness. Again it is the sunset hour. A young man, strong, healthy, and handsome, comes out the door and pauses as he sees the glory of the western sunset. He shades his eyes, whistles to his dog and starts down the path. He stops at the apple tree in the yard and seats himself on a log. A maiden, too, stands in the doorway, attracted by the marvelous beauty of the western skies. She turns, dazzled by the blazing afterglow and walks toward the pasture. She, too, stops, passes beneath the apple tree and seats herself beside the young man. The sentry of the years looks again. He sees two lovers in each other's arms, happy, joyous in their newfound love. The old town trembles with pent up joy as he sways to the chimps of wedding bells, and two new, young lives pass out from beneath his portals. And another home is begun.

Nigh a score of years has passed and finds the warder of time, as it were awakening to a new birth of things. Commercialism—gaunt, greedy, and restless—sways the little community. A railroad has threaded its way to the little village, and shops, storehouses, and stores have





sprung up in abundance, almost in a night. The old man grows sad. He sees the youth leaving home. The beautiful hills, the fertile valleys, the rapid streams with promise of power—all are forgotten. The great spirit of unrest, the restless world-loving ambition is on them and they are going. Farms are neglected, hearth-stones are forgotten. Time passes on and many go while few return. But lo! the belfry shakes, the bell clangs, and the guardian of the town again makes music. He has heard it before but never so gloriously as now. The town is astir, the very atmosphere seems awakened to a new life, a new sense of activity. A band comes up the hill and the old steeple trembles with excitement as he strains to catch a glimpse of the long procession that comes up the street. He rubs his eyes, "What! can it be—come back?" Yes, faces almost forgotten again appear on the old hill and brighten as recollections of boyhood's days come to their memory. Half the world goes by

the old church to-day. Doctors, lawyers, prosperous merchants, quick, keen-eyed men of the professions all pass by.

The months roll by and again the old man looks. Farms are rejuvenated, streams are subjected and fields and valleys made fertile again. He sees in the farmhouse yard a man and woman and around them are children. The man points here and there to an old apple tree, gnarled, broken, and dying. Strangely familiar are the two faces as they seat themselves on an old decaying log and gaze at the beauty of the New Hampshire sunset.

A little boy, tired, frightened, and hungry, scampers down from the dusty loft as the evening shadows creep through the cracks of the old church belfry. Happy as he again holds his mother's hand as they walk through the farmyard, he is silent for awhile and then asks, "Mamma, is this Old Home week?"

## A COUNTRY SCENE.

*By Esther D. Gill.*

Balmy and soft the air,  
Cool the green carpet where  
I sit this summer day.  
O'er hills against the skies  
The shadows creep and rise  
Chasing the light away.

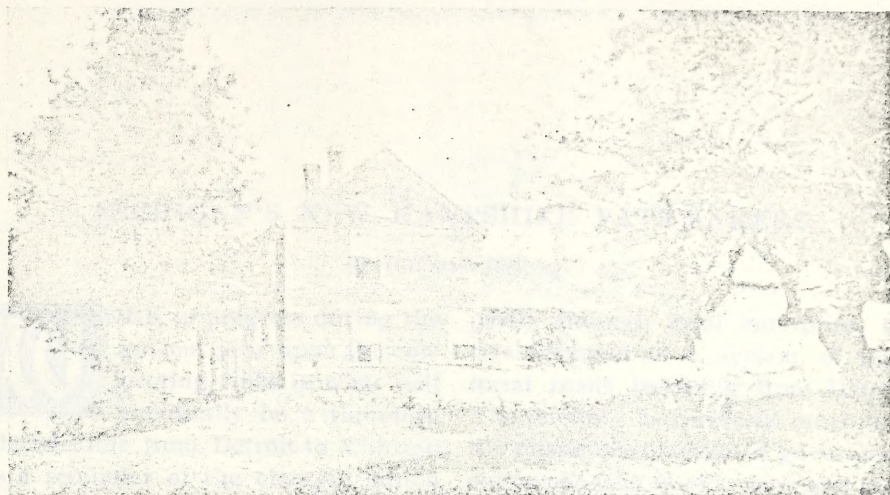
A river clear and deep,  
With many a curve doth sweep  
Through meadow-land and lea.  
And elms with wondrous grace  
Bend o'er the river's face,  
Guarding it lovingly.

Gently the breezes blow  
The tall grain to and fro,  
Waiting the reaper's care:  
While clouds of billowy white  
Come floating into sight  
High in the sun-kissed air.

'Tis a scene I love full well  
And to me it seems to tell  
Of One who dwells above,  
Whose hand created all  
This beauty wonderful  
For the children of His love.







## MY HOME AMONG THE OLD NEW ENGLAND HILLS.

(Air, "Hard Times.")

*By Albert Greenwood.*

There's a vale in the land  
Of the granite and the pine,  
And a weather-beaten cottage by the way ;  
There, the purple grapes are hanging  
On the heavy laden vine,  
And the golden robin's singing all the day.

### REFRAIN.

'Tis the home that I knew in my childhood,  
At its mention my heart always thrills,  
And I love it from garden to wildwood,  
My home among the old New England hills.

A sunlit haze is clinging  
To the gray old mountain walls,  
From the forest comes the cawing of the crow,  
Shyly singing like a maiden  
The dancing brooklet falls,  
And the river softly murmurs far below.

The yellow sunlight dances  
On the waters of the pond,  
And the birch and alder guard the rocky shore ;  
The quiet herd are feeding  
On the hillside far beyond,  
'T will be pictured on my heart forevermore.

There is music that will live,  
And be ever sweet to me.  
'T is the song of the merry mountain rills,  
And a spot that is dearer  
Than any e'er will be,  
'T is my home among the old New England hills.





## MICHIGAN'S NEW HAMPSHIRE PATHMAKERS.

*By William Stocking.*



WORK in progress during the present year upon the connecting links in what will eventually be a thorough electric line from Detroit to Chicago is a reminder of the changes which have already been made in the same line of communication, and of the part which one little corner of New Hampshire took in earlier days, in the pathmaking of Michigan and of the great Northwest. The three men who initiated the movements mentioned are well known in history for their activities in other directions, but I have never seen their contributions to the transportation facilities of the West grouped as they deserve to be.

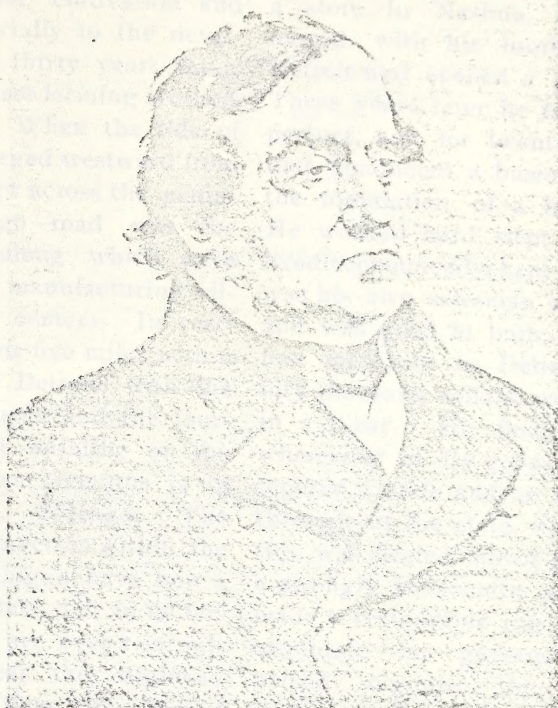
Lewis Cass was born at Exeter, October 9, 1782. He started for the Northwest territory in 1801, crossed the Alleghany mountains on foot, studied law in Marietta, O., and practised there and in Zanesville till 1812, when, as colonel of the Third Ohio Militia, he accompanied General Hull's army to Michigan. He was appointed governor of that territory in 1813, and for more than half a century thereafter he was Michigan's most conspicuous figure in public life. He helped in many ways to advance the material interests of the territory and state. Among the most important services thus rendered was his securing, partly through government aid and

partly through local enterprise, the establishment of a system of territorial roads radiating from Detroit. The territory had suffered much from the misrepresentations of government surveyors, who in 1812 were sent there with a view of locating bounty lands for soldiers. They were instructed to survey the land from the southern boundary northward for a distance of fifty miles. Their report described the country as an unbroken series of tamarack swamps, bogs, and sand barrens, with not more than one acre in a hundred and probably not more than one acre in a thousand fit for cultivation. As a result of this and similar reports following, the bounty lands were located farther West and South, and the settlement of Michigan was greatly retarded.

Governor Cass knew, better than almost anyone else, the falsity of these reports, for he had traversed the country from the Ohio river to Saginaw bay on the north, and from Detroit to Lake Michigan on the west. He had traveled over part of "Zane's trace," which ran from Wheeling to Lewiston, and which was the first "internal improvement" undertaken by the government west of the Alleghanies. He had helped cut the army path through the wilderness from Urbana, O., to Detroit in 1812. He had gone over the Indian trail from Detroit to Saginaw previous to negotiating with the natives the







*Lehobbs*

treaty of 1819, and he was the first white man who ever rode over the Indian trail that led from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, the present site of Chicago.

With a view of counteracting the effect of the damaging reports that had been made, and of opening up the country, Governor Cass secured government appropriations of land or cash for the inauguration of a system of roads connecting Detroit with various distant points. At the terminus of one of these roads has since grown up the city of Port Huron; of another, Saginaw; of a third, Grand Rapids, and a fourth termin-

ated in what is now the city of Toledo. But by far the most important road was that stretching westward, traversing part of the second and part of the first tier of counties, to the shore of Lake Michigan, and ultimately reaching across corners of Indiana and Illinois to Fort Dearborn. The road was not, at first, well worked. It started in a swamp on the outskirts of the overgrown village of Detroit, then having less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants, penetrated a wilderness, and ended in the morass that surrounded Fort Dearborn. It was muddy in spring and fall, and travel over it





was slow. But it opened the way. It showed the traveler that the ground was fit for cultivation and contributed materially to the development of what, thirty years later, was one of the finest farming sections in the country. When the tide of migration that surged westward from 1835 to 1840 swept across the peninsula, this Chicago road was the great highway, along which were started numerous manufacturing villages and trading centers. Its eastern terminus is now five miles within the city limits of Detroit, with the City hall on one side and the fourteen-story Majestic building on the other. Its western terminus is in Michigan avenue, Chicago. The nine counties it traverses within the boundaries of Michigan have now a population of 710,000, and in its terminal cities there are over two million people. Near the highway which Governor Cass thus blazed through the wilderness, was afterwards built the first railroad that connected the East with the Imperial City of the Lakes, and upon the same road, or on private right of way close to it, the modern trolley car system now threads its course.

From the family Bible in one of the largest houses in the little old hill town of Bedford, about thirty miles from the birthplace of Lewis Cass, the writer, a few years ago, traced the following entry: "Zacharias Chandler, Born Dec<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> 1813."

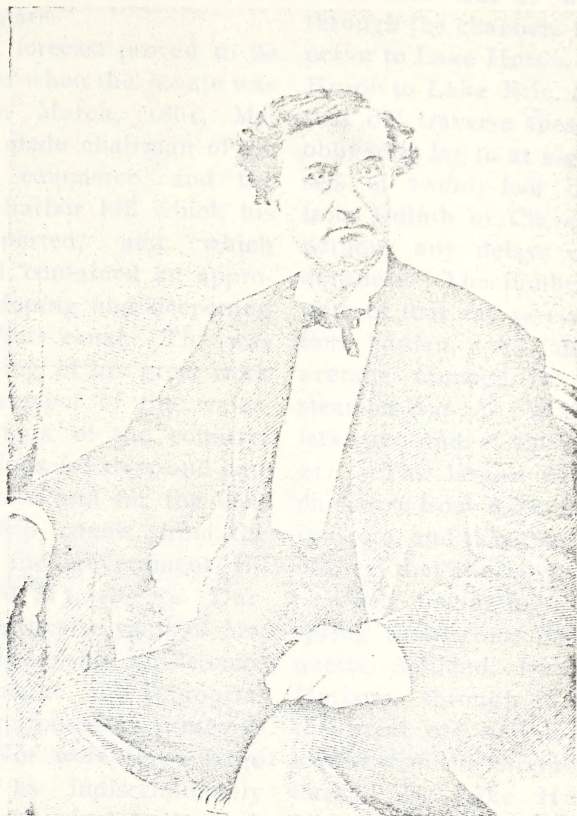
The lad, christened Zacharias, but afterwards spelling his own name with the terminal h instead of s, attended the little brick schoolhouse near the family homestead from the time he was five years old till he was fifteen; attended the academies at

Pembroke and Derry two winters, taught school one winter, clerked in a store in Nashua, and in 1833 moved, with his brother-in-law, to Detroit and opened a general store. Three years later he bought out his partner, and for twenty years after that conducted a business that laid the foundation of a large fortune. He worked hard, slept in the store, lived economically, kept a good stock, was his own salesman and collector, and was good at both, and was the first merchant in Detroit who sold fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods in a year. He finally became a wholesaler of dry goods exclusively, secured a trade and an acquaintance throughout the state, went into politics, was elected mayor as a Whig in a strongly Democratic city in 1851, made a remarkable run as the Whig candidate for governor in 1852, helped organize the Republican party in 1854, and succeeded General Cass in the United States senate, March 4, 1857.

What Cass had done for land travel Chandler sought to do for water transportation. The natural channel in Lake St. Clair, below the mouth of the river of the same name, was narrow and winding, and even with the light lake marine of those days, a "jam at the Flats" was of frequent and disastrous occurrence. Through the instrumentality of Senator Cass, an appropriation of \$45,000 had been secured, and a straight channel had been cut from the mouth of the river, through the shoals, to the deep water of Lake St. Clair beyond. But it was only one hundred and fifty feet wide and nine feet deep. Its banks were not protected, and it was not at all adequate to the de-







*Geo Chandler*

mands of commerce. Mr. Chandler, on entering the senate, directed his energies toward securing a canal that should be adequate, not only to the existing needs of navigation, but to the future expansion of a traffic, which, to his prescient thought, was of immense possibilities. The first measure which he gave notice of his intention to introduce in the senate, was a bill making an appropriation for deepening the channel of St. Clair Flats. Through the whole long session of congress Chandler labored untiringly for this measure. He was defeated on several motions, but finally succeeded in attaching

the appropriation to the Civil Appropriation bill. Then came the threat of a presidential veto of that bill unless that item was stricken out, and Chandler reluctantly surrendered. But in the last speech which he made on the measure at that session he said, after demanding the yeas and nays on the decisive vote:

"I want to know who is friendly to the great Northwest, and who is not, for we are about making our last prayer here. The time is not far distant when instead of coming here and begging for our rights, we shall extend our hands and take the





blessing. After 1860 we shall not be here as beggars."

This defiant forecast proved to be prophetic. For when the senate was reorganized in March, 1861, Mr. Chandler was made chairman of the committee on commerce, and the first river and harbor bill which his committee reported, and which speedily passed, contained an appropriation for widening and deepening the St. Clair Flats canal. This was but the beginning of his great work for the improvement of the waterways and harbors of the country. The appropriations for river and harbor improvements, and for the construction of ship canals, from the foundation of the government till 1863, aggregated \$13,218,870. During the following twelve years of Mr. Chandler's chairmanship of the committee on commerce, the appropriations for these purposes amounted to \$45,610,800. Nor were these large appropriations as indiscriminately made as many river and harbor appropriations have been since that time. Mr. Chandler was constant in his attendance at meetings of his committee, and weighed carefully all the considerations for and against the appropriations that were asked. He was especially inclined to liberality towards the waterways of the Northwest, of whose importance to the commerce of the country he had a clearer idea than most of his associates. The accommodation of the immense commerce which floats over these waters to-day would not have been possible, but for the impetus given to their improvement by Senator Chandler from thirty to forty years ago.

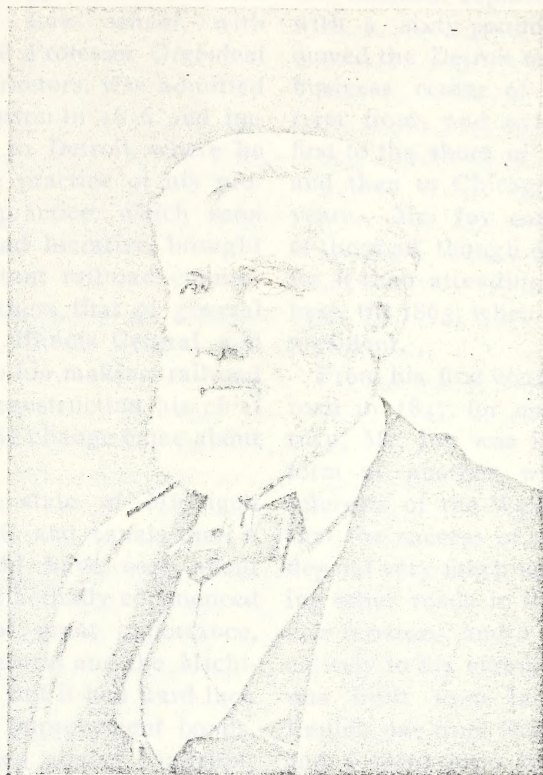
In 1857 no vessel drawing more

than nine feet of water could go through the channels from Lake Superior to Lake Huron, nor from Lake Huron to Lake Erie, and even those that did traverse these waters were obliged to lay to at night. Now vessels of twenty-foot draft can pass from Duluth or Chicago to Buffalo, without any delays on account of darkness. The lumber and ore carriers of that day rarely exceeded 700 tons burden. As late as 1862 the average tonnage of the 147 lake steamers was 440; of the 203 propellers, 300, and of the 969 schooners, 211. The largest freighters of to-day carry from 8,000 to 9,000 tons of iron ore, and there are a great many of them that exceed 7,000 tons.

When navigation opens in the spring there come down from Marquette, Ashland, Duluth, and Two Harbors, through Lake Superior, the great ore and lumber carriers, loaded with the product of mine and forest. In Lake Huron they are joined by the grain fleets from Chicago and Milwaukee, and by additional ore carriers from Escanaba and Gladstone. Off Saginaw bay there are further additions to the lumber vessels. As these mighty fleets, and many passenger steamers with them, follow in majestic procession around the southeast bend of St. Clair river, go in slow, solemn, and single file through the St. Clair Flats canal and pass the river front of the City of the Straits, they constitute a fitting memorial to the foresight and public spirit of Senator Chandler and his associates and successors on the committee on commerce, and represent a tonnage larger than that which passes any other point on the navigable waters of the globe. Care-







*James F. Joy*

fully prepared statistics show that the tonnage passing Detroit during the eight months of lake navigation is larger, by many million tons, than the aggregate arrivals and clearances at the port of London for a whole year, larger than that which passes in and out of the River Mersey at Liverpool, and much larger than that which passes Sandy Hook and Hell Gate combined.

During the winter in which Zachariah Chandler was teaching school in the "Squog" district of Bedford, a Dartmouth college sophomore taught

in the little brick schoolhouse which Chandler had attended as a boy. The new teacher boarded around and was ever a welcome visitor at the Chandler homestead. Between him and Zachariah there sprung up a friendship which was destined to be lifelong, and it was mainly through the influence of Mr. Chandler that James F. Joy afterwards moved to Detroit. Mr. Joy was born in Durham, December 2, 1810, his birthplace being about nine miles from that of Lewis Cass. He graduated from Dartmouth college at the head





of his class in 1833, took the course at Cambridge Law school, with Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf among his instructors, was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1836 and immediately went to Detroit, where he commenced the practice of his profession. His practice, which soon became large and lucrative, brought him into important railroad connections, among others that of general counsel for the Illinois Central, and ultimately led to his making railroad promotion and construction his chief occupation. The change came about in this way:

In 1837 the state of Michigan planned railroads and canals that, if completed, would have cost about \$15,000,000. It actually commenced two railroads of great importance, the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern. But it had hard luck with its internal improvement bonds, and in 1847, when almost bankrupt, it offered these two roads for sale. John W. Brooks of Boston, representing capitalists in that city, brought letters of introduction to Mr. Joy, and interested him in a plan to buy the first-named road. "And so," said Mr. Joy, in after years, "I unfortunately took the step which led me away from the noble profession of the law to become a railroad man." It was a very good thing for the state of Michigan and for other parts of the West that Mr. Joy took this "unfortunate step." The Boston capitalists bought the road, making Mr. Brooks superintendent and Mr. Joy attorney. The road had been in operation from Detroit to Kalamazoo, but with a poor roadbed, and with a strap rail spiked to wooden stringers. The new owners improved

the roadbed, replaced the strap rail with a sixty-pound solid rail, removed the Detroit terminus from the business center of the city to the river front, and extended the road, first to the shore of Lake Michigan, and then to Chicago, all within six years. Mr. Joy continued attorney of the road, though doing much more for it than attending to its law business, till 1865, when he was made its president.

From his first connection with this road in 1847, for nearly half a century, Mr. Joy was identified, in one form or another, with the railroad interests of the West. He foresaw that the success of the Central must depend very much upon its anticipating other roads in the occupation of new territory, and it was due almost entirely to his efforts that a new road was built from Jackson to Grand Rapids, one from Detroit to Bay City, and a third from Jackson to Niles, and that the old road from Jackson to Owosso was acquired and extended to Saginaw and the Straits of Mackinac. All these were of great value to the state, and were valuable as feeders to the main line of the Central. Mr. Joy was also the chief promoter of the Detroit, Lansing, and Northern, the Chicago and West Michigan, and the Kalamazoo and South Haven roads. He also became interested in the construction of the first ship canal and lock at the Sault Ste. Marie.

The railroads mentioned were all in the state of Michigan, and they aggregated in construction or reconstruction more than two thousand miles. But Mr. Joy's railroad ambition was not limited to the confines of one state. He organized the



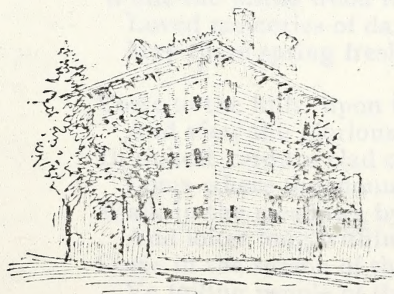




Residence of General Cass.

company which built the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, thus connecting Chicago with the Mississippi river at two points. He also connected this road with the Hannibal and St. Joe, and then pushed it across the Mississippi river at Plattsmouth, and made its western terminus at Fort Kearney, in Nebraska. He built the first bridge across the Missouri river at Kansas City, and built a road from there southwesterly to the border of Indian territory. Some of the roads which he built were not immediately profitable, but he had the satisfaction of seeing the Michigan Central and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, under his presidency and management, become the two best dividend paying roads in the West.

At a later period he was instrumental in securing an extension of the Wabash from Logansport to Detroit, and was, for a time, president of the



The Joy Homestead.

Wabash system. Still later he was the prime mover in the organization of the company which gave to Detroit its splendid Union depot, and the viaduct which leads to it. When long past eighty years of age he walked daily, with sprightly step, from his house to his office, and worked at a standing desk. He died at the age of eighty-six, not from any disease, but because, as he himself expressed it, when his physician warned him of approaching dissolution, "the machine" was "worn out!"

As these three great promoters of transportation improvements, on land



The Chandler Mansion.

and water, were born in neighboring towns of contiguous counties in New Hampshire, so were they near neighbors in Detroit. General Cass lived, at different times, on two diagonally opposite corners of Fort street. Senator Chandler lived two blocks distant, on the same street, and Mr. Joy's residence was half way between the two. From the time when General Cass arrived in Detroit in 1812, till the death of Mr. Joy, in 1896, a period of eighty-four years, hardly a year passed in which one of the three was not doing something toward advancing the material interests of his adopted city, territory, or state.

The residence of General Cass here





given is the one that he built in 1840 in which he died, on the southeast at the northwest corner of Fort and corner of the same streets, and the Cass streets. It was occupied by Joy residence were torn down in him until about 1864, when he sold 1900. The Chandler mansion still it to Governor H. P. Baldwin. It stands in solitary grandeur, vacant was demolished in 1876. The house now for many years.

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## COME TO THE MOUNTAIN LAND.

*By Bela Chapin.*

Come to the hills, forsake the crowded town,  
Ye toiling people of the city streets;  
Lay care aside and every burden down,  
And visit yet again the country seats.  
There is found rest amid these green retreats,  
Here breathe the freshness of the mountain air,  
Drink from the purest springs, and taste the sweets  
Of blest retirement while t'is summer fair;  
These rural scenes invite you from a world of care.

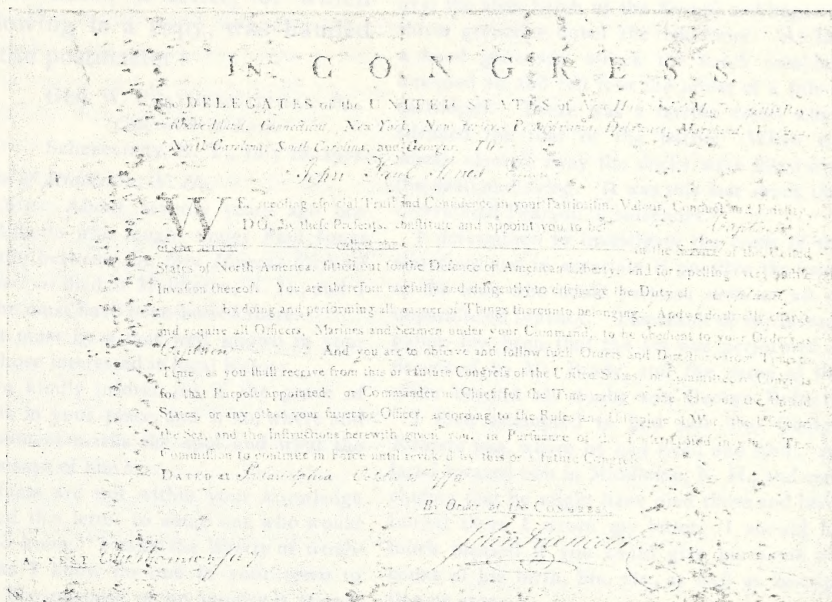
The yellow buttercups are full in bloom,  
And daisies white are beautiful to see;  
The rich red clover spreads a rare perfume  
In many a field and cultivated lea;  
Now drones from flower to flower the bumblebee,  
And the gay butterfly, with gaudy vest,  
Flits in the air about quite heedlessly;  
And rising whispers from the breezy west  
Induce to soft repose and quiet summer rest.

Pleasant it is to sit beneath the trees  
Whose leafy boughs ward off the solar ray,  
And read or talk or meditate at ease,  
While fleeting moments pass unmarked away;  
Or in some forest path awhile to stray,  
To gather flowers or list the wild bird's song—  
While the blithe wood thrush pours his thrilling lay,  
Loved memories of days departed long  
May there spring fresh to mind and to the bosom throng.

Come to the hills, upon their summits stand,  
And view the glorious prospects far and wide,  
In richest verdure clad on every hand;  
Come where the mountain streams and streamlets glide,  
Walk in the meadows by the riverside,  
And loiter long within each loved retreat,  
Come in the season of the summertime,  
Ye toiling people of the crowded street,  
Come to the mountain land and find retirement sweet.







A FAC-SIMILE OF THE COMMISSION ISSUED BY CONGRESS TO JOHN PAUL JONES  
AS CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY

The original is owned by Mary C. Curtis of Schenectady, New York, great-granddaughter of General Peter Gansevoort, "Hero of Fort Stanwix."





# A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GEORGE ROBERTS.

By Charles H. Roberts.



WHEN in the summer of 1901 I made a short visit to the home of my boyhood, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was handed me by the postmaster:

GEO. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH,  
*Counselor at Law.*

Schenectady, N. Y., July 28, 1901.

*Postmaster of Middleton, N. H.*

DEAR SIR: About seventy years ago one George Roberts who fought under Paul Jones in the battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* died at Middleton, N. H., and I presume he must have been buried there.

If so, it must be a fact well known in your town, to those interested in local history.

Can you kindly inform me if the grave of this man is in your place, and if so, where and what monument marks the spot and what the inscription says of him?

If the facts are not within your knowledge kindly hand this letter to some one who would be likely to know. I take the liberty of troubling you as I know no one in your town to address. The purpose of my inquiry is simply for historical information.

Very respl. yours,

GEO. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

I answered this letter, giving him, so far as I was then able to do, the information sought. Later on I received the following:

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1901.

C. H. Roberts, Esq., Concord, N. H.

DEAR SIR: I was much gratified at receiving an answer to the inquiry which I sent out in July last and also much surprised at its coming from a grandson of George Roberts. I have always been interested in the life of Paul Jones and the brave men who fought with him. The battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* always seemed to me to be the most terrific contest ever fought upon the sea.

Reading last winter the life of Paul Jones by Cyrus T. Brady I was struck with his description of this battle. He says, "A daring sailor ran out upon the main yardarm which hung over the after hatch of the *Serapis* and began to throw grenades down the hatchway. At last a hand genenade struck the hatch combing, bounded aft and fell into the midst of a pile of cartridges. There was a terrific crash which silenced the roar of the battle. When the smoke cleared away the decks were filled with the dead and dying. It was this last shock that determined Pearson to surrender."

I determined to investigate the truth of the statement and to ascertain if possible the name of the man who could perform such an act of unparalleled bravery. The result of my investigation has been that the act was performed as described by Mr. Brady, and the name of the sailor beyond all doubt was George Roberts.

I then attempted to find out who George Roberts was, where he had lived and died. At last I located him in Middleton, N. H., and concluding that he might have died there and been buried there I wrote my letter. I should be much pleased if you could give me some account of his birth, life, etc., as well as inscription on stone.

I am glad to learn that you are to publish a sketch of his life and services. In these times of the revival of interest in the American Revolution it cannot fail to attract attention. The part your grandfather acted in the battle between the *Richard* and the *Serapis* not only showed his great bravery, but was of the first importance and far reaching, and should not be lost sight of in the passing years. The American sailor, the man behind the gun, should have the credit due to him.

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

George Roberts was born at Dover, New Hampshire, August 21, 1755. He was in direct descent from Thomas Roberts who settled at Dover Neck in 1623. There is





nothing authentic as to where he emigrated from, but there is a tradition that he came from near Chester, England. The land upon which he settled is still owned in the Roberts family. George was of the fifth generation, the genealogy being as follows: Thomas (1), Thomas (2), Nathaniel (3), Nathaniel (4), George (5); his brothers were David, Isaac, and Nathaniel.

His father was lost at sea, and his sailor brother, Isaac, met a like fate. When a lad George went to sea as a cabin boy and when quite a young man was mate of a vessel trading between Portsmouth, N. H., and the West Indies.

As related by him his vessel took out the first ice ever shipped to those islands, and when the negroes came on board to unload the vessel, they dropped the first cake of ice, crying out, "It burns our fingers." On May 29, 1775, he enlisted for two months in Captain Jonathan Wentworth's company in Colonel Poor's New Hampshire regiment, and served as a sergeant until August first of that year.

Poor's regiment was not at Bunker Hill, but was guarding the coast. Later it became a part of General Washington's army at Dorchester.

He gave as his reason for not re-enlisting that he preferred going to war on the water rather than trudging around on land, carrying a heavy knapsack and musket, and that he disliked his captain, who, it seems, was subsequently tried by court martial and dismissed from the service.

In the month of September, 1777, he enlisted as a mariner on board the continental ship of war, *Ranger*, commanded by John Paul Jones.

The *Ranger* was built at Portsmouth, N. H., and sailed on the 1st of November, 1777.

In this connection the following letters are of interest:

PORTSMOUTH, August 29, 1777.

GENTLEMEN: As the continental ship of war *Ranger* under my command is ready for sea—and as I have particular orders from Congress to proceed with all possible expedition—I take the liberty of applying to you for authority to enlist a few men from the Forts and garrisons in the Harbour, whereby I may be enabled with the greater facility to complete my compliment and to fulfil the instructions of Congress . . .

I am with due respect Gentlemen,

Your most obedient very humble servant,

JNO. P. JONES.

To the Hon'ble The Committee of Safety  
for the state of New Hampshire.

PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 20, 1777.

MR. SPEAKER & GENTLEMEN: The enclosed letter to the Committee of Safety having produced no effect, I think it my duty to lay it before you,—as the departure of the *Ranger* is now impeded solely for want of the liberty which I then asked and which I now hope to obtain from you.

United as the continent is its interest must take precedence of all private concerns in every patriot breast, and as I hope I have served without blame since the first establishment of the Navy, I am persuaded that I shall meet with the same countenance and assistance from you which any other officer hath experienced.

Meantime, I have the honor to be, with sentiments of respect,

Gentlemen, your most obedient

Very humble servant,

J. P. J.

The Hon'ble The Speaker and Representatives  
of the State of New Hampshire.

On October 30, 1777, Jones wrote to his friend Joseph Hewes, member of the Continental Congress from North Carolina:

I have been for some time and am now detained by a heavy gale from the N. E. When it clears up I propose to embrace the first wind





that can convey me thro' the *enemies' lines* and off the coast. I have received orders and dispatches for France and hope to be the welcome messenger at Paris of Burgoyne's surrender.

The *Ranger* finally sailed in such haste that a part of her "small stores" were left on shore, and when at sea it was discovered that but thirty gallons of rum had been taken on board.

She arrived at Nantes, France, December 2, 1777. From Nantes she sailed for Brest, reaching there on the 13th of February, 1778, where Jones saluted the French admiral with thirteen guns, which was returned with nine. This was the first salute to the American flag by a foreign man of war.

After leaving France the *Ranger* cruised in the Irish channel, taking several unimportant prizes. She then entered Whitehaven where they seized the forts, spiked the cannon, and set fire to a ship in the midst of a hundred other vessels. This exploit of Jones spread terror on the coast and was no doubt the cause of associating his name with the idea of piracy.

When my grandfather was asked if he supposed he was fighting with a halter about his neck, he answered that he thought if Jones or any of his men had been captured their lives would no doubt have been in great jeopardy, possibly nothing would have saved them, but the fear of retaliation. That the British government held them to be outlaws is shown by the following official communications:

Sir Joseph Yorke, the British ambassador to France, addressed the following letter to the French government:

HAGUE, Oct. 13, 1779.

HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS: The undersigned Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the King of Great Britain, has the honor to communicate to your High Mightinesses, that two of His Majesty's ships the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* arrived some days ago in the Texel, having been attacked and taken by force by a certain Paul Jones, a subject of the king, who, according to treaties and the laws of war, can only be considered as a rebel and pirate.

Again he writes:

. . . I cannot but comply with the strict orders of His Majesty by renewing in the strongest and most pressing manner his request that these ships and their crews may be stopped and delivered up, which the pirate Paul Jones of Scotland, who is a rebel subject and a criminal to the state has taken.

My grandfather's account of the landing in Scotland, and taking away the plate of the earl of Selkirk, was as follows:

That the people at the castle at first thought them to be a British press gang, and when they found they were Paul Jones's men they were greatly alarmed, but the American officers very soon quieted their fears; both officers and men were served with plenty of food and drink; that there was very little looting aside from the plate; that among other trifles, an old sailor whose life had been spent on the ocean, accumulated a pair of gilt spurs, his attempt to utilize them being extremely ludicrous; he tried them on his nose, hands, and feet, and finally threw them away with great disgust saying, "I don't see any use to which the blanked things can be put."

Shortly after the Whitehaven exploit, occurred the engagement with and capture of the British ship *Drake*. My grandfather said that he went on board the *Drake* after





her capture and saw there the dead body of an English officer in the uniform of the land service, and that an English sailor afterwards told him that this officer came on board to see them whip the Yankees, and that a hogshead of rum which had been sent on board to drink to their victory had been demolished by a cannon ball.

The *Ranger* took her prize to France where Captain Jones left the ship. She subsequently sailed for Portsmouth, under command of Captain Thomas Simpson, where the crew was discharged.

Late in the month of June, 1779, he sailed from Portsmouth, for France, joining the *Bon Homme Richard* a few days before the departure of Jones's little squadron, which sailed on August 14. The battle with the *Scrapis* was fought on September 23, 1779.

It is a matter of unwritten history in our family that when he left Portsmouth he was accompanied by fourteen others, several of whom had served on the *Ranger*, and that among the number were Joseph Roberts and Isaac Hanson who afterwards lived in Farmington, and died there, Timothy Roberts of Milton, who lived and died in that town, and Caleb Roberts of Rochester. On which vessel of the squadron they served I have no positive information.

Mr. Oliver A. Roberts of Melrose, Mass., who has in preparation a genealogy of the Roberts family, states that the five named above served on the *Ranger*, and some, if not all of them, on the *Bon Homme Richard*.

After his final discharge from the

service he made his home for several years at Dover, but followed the sea as an occupation. The parish records show that he was married to Elizabeth Horn, January 17, 1782, by Rev. Jeremy Belknap. In 1796 he moved to Middleton, where he built his cabin near Moose mountain and cleared the virgin forest from some twenty acres. Subsequently he moved to a small farm on the stage road leading from Dover to Wolfborough, where he continued to live and till the soil of that quiet town.

The old men of the town said of him that he was a good neighbor, but not a very good farmer; not given to boasting of his achievements, very rarely talking of them unless urged to do so. That the bears and wildcats had no terrors for him, and the only living thing he feared was a snake, and to the most harmless of these reptiles he gave a wide berth.

Being rallied at one time by his companions regarding the taking of the plate of the Earl of Selkirk, he answered, "After taking away what we did, we left the earl more plate than all of you have, or ever will have."

One of his nearest neighbors, a man by the name of Hinah, was one of the 22,000 sold by the notorious Frederick II of Hesse to George III to fight his battles in America; he was captured at Trenton, but after the war made his way to the wilds of New Hampshire, settling in Middleton. He became a good citizen and an officer of the militia. His broken English was a source of much amusement to his men, and when going on parade he gave the order "Moosuc to der froont," the smiles were audi-





ble. Between my grandfather and this old Teuton a warm friendship existed, and they spent much time in the company of each other, cheering themselves with their pipes, and an occasional sip of the wine of New England.

In religious belief his family were followers of Penn. In his youth he affiliated with that sect, but in later life he neither wore the Quaker garb nor attended the meeting, but continued on cordial terms with his relatives and others of that faith. My grandmother was a member of the Baptist church, but I well remember that her home, and my father's as well, was the stopping place for Friends on their way to the yearly meeting at Sandwich, and when those visits occurred our family observed the Quaker grace at meal-time. My grandmother related that during her husband's last illness and shortly before his death, his brother David, a strict Friend, visited him, and, when about to take his departure, went to the bedside of his sick brother and said: "Peace be with thee, George." "Peace be with thee, David," was the answer; and thus the brothers parted, to meet no more on earth.

The story of how the Roberts family were converted to the faith of the Society of Friends is interesting.

The emigrant, Thomas Roberts, was chosen president of the court (council). His son John was appointed marshal, and his son Thomas was a constable of Dover. During their term of office the Quaker persecutions in Dover occurred. Several women of that faith had been arrested, and the

court adjudged them guilty and ordered them to be whipped at the cart's tail through nine towns. The duty of the infliction of this penalty in Dover fell to John and Thomas Roberts. While the order of the court was being carried out in a very cruel manner, their father, Thomas Roberts, followed after, lamenting and crying, "Wo! that I am the father of such wicked children." The patience and humility with which these poor women bore their wrongs so impressed him that he investigated their belief, the result being that he and his family became members of the Society of Friends with which their descendants also were identified for several generations.

In the military history of George Roberts, on file at the pension office in Washington, I found the following:

In his declaration for pension he makes no allusion to any service other than on the *Ranger*, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the law under which he applied, act of March 18, 1818, required but nine months' service in the Continental establishment. His widow, who applied for and was granted a pension after his death, stated that he also served on the *Bon Homme Richard* under Capt. John Paul Jones in the celebrated conflict with the British ship *Serapis*.

He filed with the pension office an inventory of his property, which was as follows:

Two oxen (small),	\$40.00
One cow,	13.00
Three swine,	7.00
Old home-stead furniture,	5.00
Land, 25 acres,	125.00
	<hr/>
	\$190.00
Debts owed,	\$40.00

I also found, in connection with his application for pension a certifi-





cate as to his service from Ezra Green of Dover, surgeon of the *Ranger*, and from John Ricker, seaman, there being no official roll in existence of the men who served on that ship.

The sum granted him was \$8 per month; his widow received \$63.44 per annum.

My grandfather died on the 12th of May, 1829, leaving one son, my father. My grandmother survived him some thirty years, and from her I obtained much of the material for this sketch. A marble headstone marks the place where his ashes rest, in the family burial lot on the old homestead.

The inscription on the stone is as follows:

George Roberts  
died

May 12, 1829,

A. E. 73 y'rs, 8 mo.

& 21 d'ys:

A soldier of the Revolution.

The sea chest, brought home by him after his discharge from the *Ranger*, is in possession of my brother, John D. Roberts, of Farmington.

Not long after his death a communication from an old sailor appeared in a Natchez, Miss., paper. He wrote:

Sir: I knew George Roberts well. I served with him under our noble commander, in the same ship, and on the same perilous cruises, and fought side by side in the same engagements, and that he was an able seaman, an honest man, and a brave man, is true, and it is the desire of an old man to offer a tribute to the memory of an old fellow-sailor.

We were sailors under Paul Jones, in his expedition against the British in 1778, when he terrified the commerce of that country by constantly hovering about the coast of Scotland and Ireland, though having only a ship of

eighteen guns. When Jones landed on the coast of Scotland, and took away all the family plate of the Earl of Selkirk, Roberts was one of the sailors who marched into the castle while that strange deed was done. I remained on board the ship. The plate was all brought on board and safely disposed of; though as it turned out, much to the commodore's loss, as he afterwards bought it up in Paris and returned it to the owner. He intended to capture the earl and detain him as a hostage, but being absent from home at the time we landed it was prevented.

In 1779, Roberts and I sailed again under our noble commander from Brest in France, in the *Good Man Richard*, carrying forty guns and four hundred and twenty men. She was an old ship, and not fit for the hard service we put her to, as it afterwards came out. On the 22nd of September, off Flamborough Head, we fell in with the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the frigate *Serapis*, of fifty-six guns, and of the sloop *Countess of Scarborough*, a very heavy ship, but I do not recollect hearing how many guns she carried. Just as the moon rose, at eight in the evening, the enemy fired his first broadside, when within pistol shot of us. And now a most murderous scene began.

The action raged with horrid violence, and the blood ran ankle deep out of the ship's scuppers. Our rigging was cut to atoms, and finally both ships took fire, so that both friend and foe were obliged to rest from fighting that they might extinguish the flames. The *Richard* being old, was soon shot through and through and began to sink. In this awful condition, Jones's voice was heard above the din of the battle, ordering to grapple with the enemy. We accordingly made our ship fast to the *Serapis*; and it was easily done, as the two ships were so near each other that when I drew out the rammer to the gun I belonged to, the end of it touched the side of the *Serapis*. Thus fastened together, we fought without resting, until nearly all our guns were burst or dismantled—the ship nearly full of water—and Lieutenant Grubb shot dead by Jones's own pistol, for hauling down the colors without orders, and which happened at my elbow, our decks covered with dead and dying, and our ship cut up into splinters.

While in this awful and desperate situation, my friend Roberts, seeing how near spent we were, jumped on to the main yard of our vessel, which projected directly over the decks of the *Serapis*, with a bundle of hand grenades. These he contrived to throw down upon the *Serapis's*





deck, and succeeded in blowing up two or three of their powder chests, the explosion of which killed and wounded a great many men. The captain of the *Serapis* perceiving his activity, ordered some shots fired at Roberts. One of them struck the rope by which he supported himself, and caused him to fall on the gunwale of the enemy's ship, which observing, I caught hold of him and pulled him aboard. He immediately got on the same yard-arm again, with a fresh supply of hand grenades, and made such dreadful havoc on the enemy's deck that in a few minutes they surrendered. For this great bravery Paul Jones publicly thanked him on the quarter-deck of the *Serapis* the next afternoon, giving him double allowance of grog for the week afterwards.

It was near midnight when the action terminated. The top of Flamborough Head was covered with people watching the engagement, and dreadful the sight must have been, our ship being battered to pieces by the enemy's shot, as they poured a shockingly murderous fire into us all the while. Commodore Dale, who died in Philadelphia about two years ago, was Jones's second lieutenant, and was badly wounded about the middle of the action.<sup>1</sup> He was ordered to go below, though he still wished to fight on deck. We had 135 men killed, and nearly as many wounded and missing. The *Serapis* had about the same number killed as we had, and had eighty wounded.

Captain Pearson, the English commander, fought nobly, and defended his ship to the last. He had nailed his flag to the top mast, and was afraid to haul it down when he surrendered, as none of his men would go up to tear it away, because they dreaded our sharpshooters in our round tops. So when he concluded to give up, he mounted the gunwale just where I was standing, and called out in a loud voice, "We surrender, we surrender." Captain Jones not hearing this, I left my gun and ran and told him of it. He instantly ordered the firing to cease and

the flag hauled down, but no Englishman would do it, as musket shots were still changing between the two vessels. On hearing this George Roberts jumped aboard the enemy's ship, mounted the tattered shrouds, and hacked down the British ensign from its proud height. As it fell, what I consider as very remarkable, a cap full of wind took it and laid it directly at Jones's feet, at the same time spreading it nearly all over the dead body of Lieutenant Grubb who in the heat of the fight was lying dead upon the deck. When the crew of the *Richard* saw the flag fall, they gave thirteen tremendous cheers, at which Captain Pearson shrunk back from his high stand into the shadow of his mizzen mast.

When we returned from this cruise, being affected in my hearing by a splinter, which struck me under the ear, I left the service, and heard no more of my friend Roberts, from that time until I saw his death inserted in your paper. He was a true-hearted and honest man, and bold to a degree not to be daunted. He was younger than me, and yet he has closed his eyes in that sleep to which all of us, soldier or not, must one day give up.

J. H.

A copy of the paper containing the above communication was in possession of my grandmother. A few years after the death of her husband, she made application for a pension through Hon. Nehemiah Eastman, lawyer, of Farmington, and gave him the paper. In 1855 it was found in Mr. Eastman's scrap book by Asa McFarland of Concord, editor of the *New Hampshire Statesman*, who made it the basis for a letter to his paper, which appeared in the issue of August 11, of that year.

The scrap book is now in the library of Mr. Fred R. Gilman of Laconia, a relative of the Eastman family.

<sup>1</sup>In the biographical notice of Commodore Dale in "Appleton's Encyclopedia," he is credited with the rank of *first* lieutenant at the time of the battle.







## HOMESICK FOR THE HILLS.

*By Gertrude Palmer Vaughan.*

I am longing for New England  
And the haunts of other days;  
For the green and shady woodland,  
With its winding, devious ways,  
For the meadows and the uplands,  
For the rivers and the rills;  
I am longing for the homeland,  
I am homesick for the hills.

Bright the visions that come thronging  
In the sunny summer time,  
While glad voices haunt me ever  
Like an old familiar rhyme:  
Sweet the dreams, but sad the waking  
Which my heart with longing fills,  
For the homeland of New England,  
For the everlasting hills.

Oh, the magic of the hilltops  
At the birth-hour of the day!  
Half their wondrous changing beauty  
Pen nor brush can e'er portray:  
But when Memory paints the picture  
Every pulse with rapture thrills,  
For "from glory unto glory"  
Is the sunrise on the hills.

Oh, the quiet of the hilltops  
When the day is nearly done,  
And the purple twilight shadows  
Fold them softly one by one!  
Then the peace that o'er me stealing  
All my heart's wild passion stills  
Seems a blessed benediction,  
Seems the "Amen" of the hills.

Bright the skies may smile above me,  
Sweet the flowers may bud and blow,  
But they cannot still my longings  
For the things of long ago.  
For I crave New England's breezes  
And the laughter of her rills,  
I am longing for the homeland,  
I am homesick for the hills.






## RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

*By C. C. Lord.*

### RAMBLE XXXI.

#### THE TASSELED CORN.

O-DAY there is an incidental aspect of the fields that awakens our pleasant contemplation. We are reminded of the fact by an accidental remark. As we go out we hear the observation of a practical tiller of the soil. Speaking to a neighbor he says, "August is the month for corn." As a consequence of this statement we turn and look at the fields. Here and there we note plats of corn. The crop is rapidly attaining its full stature. In serried ranks, the stalks of corn stand up, the tops being ornamented by the spreading tassels of the plant. A little wave of imagination suggests the ranks of soldiers in close order, each hat decked with a swaying plume.

It is hardly necessary to state that the present appearance of the tasseled corn is suggestive of the beautiful in nature. The serried ranks of corn are, indeed, beautiful. The eye that is conversant with the common aspects of nature's loveliness cannot fail to admire the fields of corn at this season of the year. There is something both stately and fair in verdant, botanical specimens of the corn plat, when each stalk, leaf, and blossom is thrifty and mature.

Maize, or corn, is a locally remarkable vegetable growth. This is a

sure fact for various reasons. In the first place it is a grass, and we have no other local grass so large and grand. The farmer of New Hampshire habitually cultivates no other grass that even approximates it in size. Maize is also notable for the mystery that hovers over its origin. Like wheat it has an identity peculiarly its own, while its source is lost in the mist of ages. It is customary to look upon maize as peculiarly an American plant. History seems to indicate its introduction into Europe by Columbus in or about the year 1520. But to-day Indian corn is not only cultivated on the Eastern hemisphere, but the wonderful land of China, which lays claim to priority in so many things, seems to assert the knowledge and cultivation of maize before the days of the great Italian discoverer. However, the corn is ours. It is here to stay. We may contemplate it with permanent pleasure.

As we ramble on our way, principally seeking recreation and incidentally deriving thoughtful suggestions, we pass a patch of maize. A fresh breeze sweeps the green field, and the same waves in majestic sympathy with the motion of the air. The swaying of the stalks is attended by a rustling of the leaves and a tossing of the tassels, and the poetically reflective mind easily conceives of something consciously animated that





thinks and talks when the wind blows through the corn. Such a conception may seem strange and futile to the prosy ruralist, but psychologic hints of this kind have evoked many of the sweetest utterances of the poet's song.

While we are contemplating the beautiful and ideally vocal corn, our thoughts stray off in an economic turn, and we fall into reflections of the material side of nature. The wind blows again, the maize stirs and rustles, and we think of the fertilization of the useful crop, whose promise is borne upon the wings of the gently wandering air. The corn has imperfect flowers. In two blossoms it performs the work of fructification. The staminate flowers that yield the pollen are borne upon the plume or tassel, and the pistillate bloom, a rude form of inflorescence, which receives the fructifying dust, emerges in a bundle of long, slender, soft, silky threads from the ear, located part way up the stalk. When the breezes traverse the corn in the bloom, the pollen is wafted from stamen to pistil, often taking long flights from field to field in the attestation of its fertilizing mission. In view of the wide distribution of this pollen by the winds, the conservation of the purity of a variety of corn is often very difficult. A stray kernel or two of a strange kind of seed may be found on any ear of maize at harvest, even though the offending pollen has been obliged to undertake long flights in the air in order to reach the crop it virtually infects.

Maize is a beautiful, noble, and highly appreciated plant. The intelligent local farmer knows its worth

as a source of food for both man and beast. He speaks as one possessed of valid information when he says, "August is the month for corn." Corn is planted in May and harvested in September. We speak within the bounds of local predominant practice. There may be both earlier and later activity in the cultivation of maize, but the general rule is our guide in the use of terms. Yet August is, in a special sense, the month when the farmer's mind is absorbed in the contemplation of the prospects of his corn. It is during this month that the kernel is forming in the ear. The farmer watches the face of the sky in August. He hopes for warmth, moisture, and moderate winds. There must be genial weather if the crop of corn is to be a success. Cold will check the growth of the seed, and drought or wet will also harm it, while a severe blast of air may prostrate the plant.

Maize as a plant is useful in many ways. It is both food and lodging. Its material can be utilized in various constructive arts. Yet the kernel is the special object of its cultivation. So rich in nutritive resources, its plentiful and cheap production is a great agricultural desideratum. Consequently, in later years, farmers have studied and learned much of the botanical laws operative in the production of the seed of the plant. Herein is a profitable realm of inquiry and discovery. The farmer's prosperity is implied in the luxuriance of his crop of growing maize. We have already shown how the fertility of the poet's themes are partially involved in it. In the conservation of all uses we may all love the tasseled corn.





RAMBLE XXXII.

CHIRPING IN THE CHIMNEY.

To-day there is a condition of the atmosphere that attracts our attention. As we go out a cloud of chimney swallows, or, more accurately, swifts, whirls through the air above our head. The birds, in their rapid and circling motion, indulge a frequent chirping or twittering. The swifts are, indeed, quite numerous as well as active to-day.

Our present observation of the swifts is not altogether peculiar. Swifts have been flying in apparently varying numbers since the earlier season. But the swifts to-day awaken a particular train of reflection. As we observe these nimble birds just now, we are reminded that for a number of days past the voices of young swifts have been heard chirping in the chimney. At our house there is habitually at least one nest of swifts in our chimney every year. About the first of August the chirping or twittering of the young, as the old birds come down the chimney to feed them, begins to be very audible. For a time it is quite loud. In a week or so it relapses into silence and is heard no more. The young swifts have become fledged, have left their secluded home, and have become the tenants of the air that the representatives of their feathered class characteristically are. Perhaps some of the unusually numerous swifts we see to-day are fledged young ones of the present year.

The swift is a bird of somewhat peculiar nature and habits. A tiny bird, he has a relatively long extension of wing. In flight he appears

like a bird destitute of a tail. In truth, the feathers of his tail are very short and terminate in sharp barbs by which he braces himself against the wall of the chimney in which he alights for the fulfillment of the domestic purposes of his individual career. In view of his anatomical peculiarities, the swift is, in an eminent sense, a bird of the air and seldom alights outside of his domestic retreat in the chimney. He flies and feeds on the wing, and as he flies he frequently chirpers or twitters in a voice devoid of the slightest pretensions to musical accents. Of an intensely dark hue, the swift is not likely to be regarded as a beautiful bird, though his sprightly activity may class him among the graceful ones.

Swifts, in great numbers, migrate from the South in spring and at first exhibit a decidedly gregarious habit of existence. On their arrival for the season, it is not uncommon for a multitude of swifts to linger by day around some favorite spot, and at night lodge in a vast horde in some particular chimney of the locality. In time this immense aggregation of birds divides up into pairs that select individual sides and build their nests in the different chimneys in the assumed neighborhood. A spacious or unused chimney is preferred. The ancient chimney with its phenomenally spacious flues is an eligible site of a swift's nest, though there is a smoke daily rising in its interior. The modern, slim chimney with its small internal space, if in daily use, appears to be rather too hot and suffocating for the habitation of swifts. In these times of varied privileges in respect to the accommodations for





them, all the swifts seem to be provided with suitable homes.

The swift's nest is a simple receptacle, composed of short sticks, or twigs, adhering together by means of a glutinous saliva secreted by the bird, and is fastened to the inner wall of the chimney. The entrance and exit of the bird while fulfilling its domestic life in the chimney is announced by a sound akin to that of low, distant thunder, the result of the rapid fluttering of the bird's wings in the hollow space. When the young are hatched, and the feeding process begins, the rumbling of the chimney is an occurrence of very great frequency. When the brood becomes old enough to express its greeting to parental visits with a vigorous voice, the rumbling and chirping in the chimney often constitute an almost continuous experience of the day and night. Sometimes the nest breaks down, or the young birds fall out, and then the sounds incident to the inhabited state of the chimney are both more audible and prolonged. However, long before August is past the young birds are mature and take their flight forever.

It is not altogether strange that some prosaic people object to swifts in the chimney. The rustic owner of the premises frets when his repose is broken by the rumbling and chirping of swifts. But for our part we love the swifts. They are welcome to a habitation in our chimney. There is a cheerfulness in our breast when the swifts arrive in spring; there is poetry in our soul when the sounds of their wings and voices are heard in the chimney; there is a sadness in our heart when these nimble inhabitants of the air take their an-

nual departure, and we reflect that a long and cold season must be endured before we shall smile to see the swifts return. There is a natural fellowship between us and the harmless birds.

#### RAMBLE XXXIII.

##### THE BURDEN OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

This is the month when there is peculiar liberty in walking the fields. The farmer has cut his hay, and there is little or no liability of damage to grass lands in consequence of the footfalls of the rambler. In the earlier season the prospective hay crop was an obstacle to the wanderings of the considerate itinerant, but now one can stroll through the mown fields very much at will.

The summer solstice is passed, but the length of day still far exceeds that of night, and the high sun of noon yet burns with the characteristic intensity of the hot season. Since the hay has been harvested, the rays of the sun fall more potently upon the naked fields and inclines to give them a parched appearance. Yet there is a peculiar manifestation of life and activity everywhere we tread in the former domain of the uncut hay.

As we take our way across a field to-day, a swarm of grasshoppers springs up at every step. With wonderful agility these insects leap and fly at every moment of our progress. Their numbers are countless. Their varieties seem to be almost as many. Large and small grasshoppers, dark and light grasshoppers, variegated and unvariegated grasshoppers, long-winged and short-winged grasshoppers,—in fact, uncounted genera or





species of grasshoppers are stirring and bounding all about us. They are careless in the direction of their flight. They strike against our clothing, and they impinge upon our face. In the inceptive aspect of the situation there seems to be a burden of grasshoppers.

As a representative of the great family of insects, the common grasshopper is very little understood and very much misjudged. Yet in the first aspect of the case the grasshopper is a burden to human comprehension, there being so many kinds of grasshoppers. Then as we attempt to classify entomologically the insects under discussion we are subject to a confusion of scientific and colloquial terms. A scientific locust may be only a colloquial grasshopper, and a colloquial locust may not be a scientific one. It is a further fact that the burden of the grasshopper may be in a large measure only imaginary.

When the sacred writer announced that the grasshopper should be a burden, doubtless he referred to the migratory locust of Asia, Africa, and southern Europe. This insect bears the general appearance of a common long-winged grasshopper, but his habits are very different. In the western parts of the United States there is a locust that appears to be very much like his oriental congener. The true locusts are migratory and herbivorous. When they visit a locality in large numbers they are apt to devour nearly or quite every green thing in the vegetable world. Hence the true locust is a pest, a destroyer, and a scourge. In typical language he is an appropriate symbol of any extremity of devastation and desolation.

The grasshopper is a different creature from a locust, though the two have a striking facial resemblance. Strange as it may seem, the true grasshopper is not the burden he appears to be. As we ramble to-day where countless grasshoppers find a home and apparent happiness, we do not observe any special evidence of their work of vegetable destruction. The grass is not consumed by them, and the still unharvested green crops of the farm are not eaten to destruction. This fact obtains because the common grasshopper is not exclusively herbivorous. He may taste a succulent plant now and then, but he loves animal food, being generally a carnivora. In fact, instead of being a burden, the grasshopper is a benefit. He eats flies and caterpillars, and is himself the incidental food of both man and beast. In the far East locusts supply a staple article of diet.

Habitually the grasshopper is a relatively quiet creature. He stirs, leaps, and flies so vigorously to-day because our ramble has disturbed his peace. He loves to bask in the hot sun, taking such activities as the needs of existence require. But when night comes he is vocally tumultuous. His chirping, buzzing, or rasping sound is everywhere potent. This is his song of love. He is giving a vigorous serenade to his inamorata. The reader may be interested to know how the common grasshopper makes music. On his right wing-cover (if not sometimes the reverse) there is a circular membrane that bears some resemblance to a film stretched upon a hoop. Across or upon this membrane his left wing-cover oscillates and the harmony is effected. The stridulation of grass-





hoppers, locusts, crickets, etc., is produced in various ways but upon the same general principle in each case.

As we stroll along to-day, every now and then a large grasshopper, with long, wide, unfolding wings, takes flight into the air, holds himself in stationary, fluttering suspension for a while, and then settles down again. He may be only parading the grace and color of his wings to a female associate. Once in a while a similar but smaller insect takes stridulating flight, flapping his wings and uttering "crack, crack, crack," as he flies. He is perhaps making love to a cruel, coquettish, feminine companion. As we turn homeward, a singular sound comes from a tree. A continuous buzz or hum issues from the recesses of the leaves to last perhaps a quarter of a minute and then stop. It is the song of a long, slender, light-green grasshopper, afflicted with the tender passion. So much of insect calls of love. How grasshoppers sigh for unrequited affection we do not know.

#### RAMBLE XXXIV.

##### A PICNIC.

To-day is the witness of an interesting scene. There is a local aspect of social matters that suggests a wide range of reflection. In the present instance a common event leads to the contemplation of an important point in the economy of collective life.

There is a picnic to-day. In the prosecution of this ramble we observe teams of people wending their way to a favorite place of out-door resort. Thus far the fact is not an occasion

of special notice. Picnics have been in vogue since the early part of the summer season. They have been specially frequent since the annual corps of visitors from the large towns and cities have been rusticating in this place. The picnic of to-day is a festive occasion peculiarly local in its character. Our own people are abroad to-day. The present picnic is the enjoyment of local farmers and their families. The fact is apparent in the identity of all the teams that we observe upon our walk.

There is a special inducement to a farmer's picnic at this time. It is the latter half of the month of August. Nearly or quite all the farmers in town have finished haying. By a popular consent, established from old time, the close of the haying season marks a period of comparative respite from the severer toils of the prolonged season of agricultural labors. Every member of each farmer's family seems to breathe a little more freely when the annual haying is done. The time now arrives when the farmer lounges a little longer at the post-office, the store, or the depot. The farmer's wife now steals away from home and visits a relative or a friend a few days or a week. The farmer's sons and daughters join excursions to the lakes and mountains. Very likely once in the month of August a whole farming household joins a band of neighbors and friends whose common heart is set upon a picnic. Such is the case to-day.

The picnic to-day, so far as our passing observation indicates, is a basket picnic. We are pleased to note this apparent fact. In our conception of the case, a basket picnic is





one of the best. It affords a larger opportunity for the realization of the assumed objects of a picnic. The local farmers and their families are occupied ostensibly with a day of rest and recreation. How important therefore that they should burden themselves with as few incidental labors and cares as possible! A simple and easy provision of edibles and beverages, made at home before starting, affords a freedom of the day in recreation abroad that can hardly be secured so readily in any other way. A day's journey to the woods or waters, with a supply of necessary refreshments in a basket, gives time for rest from toil and recreation in the contemplation of the abounding charms of nature. A basket picnic tempts our imaginative enjoyment in a high degree.

A picnic is a privilege which, like every other permissive occasion, may be abused. There are picnics and picnics. We express ourselves thus because of our conception of the true use of a picnic. There is hardly any person in the world who may not at any time in the summer season be benefited by a picnic. But we must elaborate our present thought more at length. A person who never goes out of doors in a pleasant summer day, to bask in the sunlight, lounge in the shade, roam in fields, pastures, or woods, climb the hills or thread the vales, trace the streams or float upon the surface of the lake, or revel in any of the opportune delights which rural nature conserves in profusion, loses an essential part of life that cannot be replaced by any form of experience in compensation. We have to reflect that if any such person exists he is an unfortunate ex-

ception in the ranks of our general concourse of humanity. Still a picnic is not properly a mere occasion of sensuous indulgence. Hence we will try to give an idea of our conception of a true picnic.

A picnic may be an oasis in the often affirmed desert of life. We have enjoyed picnics that are still happy memories though many years have rolled since their occurrence. Though at the time we might not have thought of one of these past delightful events as a picnic, yet we cannot escape the conviction that each one was a picnic in its true and vital sense. In the company of chosen and choice friends, we have wandered to some selected rural resort, filled our eyes and ears with pleasant sights and sounds, and, sitting or strolling, we have observed, conversed, admired, smiled, and laughed, even till both body and soul seemed refreshed and renewed through the opportunities and privileges of the picnic. It is true in each instance ours was a picnic in the common aspects of the case. We had a supply of refreshments, though they formed only a small part of our resources of enjoyment. A little pleasant food and drink for the necessities of the physical frame was all we took or craved for the day. Our gladness was mostly given to the sunlight, the shade, the pleasant earth, and the various attractions it afforded, and over and through all the ever fresh and pure air that all day long breathed upon us like a benediction. All the delights of the day were rarer, richer, and nobler because of the friend or friends who had the social power to make a picnic just what it should be—the com-





fort of the body and the elevation of the soul.

We have seen people who seem to seek rural out-door resorts simply to eat and drink. Their picnic is not ours. The picnic we appreciate is already a sufficient matter of description.

#### RAMBLE XXXV.

##### THE SUMMER WANES.

On this, the closing week of August, we go out of doors with our mind fraught with reflections of a somewhat somber cast. This is not altogether an exclusive experience of the present week. In fact we have been growing gradually somber in thought for several weeks. During the time mentioned there have been influences at work that tended to invite our mind to serious contemplations. We ramble to-day with a sense of something sad weighing upon our reflective consciousness.

It is the privilege of the intelligent and virtuous mind to find pleasure and profit in all natural things. In the sphere of true humanity, all the seasons of the year express subjects for rationally delightful and edifying observation and study. In spring, summer, autumn, and winter the wise and the good have always found comfort and hope that anticipate and take hold of the higher notions of existence. Yet there are material conditions of life from the influence of which no human being can escape. There are limitations of mental reflection that are fixed by unalterable objective aspects of this mundane sphere. In other words, we are all of us measurably inextricable parts

of the outside world in which we live. Hence, though we have a logical conviction of the benevolent uses of all the seasons of the year, it is in the sensuous delights of summer that we have our special enjoyment and privilege. When the world is resplendent with all the glories of sunshine, verdure, and bloom, we are happier than at any other season of the year, for we are all more or less partakers of the earthy properties of nature, and we instinctively mourn to see the summer fade away.

The summer wanes. It has been subtly waning during the larger portion of the present month. We have, from time to time, noticed the progressive signs of the summer decline with hints of regret and sadness, but now the general departure of summer is so emphatically evident we are moved to a special observation of it.

Some time ago the bobolink ceased to sing in the meadow. We did not specially think of this fact at the time, but in a few more days we saw the young robins flocking here and there, and we then reflected on the rapidly advancing season. The August cricket sung. Then the verdure of the grass began to slowly fade, and some of the most beautiful wild flowers dropped their petals and went to seed for a whole year. Pretty soon we noticed the ranks of young swallows perched upon the wires of the telephone, as they stretched along the highway over the hill between the two villages of Hopkinton, and we knew that those birds were soon to fly to a more southern clime, to abide during the inclemencies of our more northern





winter. At or about the same time, the chirping in our chimney ceased, the young swifts having taken their flight, and immediately our attention was attracted to the flocking of an increased number of mature swifts in the upper regions of the air. An observing neighbor incidentally remarked that the swallows were about to depart, he probably including swifts in his idea of swallows, and his words bore the tones of a sure and solemn prophecy of the approaching cold, frost, and snow. Finally a few scattered leaves upon the trees exhibited the brilliant hues of autumn, the colors that convey suggestions of singularly combined sadness and gladness, and then our out-door reflections needed no reminder of the certainty of the somber beginning of the æsthetically sad ending.

We are making these rambles of the rolling year more æsthetic than economic, or else we might have included the incipient harvest of the husbandman in the evidences of the slowly changing season. But while we are tasting the sweets of the early fruits of a year's husbandry and remarking the somber aspects of the waning time of summer, we indulge a few thoughts of the present modifying complexion of the local social world. Nor are these thoughts less serious than those we have just expressed. The summer visitors and boarders are beginning to depart homeward. A rural location, this township, in common with

others of its class, finds a renewed aspect of its social life in the annual return of summer. Every year hundreds of people come and go, illustrating a phase of rural experience that appears to have assumed the aspect of economic necessity. Our rural New England towns are drawing an important portion of their material income from their summer visitors and boarders, while at the same time the minds of the socially impressive are deriving new acquaintances and friendships that afford privileges that are oases in the oft-affirmed desert of life. Among all the strangers that come and go in the events of a single summer are those who, by their goodness of heart and greatness of mind, become inseparably allied to resident friends by the most endearing bonds of ennobling affection. When these best and truest people depart for the scenes and experiences of their permanent homes, the summer wanes with an aspect of somberness that intensifies all our serious contemplations of ever-recurring, desolating change.

These are the declining days of the brief but eventful year. They are suggestively sad but not despairing. The ambient scene is still full of sweetness. There is a softness of the sky, a stillness of the air, and a calmness of the earth that tend to inspire rare thoughts of hallowed trend and result. Let us dismiss the sadness of the time and give liberation to its joy!







## THE FOREST FLOWER.

*By J. B. M. Wright.*

I walked adown the forest aisle,  
The sunlight flickered through,  
A dainty flower upheld the while  
Its gleaming drop of dew.

From out a bed of velvet moss  
It swiftly seemed to grow,  
While by the passing winds caressed,  
Its graceful head bent low.

The dainty tints of early dawn  
Lay on each lovely leaf,  
My heart was filled with sorrow for  
Its life so fair yet brief.



## THE COLUMBINES.

*By Phebe Harriman Golden.*

On dappled slopes of tender green  
With trees bedight and tangled vines,  
Half hidden from the sun's warm sheen,  
Spring up the flame-eyed columbines.  
Morn's shreds of red and gold she sent  
To paint those hues of splendor rare;  
To mold those petals, art was lent  
By some magician of the air.

They throng each gray rock's mossy crest,  
And list quaint tales by Nature told;  
And lightly, at the wind's behest,  
Bend low like gallant knights of old.  
So round the springtime's fleeting glow,  
Their short, pure lives, contented twine:  
And in their mystic world may know  
Joys for stained mortals too divine.





## BOUNCING BETTIES.

*By Meribah Reed.*

I turn from my hothouse treasures,  
Petted and painted things,  
To dream of a lowly cottage,  
And the lilac tree, that flings  
Its shadows over the banking,  
Where, all in a ragged row,  
With their leaves on the very doorstep,  
The Bouncing Betties grow.

Over that crumbling threshold,  
What scores of feet have sped,—  
Shy bride and happy bridegroom,  
The bearers with their dead ;  
A host of little children  
The friendly doorstep knew,  
And always, on the banking,  
The Bouncing Betties grew.

They heard a lover's pleading,  
A mother's cradle song,  
Prayers for the erring absent,  
A sound of weeping long :  
Like sentinels, tireless, silent,  
In life and death the same,  
With each returning summer,  
The Bouncing Betties came.

Closed are the cottage windows,  
The lilac blooms no more,  
Weary, and old, and faithful,  
It leans to the sagging door ;  
But pink in the sunset's glory,  
A brave and goodly show,  
Ever along the banking  
The Bouncing Betties grow.







## PETERBOROUGH IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

*By Jonathan Smith.*

**A**T the outbreak of the French and Indian war of 1755-'63, Peterborough had been permanently settled only six years. After several unsuccessful efforts the people had, by 1755, come to believe that at last their desire was realized, and their purpose to found a town and make for themselves a new home had come to fulfilment. They were hard at work clearing away the forests and building their homes of logs, one or two mills had been established, they were beginning to acquire property in domestic live stock, and the fear of Indians was beginning to die out. The number of families was from thirty-five to forty. The outbreak of another dreaded Indian war was a rude awakening from their dream of peace.

The settlers were a brave and sturdy people, familiar with the hardships and sufferings of war, acquired in the civil and religious conflicts in Ireland. But much as they dreaded it, this contest appealed strongly to them both on political and religious grounds. They had not forgotten that the French had been their old foes in Ireland, and that in the final struggle between the Prince of Orange and the deposed English king, which culminated in the Battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690, France was found fighting under the banner of James II, and

its soldiers composed a substantial part of his defeated army. They realized, too, that the effort of the French king to found a permanent colony in Canada was to establish upon their borders the institutions of feudalism, monarchy, and Rome, which embodied all that was offensive to the independent, liberty-loving Scotch Irishman.

The war was the turning point in the history of the Western continent, and on its issue hung the future of the new world. Early in the seventeenth century, when France turned her thoughts toward the establishment of colonies in North America, she laid down a plan of the most sweeping and far-reaching character. It included nothing less than the seizure of the whole continent and making all the Indian tribes subjects of the French king and the willing disciples of Rome. By the provisions of the charter of the French Colonial company, organized in 1626, every settler was to be a Frenchman and a Catholic. The new possessions were to be kept free from every taint of heresy, and the Huguenot of Canada, because he was a Protestant and for no other reason, was to be harried out of the colony with as much cruelty and as little remorse as he had been driven from France itself. This policy was consistently carried out. In the prosecution of the scheme the Jesuits were its





pioneers and active promoters. They aimed to subdue and convert the Indians not so much by the sword as by the cross. Their purpose was to control the savage tribes by bringing them into the Catholic church and to make them her willing and obedient children both for peace and war. By 1755 France had established a chain of military posts reaching from Quebec to the Ohio river, and was endeavoring to complete the cordon by extending it to the mouth of the Mississippi. The intent was to confine the English to a narrow fringe along the Atlantic coast. With the Indians for allies, French statesmen reckoned the day would surely come, and that soon, when in the event of war with England they could easily drive the hated English settlers into the sea and thus reign supreme in the new world. This bold plan failed from the inherent weakness of French civilization itself for all colonizing purposes. Between Jesuit and noble, French administration in Canada was corrupt and weak. It was all head, with no integrity, no sense of moral responsibility, no enlightened public spirit at the heart. The results became apparent at once when war was declared, and the defeat of France in the end was inevitable. But this internal weakness was not evident to the colonists in the beginning of the struggle, and they believed they had a desperate conflict before them. Both they and the mother country realized that it was to be a battle for the possession of a continent, and that on its issue depended whether the Latin civilization of France, with its despotism, its corruption of administration, its

bigotry and religious intolerance was to be the universal law of the new world, or whether Anglo-Saxon ideas of political liberty and religious toleration should prevail throughout its borders.

But the war appealed to the settler for another reason more direct and personal. The French policy, in its dealings with the Indians, had been radically different from that of England. The emigrants from Great Britain had, so far as possible, ignored the Indian all together, and did not take him into account. If the English settler wanted land he bought it of the native for a mere song, or fought him and seized it by act of war. The institution of a religious propaganda among the savages and the idea of converting them to the Protestant faith were minor considerations, and with a few insignificant exceptions, received no attention. To seek their alliance and friendship was no part of the Englishman's general scheme. He came here, either to enjoy the religious freedom he so much coveted, or to better his fortunes by trade through the different avenues of industry. On the other hand the French idea was to enlarge the empire of France by adding to its territories the northern half of the Western hemisphere, and the details of the plan were carefully worked out in the councils of the French king. They sought to carry out this great project through a policy of conciliation and friendship with the Indians. The idea had its origin with the Roman hierarchy, which strove to bring every people, whether barbarous or civilized, into the fold of the Catholic church. Its ministers were the





Jesuit priests, powerfully supported by the French king and his nobles, who were trained in the precepts and faith taught in the schools of Loyola. The Jesuits had, long before 1755, established and sustained missions among all the Indian tribes east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio river, except upon the Atlantic coast. These missions were centers of French influence, and had acquired a vast sway over the savages, making them fast friends of France and the French policy. But they had lost the support of the Six Nations, through an ill-advised battle in which Champlain had severely defeated them. With this exception France had won the friendship of the Indian tribes east of the "Father of Waters," and the sympathy of those dwelling among the English settlements east of the Alleghany mountains. The result was that when war was on between the two great powers, France had the hearty support of the Indian tribes of Canada and the great Northwest, and the outbreak of the conflict in 1755 was, as the settlers well knew, a signal for lighting the savage fires of conflagration and murder in all the frontier settlements of New England.

The colonists fully realizing their danger knew what was before them when hostilities broke out and braced themselves for the conflict. There was an additional peril to the border settlers of New Hampshire. During the war which closed in 1748, the French and Indian invasions from Canada had entered the Connecticut and Merrimack river valleys by way of the Coös meadows along the upper waters of the Connecticut river. To command this highway of communi-

cation and depredation was of great consequence to the colonists, and the authorities determined to occupy it and thus close this door to savage raids. In the winter of 1751-'52 grants were made of two townships on the upper Connecticut, one on each side of the river, and in the following spring a committee was sent up there to survey and lay out the new towns, build forts and prepare for the establishment of colonies. The Indians owning these lands and seeing what was intended, were exasperated and determined on retaliation. A desultory warfare ensued, accompanied by acts of reprisal and revenge on either side, and hostilities of the kind incident to Indian warfare were in progress, when the conflict of 1755 broke out, though no raids had extended as far south as Peterborough. The declaration of war, as the settlers of New Hampshire well understood, was a general signal for savage forays, made more cruel and deadly on account of the happenings in the upper Connecticut valleys. They did not know where the attack would strike, for it usually came when and where least expected. They did know it would be more swift and vengeful by this seizure of Indian lands at the Coös meadows.

The Peterborough settlement was peculiarly exposed to these savage incursions, and was in a defenseless condition. There was a fort on Ritchie Hill but it had no garrison. There were small settlements at Hinsdale, Keene, Penacook, and up along the Merrimack valley between Concord and Franklin; other than these there was no barrier between Peterborough and Canada. But the settlers were brave and determined





men, inheriting the military instincts of their ancestors in the mother country, and were as ready to fight for their homes here as their fathers had been for civil and religious freedom in Scotland and Ireland. The town was not organized as a municipal corporation until 1760, and the military service of the men was the spontaneous expression of their patriotism and their appreciation of the issues involved in the struggle. The following is the list of those from Peterborough entering the army during the war. The names are arranged alphabetically, with such brief details of their personal and military career as can now be obtained:

*Allat, David.* Family unknown, but was without doubt a resident of Peterborough in 1760. Private in Capt. Nehemiah Lovewell's company of John Goffe's regiment. Enlisted March 18, 1760, and was discharged at No. 4, November 13, 1760. Length of service, thirty-four weeks one day. On the rolls his name is given as David Alld. Possibly a brother of William Alld, and was born in Ireland. He was in the battle of Bunker Hill.

*Cunningham, Samuel,* a son of Thomas Cunningham, who settled on the "Street Road," so-called; born in 1739, in Townsend. Said to have served in the army in 1756, when he was only seventeen years old, but no record of such service can be found. The same authority (Mr. Dunbar) says he was in Rogers's bloody fight of March 13, 1758, when so many Peterborough men were killed. He was one of the very few who escaped on that day. March 16, 1760, he enlisted into Captain Willard's company of Colonel

Wilder's regiment, and served till December 15, thirty-four weeks and five days. He was allowed 135 miles' travel, and his pay was £16, 16s. 3d. Probably on the Crown Point expedition of that year. Afterward he rendered distinguished service in the Revolution. Late in life he removed to Belfast, Me., and died there.

*Cunningham, Thomas.* There is doubt as to the identity of this man. On page forty-seven of "Genealogies of Peterborough Families," Dr. Smith refers to a Thomas Cunningham as the son of "old Mose." Aside from this reference there is nothing in any military roll yet found, or in any paper or record relating to the history of the town, to distinguish him from the Thomas Cunningham who signed the petition for a town charter in 1760, and the two are probably identical. He was born in 1706 in Ireland, and came to Peterborough from Townsend, Mass. He enlisted in Capt. Robert Rogers's company of Rangers, November 23, 1755, and served till May 22, 1756—twenty-six weeks. His residence on the rolls is given as Peterborough; rank, sergeant. He was allowed for pay £11, 1s. 7d., for bounty £2, 13s. 4d., and travel, and served at Fort William Henry. Mr. Dunbar says he was in Rogers's expedition in March, 1758, but was not in the battle. Probably, along with Alexander Scott, he was left behind to guard the camp while the others went on to meet the Indians. He was a prominent man in town for many years, and died in 1790, aged eighty-four years.

*Cunningham, William,* a son of Thomas Cunningham, and brother of Samuel above named. Enlisted





into Captain Rogers's company of Rangers November 25, 1755; discharged June 6, 1756; length of service, six months and twenty-four days. Pay £15 per month old tenor. His company was left by order of a council of war to garrison the forts above Lake George during the winter of 1755-'56. March 6, 1760, he enlisted into Capt. Silas Brown's company of Colonel ——— regiment; discharged December 9, 1760; time, thirty-nine weeks and six days. Pay, £17, 18s. 9d. On the rolls his residence is given as Dunstable, but he was, without doubt, the son of Thomas Cunningham, and should be accredited to Peterborough. He afterward went to Maine and died there.

*Ferguson, Henry*, born September 18, 1736, and came to Peterborough with his father in 1749 or 1750. Enlisted into Capt. Richard Sykes's company of Col. Abijah Willard's regiment, March 18, 1760; served till December 19, 1760, thirty-nine weeks and four days. Received for pay £17, 16s. 2d.; was allowed for 205 miles' travel home; died April 1, 1812, aged 75 years. On the rolls his residence is given as New Hampshire.

*Gregg, Samuel*, was born in Londonderry in 1738, and came to town sometime prior to 1760. About 1757 he enlisted into the British army and held the rank of sergeant. He took part in the campaign in Canada in 1759 and was present at the battle of Quebec which decided the issue of the war. Date of enlistment and discharge unknown, as no rolls of his regiment are in this country. At the beginning of the Revolution he was offered a commission in the Eng-

lish army, but refused it. Entered the service of the colonies, and was appointed a major in the Continental army. He died in Peterborough, December 10, 1808, aged 70 years. (See Dr. Smith's Genealogies, page 98, from which the above sketch is taken.)

*Hogg, John*, was a private in Capt. Nehemiah Lovewell's company of Col. John Hart's regiment; enlisted May 8, 1758; discharged November 12, 1758. Term, twenty-six weeks and five days. Nothing is known of him or his family beyond this record. In a plan of lands in Peterborough, now in possession of the heirs of the Masonian Proprietors, dated 1758, he is put down as owner of Lot No. 55, in the western part of the town. A part of Colonel Hart's regiment went to Louisburg and the other part to the western frontier. There is no means of telling in which direction Captain Lovewell's company was ordered. Contracted smallpox in service and died on his return home.

*Kelly, John*. Enlisted into Paul Gerrish's company of Col. Theodore Atkinson's regiment, September 19, 1755; discharged December 11, 1755. He was clerk of his company. He was also a member of the force raised out of Colonel Atkinson's regiment of militia for the Canadian expedition in 1759. He enlisted March 23, 1759; date of discharge not found. For this service he was paid £6, 1s. 6d. Dr. Smith, in his history, states that he was killed in Rogers's fight, March 13, 1758, but Mr. Dunbar does not include his name among those in the battle. He was brought up by Rev. Mr. Harvey, who preached in Peterbor-





ough for several years. The date and place of Kelly's death, as well as his subsequent career, are unknown. Like so many of the heroes of this war his name disappears absolutely with the conclusion of the struggle.

*McLeod, George.* Was a private in Capt. Jonathan Butterfield's company of Col. Jonathan Bagley's regiment. Enlisted April 14, 1760, discharged December 1, 1760. Service, thirty-three weeks, one day. He was allowed for seventy-five miles travel home. On the rolls his residence is given as "Peterboro." Served afterward in the Revolution.

*Robbe, Alexander,* son of William Robbe, and one of the earliest settlers. Born in Ireland in 1726, and with his father came to town from Townsend. He served in Rogers's Rangers, was present and took part in the battle of March 13, 1758, and was one of the two Peterborough men who escaped alive. The dates of his entry and discharge from the service are unknown, as the rolls of Rogers's companies, with one exception, are lost. He was afterward a captain in the Revolutionary army.

*Scott, Alexander.* Name is not found on any military roll. Mr. Dunbar is authority for the statement that he was with Captain Rogers in his disastrous expedition of March, 1758. From his account Scott was one of those left behind to guard the camp. He is supposed to have been one of the earliest settlers of Peterborough. He came to America from Ireland about 1736, and settled in Townsend. In 1753 he kept the public house in Peterborough, afterward owned by Robert Wilson, on the Street road. In 1758 he was back in Townsend, but sub-

sequently returned to Peterborough, settling on land east of the old cemetery. In 1770 he removed to Stoddard, where he died. Date of death unknown.

*Scott, David.* Born in Townsend in 1744, son of Alexander Scott, the preceding. Enlisted into Captain Willard's company of Col. Timothy Ruggles's regiment, March 6, 1760, discharged December 16, 1760. Length of service, forty weeks, six days. Was allowed for 135 miles' travel home. Pay £18, 17s. 9d. On the rolls he is given as the son of Alexander Scott. He contracted smallpox, and died on his return home, according to Dunbar's sketch of Peterborough, written about 1820.

*Scott, William.* Nicknamed "Long Bill" to distinguish him from his cousin, William Scott, of Peterborough, who was called "Short Bill." He was son of Alexander Scott and brother of David, above named. Born in Townsend, in 1742. Enlisted into Capt. Silas Brown's company of Colonel ——— regiment, March 6, 1760, discharged December 8, 1760. Term, thirty-nine weeks, five days. On the rolls the name of his father or master is given as Alexander Scott. He was allowed for 180 miles' travel home, and his pay was £17, 17s. 6d. June 2, 1761, he enlisted into Captain Farrington's company of Colonel ——— regiment, and served till January 1, 1762. Service, thirty weeks and four days. On this roll, also, he is stated to be the son of Alexander Scott, and his residence is given as Peterborough. He served in the Revolution and held the rank of captain. He died at Litchfield, New York, in 1796. He was the





ancestor of the late Hon. Albert S. Scott, and of Col. Charles Scott, ex-high sheriff of Hillsborough county.

*Scott, William*, brother of Alexander Scott, and grandfather of James Scott, Esq., late of Peterborough, deceased. Born in Ireland. Age at enlistment as stated on the military rolls, forty years. Enlisted into Capt. James Reed's company of Timothy Ruggles's regiment, March 31, 1756, discharged December 5, 1756. Service, thirty-five weeks, five days. Rank, sergeant. He was transferred to Captain Reed's company from Captain Wilson's company of Colonel Blanchard's regiment of militia. In the latter regiment he is stated to be a volunteer. Residence given as "Peters Borow;" in the muster roll of Captain Reed's company it is spelled "Peterborough." He served in the expedition to Crown Point and afterward in the War of the Revolution.

*Scott, William*. Nicknamed "Short Bill" to distinguish him from his cousin, William Scott, son of Alexander Scott. A nephew of Alexander Scott and William Scott. Born in Ireland in 1743. His father, Archibald Scott, never came to this country. Enlisted into Capt. Silas Brown's company of Colonel ——— regiment, November 18, 1761; served till April 25, 1762. Length of service, five months, seven days. Removed to Greenfield, Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1786, and died there in 1815. Served in the Revolutionary war, and rose to the rank of major. On the rolls his residence is given as Peterborough. His descendants live in Buffalo, N. Y., Greenfield, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa. He is supposed to have come to Peterborough in 1760, and con-

tinued to make his home there until some date after the Revolution.

*Stinson, Moor*, was the son of Samuel Stinson, one of the earliest settlers of the town. Date and place of birth unknown. April 28, 1760, he enlisted into Capt. Silas Brown's company of Colonel ——— regiment and was discharged December 8, 1760. Length of service, thirty-two weeks and one day. On the military rolls the name of his father or master is given as Samuel Stinson, and his residence Lunenburg, where he was probably at work at the time of enlistment. He was a highway surveyor in Peterborough in 1767. The place and the date of his death are unrecorded.

*Swan, William*, was the son of John Swan, one of the pioneers of the town. Born about 1721, and was married when he enlisted. His first service was in Nova Scotia. Enlisted May 31, 1754, in Capt. William Pierce's company of Colonel Winslow's regiment. Served till October 8, 1754. Term, four months, two weeks, five days. Residence, Lunenburg. He again enlisted March 27, 1759, into Captain Aaron Willard's company of Col. Oliver Wilder's regiment, under command of Jeffrey Amherst, and served till October 26, 1759—thirty weeks and four days. From October 14 to October 16 he was in the hospital at Albany. On the roll his residence is given as Peterborough. The same roll says, "Reported to have served on a former expedition in 1755 to Nova Scotia." In Dr. Smith's genealogies he is reported to have "died in French war." And the same authority says his widow married again, returned to Dublin, and had





nine children. No military roll so far found mentions his death, nor does Mr. Dunbar speak of his death in the service. Possibly he might have again enlisted after his discharge in October, 1759, and it might have occurred during that term of service.

*Taggart, John.* Came from Roxbury to Peterborough about 1752. Born in 1720; was married and had seven children at the time he entered the service. March 24, 1760, he enlisted into Capt. Nehemiah Lovewell's company of Col. John Goffe's regiment, raised for the invasion of Canada. He was afterward transferred into Capt. Alexander Todd's company of the same regiment. Discharged November 22, 1760, at No. 4 (Charlestown, N. H.). This regiment rendezvoused at Litchfield and marched by way of Milford over the notch in the East mountains, through Peterborough to Keene, thence to No. 4, and from there to Crown Point. They had to clear a road, formerly a mere bridle path, from the Merrimack river to Keene, and were forty-four days cutting a road from No. 4 to the foot of the Green mountains. They hauled their stores over the Green mountains on "horse barrows." He entered the Revolutionary war and died in service in 1777.

*Turner, James.* Probably a son of Joseph Turner, and born in Ireland, and brother of Thomas Turner. Enlisted into Capt. Jonathan Butterfield's company of Colonel Bagley's regiment, May 19, 1760, and was discharged October 20, 1760. Time, twenty-two weeks and one day. Received as pay £9, 19s. 4d. His residence on the rolls is stated to be Peterborough. No mention of his

death can be found on the military rolls. If he "died at Crown Point in 1760," as stated by Mr. Dunbar, it must have been after his discharge, from anything which appears of record. No information of any other enlistment can be found.

*Turner, Solomon.* Another son of Joseph Turner. Enlisted April 14, 1760, discharged December 24, 1760. Company and regiment not given. On the rolls his residence is given as Harvard, and the name of his father or master, Joseph Turner. He was allowed for 180 miles' travel home, and served on the expedition to Crown Point.

*Wallace, or Wallis, Samuel.* Probably a brother of Matthew Wallace, a native of Londonderry, who came to Peterborough sometime before 1755. Enlisted as a private in Capt. Alexander Todd's company of Col. John Goffe's regiment, March 14, 1760. Rolls do not give date of discharge, nor furnish any further information of him. Subsequent career unrecorded and unknown.

*Wilson, Robert,* born in Ireland in 1734, came to this country with his parents in 1737, and settled in Cambridge, but moved to Townsend in 1738 or 1739. He was apprenticed to one Deacon Loring of Lexington. Before his time was out he enlisted into Captain Hancock's company of Colonel Brattle's regiment of militia. When the call for troops came he enlisted from this militia regiment into Captain Lord's company of Colonel Gridley's regiment, April 22, 1756, served till December 5, 1756. Length of term, thirty-two weeks and four days. On the rolls his age is given as twenty-two years; occupation, farmer; residence, Lexington, and he is





reported as wounded in one of the battles, but the rolls do not say which one. This is his only military service in the French and Indian war of which any record can be found in the Massachusetts Archives. It is a fact, however, taken from a sketch written of him by his grandson, the late Gen. James Wilson, of Keene, that he served under General Wolf, took part in the siege and battle of Quebec, September 13, 1759, saw his commander fall and passed the following night assisting in guarding the French prisoners. At this time he was probably a member of some regiment of the British regular army, as was Samuel Gregg, above named, of which no rolls exist in this country. The date of his enlistment and discharge from the regulars are unknown. He came to Peterborough about 1761 or 1762. He was afterward a lieutenant, captain, and major in the militia, and held the rank of major in General Stark's army at the battle of Bennington in 1777. He was appointed by General Stark to command the guard which escorted the prisoners taken at Bennington to Boston. He died December 25, 1790, aged fifty-seven years.

Of Jeremiah Swan, a son of John Swan, Samuel Stinson, John McCollam, and John Turner no record can be found on any military roll. The authority for their military service rests upon the sketch of the town by Rev. Elijah Dunbar, printed in 1822, the correctness of which is borne out by the military rolls now existing, in all substantial particulars, so far as they testify at all, and there can be no reasonable doubt of Mr. Dunbar's statement. He says that Swan, McCollam, and Turner

died in service. Possibly some or all of these men served in Rogers's Rangers, but that is mere surmise. It is to be deeply regretted that absolutely no record of their service can be found.

It remains to speak of the men who served under Captain Rogers in 1757 and 1758, and who perished in the disastrous engagement of March 13, 1758. But one roll of Rogers's men—that of his company raised in 1755—is known to exist, but possibly others can be found in the Archives of the British War office in London, as the men were enlisted under English orders and were paid by English officers. These men were Charles McCoy, John Stuart, David Wallace, William Wilson, Robert McNee, John Dinsmore, killed, Alexander Robbe, Samuel Cunningham (above named), escaped, and Alexander Scott and Thomas Cunningham, left behind to guard the camp, as before stated. In one particular Mr. Dunbar is in error. He states that the men fell in an ambuscade. We now know that there was no surprise, and that the battle was as fair and stand-up a fight as is recorded in all the annals of Indian warfare. Captain (or major) Rogers left a detailed account of the action, and his interesting narrative is here reproduced.

On the 11th of January, 1758, Lord London ordered Major Rogers to recruit five additional companies of rangers—four from New England and one company of Indians, to be ready for service on the 4th of the next March. Each company was to have a captain, two lieutenants, one ensign, four sergeants, and one hundred men. The officers were to have





British pay, and the privates two shillings and sixpence, New York money. The men were to provide themselves with good warm clothing, uniform in every company, and a good blanket. They also were to furnish their own arms to be approved by the government. The muskets used were smooth bore, carried buckshot or bullets, and sometimes both. The time of enlistment was to be for not less than one year, and the men were to be at Fort Edward, ready for duty by March 15. Four of these companies were sent to Louisburg and the other stayed at Fort Edward. It is uncertain whether the Peterborough men belonged to this company remaining at Fort Edward, or whether they were attached to some of the companies of rangers previously recruited, and had been encamped there through the winter.

On the 28th of February, Colonel Haviland, commandant at Fort Edward, ordered Capt. Israel Putnam out on a scout toward Ticonderoga. In this reconnoissance one of his men was captured and taken to the enemy's headquarters, the rest returned and reported that there were 600 Indians camped near the enemy's fort. It was known by Putnam's men, when they left Fort Edward, that on their return Rogers was to be sent against Ticonderoga with a force of 400 rangers. The enemy were thus warned of the intentions of the English commander.

On Putnam's return Rogers was ordered to the neighborhood of Carrillon (Ticonderoga), but instead of having 400 men he was given only 180, including officers. All of this number were rangers, except one

captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, one sergeant, and four privates out of an English regiment who volunteered to accompany him. Rogers confesses that as he viewed this small force of brave men march out of Fort Edward on the expedition on the 10th of March, he "had no little concern and uneasiness of mind," for he believed that the enemy were fully informed of their purpose. The first day they marched to "half-way brook," on the road to Lake George. The second day, the eleventh, they reached the first narrows on the lake and camped for the night on the east side. Scouts were sent out three miles in advance to search for the enemy and the camp was carefully guarded by pickets against surprise. The troops marched down the lake on the ice, hauling their packs and equipage on sleds. They left their camp the next morning at sunrise. After marching about three miles a dog was seen running across the lake, when the companies suspecting the Indians must be near, halted, and a scouting party was sent forward to reconnoitre. But no enemy was found and Rogers led his men to the west side of the lake, at a place called "Sabbath Day Point," halted, and sent out scouting parties while the rest of the company rested till evening. At dark they again started up the lake, Rogers sending a party of fifteen men forward, some of them on skates, as an advanced guard, while the left was protected by another detachment. The march was made in close order, and the night was very dark. In this way they marched till within eight miles of the outpost of the French force. A fire was discovered on the east





shore and the commander of the advanced guard sent back word that the enemy had been seen. After a careful reconnoissance Rogers called in his scouts and flanking parties, marched to the west shore of the lake, where the men hid their packs and sleighs in a thicket, left a small guard to watch them, and the rest went forward to attack the enemy. The French pickets had, however, taken the alarm, extinguished their fire and rejoined the main body. Rogers, thinking his scouts must have been mistaken about the fire, led his men back to where they had left their baggage and camped in the snow through the night without a fire.

Rogers continues: "The 13th, in the morning I deliberated with the officers how to proceed, who were unanimously of opinion that it was best to go by land on snowshoes, lest the enemy should discover us on the lake; we accordingly continued our march on the west side, keeping on the back of the mountains that overlooked the French advanced guards. At twelve of the clock we halted two miles west of those guards, and then refreshed ourselves till three, that the day scouts from the fort might be returned home before we advanced, intending at night to ambuscade some of their roads in order to trepan them in the morning. We then moved in two divisions, the one headed by Captain Bulkley, the other by myself; Ensigns White and Wait had the rear guard, the other officers were posted properly in each division, having a rivulet at a small distance on our left, and a steep mountain on our right. We kept close to the mountain that the

advanced guard might better observe the rivulet, on the ice of which I imagined they would travel if out, as the snow was four feet deep and very bad traveling on snowshoes. In this manner we marched a mile and a half when our advanced guard informed me of the enemy being in their view, and soon after, that they had ascertained their number to be ninety-six, chiefly Indians. We immediately laid down our packs and prepared for battle, supposing these to be the whole number or main body of the enemy, who were marching on our left up the rivulet on the ice. I ordered Ensign McDonald to the command of the advanced guard, which, as we faced to the left, made a flanking party to our right. We marched to within a few yards of the bank, which was higher than the ground we occupied, and observing the ground gradually to descend from the bank of the rivulet to the foot of the mountain, we extended our party along the bank far enough to command the whole of the enemy at once; we waited till their front was nearly opposite our left wing, when I fired a gun, as a signal for a general discharge upon them, whereupon we gave them the first fire, which killed about forty Indians; the rest retreated and were pursued by about one half of our people. I now imagined the enemy totally defeated, and ordered Ensign McDonald to head the flying number of them that none might escape; but we soon found our mistake, and the party we had attacked were only their advanced guard, their main body coming up, consisting of 600 more. Canadians and Indians; upon which I ordered our people to retreat to their own ground which





we gained at the expense of fifty men killed; the remainder I rallied and drew up in pretty good order, where they fought with such intrepidity and bravery as obliged the enemy (though seven to one in number) to retreat a second time; but we not being in a condition to prevent them, they rallied again, and recovered their ground and warmly pushed us in front and both wings, while the mountain defended our rear; but they were so warmly received that their flanking parties soon retreated to their main body with considerable loss. This threw the whole again into disorder, and they retreated a third time; but our number being now too far reduced to take advantage of their disorder they rallied again and made a fresh attack upon us. About this time we discovered 200 Indians going up the mountain on our right, as we supposed to get possession of the rising ground and attack our rear; to prevent which I sent Lieutenant Philips, with eighteen men, to gain the first possession, and beat them back; which he did; and being suspicious that the enemy would go round on our left and take possession of the other part of the hill, I sent Lieutenant Crofton, with fifteen men, to prevent them there; and soon after desired two gentlemen, who were volunteers in the party, with a few men, to go and support him, which they did with great bravery.

"The enemy pushed us so close in front that the parties were not more than twenty yards asunder in general, and sometimes intermixed with each other. The firing continued almost constantly for an hour and a half from the beginning of the at-

tack, in which time we lost eight officers and more than one hundred privates killed on the spot. We were at last obliged to break, and I, with about twenty men, ran up the hill to Philips and Crofton, when we stopped and fired on the Indians, who were eagerly pushing us, with numbers that we could not withstand. Lieutenant Philips being surrounded by 300 Indians, was at this time capitulating for himself and party on the other part of the hill. He spoke to me and said if the enemy would give them quarters he thought it best to surrender, otherwise he would fight while he had one man left to fire a gun.

"I now thought it most prudent to retreat and bring off with me as many of my party as I possibly could, which I immediately did; the Indians closely pursuing us at the same time, took several prisoners. We came to Lake George in the evening, where we found several wounded men, whom we took with us to the place where we had left our sleds, from whence I sent an express to Fort Edward, desiring Mr. Haviland to send a party to meet us and assist in bringing in the wounded; with the remainder I tarried there the whole night, without fire or blankets, and in the morning we marched up the lake and met Captain Stark at Hoop Island, six miles north from Fort William Henry, and encamped there that night; the next day being the 15th, in the evening we arrived at Fort Edward."

Rogers estimates the enemy at 700, 600 of whom were Indians. He says, "We killed 150 of them and wounded as many more." And he pathetically adds: "I will not pretend to





determine what we should have done had we been 400 or more strong, but this I am obliged to say of those brave men who attended me (most of whom are now no more), both officers and soldiers in their respective stations behind, with uncommon resolution and courage, nor do I know of an instance during the whole action in which I can justly impeach the prudence or good conduct of any of them." It is an eloquent tribute of a brave commander to the heroic men who fell.

Rogers foots up the number of killed at 125 men, besides those who were captured and afterward murdered by the Indians. Of the 180 who marched out of Fort Edward with him on the morning of the 10th of March, not more than 25 returned on the evening of the 15th.

The French historian, Pouchot, gives this account of the battle: "On the 1st of March, a party of two hundred of our domiciled Indians and party Canadians left Montreal. These Indians coming to the fort, Carrillon, asked of the commander some provisions, and said they wished to rest a few days before setting out on the march. He gave them some and a little brandy, and the Indians returned to their camp and began to drink. One of them who did not wish to join them began a juggling, and after some time he called the rest to a council, and told them that he had learned by this means that the English had sent a party, who had come to Carrillon, and that they could not be far distant. He then exhorted his comrades to set out on the next day, which they in fact did. The commandant was agreeably surprised at

this prompt resolution of relieving him and granted all they asked. Several officers and soldiers of the garrison wished to join the expedition. They proceeded along the lake shore, and at three leagues beyond their scouts noticed the tracks of men in considerable numbers on the ice, and reported this fact. It was determined at once to retire into the woods near which the English would pass. Our scouts seeing the English troops descending a little hill, ran to notify their people that they were approaching. They arrived at a little elevation by the time the English were at the bottom of the hill, and they at once attacked them, killing one hundred and forty-six on the spot. They did not save more than the fifth part of the two hundred that they had. Robert Rogers, who commanded them, left his clothes, his commission, and his instructions to enable him the better to flee. Eleven officers or volunteers had joined this detachment, of whom four belonged to regiments that had lately arrived from England. Five were taken prisoners to Carrillon, and others were lost in the woods, where they perished with hunger. This was the most vigorous action of the Indians."

General Montcalm in a letter dated April 10, says that the Indians brought back one hundred and forty-six scalps and would give no quarter. But he does not state definitely the losses.

Little is known of the men who perished. Charles McCoy was probably a brother of William McCoy who came to Peterborough in 1752 or 1753, and who settled east of the Street road on the southern border of the town.





John Stuart was the son of William Stuart who first settled on lots two and sixty-five. The son was born in 1737. David Wallace was son of Major Wallace and probably a brother of Matthew Wallace, who removed to Peterborough from Londonderry about 1752. Robert McNee was eldest son of Deacon William McNee who first came to town in 1744 or 1745. Robert was born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1735. William Wilson was probably of the family of Hugh Wilson, who came from Londonderry. And of John Dinsmore nothing is known.

Thus Peterborough furnished for the conflict thirty-two men. In 1760 the town had about fifty families, in all, perhaps, two hundred souls. On this basis sixteen per cent. of the whole population served in the army—an extraordinary contribution—of whom thirteen, namely, Wm. Swan, Jeremiah Swan, James Turner, John Turner, John Hogg, John McCollam, David Scott, Charles McCoy, John Stuart, David Wallace, Wm. Wilson, Robert McNee, and John Dinsmore—almost one half of the number—perished in the service or contracted disease therein and died soon after reaching home. It is a record of sacrifice and patriotism worthy of the people who made it, and constitutes one of the proudest traditions of the town. Of the men who survived all but eight are known to have fought for the Colonies in the Revolution and not one took the side of the mother country.

After all mere numbers tell but part of the story. The courage and daring of these men, particularly those who served under Major Rogers around Lake George, and

the hardships and sufferings they incurred, are not surpassed in any tales of warfare, ancient or modern. Summer and winter, day and night, were alike to them. Under a July sun they went on long expeditions, journeying on lakes and rivers in whale boats or birch canoes, or threading their way through the pathless wilds of the primeval forest; and amid the ice and snows of a northern winter they traveled over the deep snows on snowshoes or upon the ice of the frosty lakes and streams on skates, while like Düner's knight "a cruel death stalked constantly at their side." They often slept in the snow without blanket or fire. Frequently their only rations was such wild game as they could kill on the march. When heavy French and Indian forces lay about Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the woods around swarmed with savage foes, they reconnoitered up to the outposts of the enemy, slew, or captured and carried off prisoners from under the very walls of the forts. Gliding under the walls of the fortresses, on foot or in boats, so near that they could hear the sentries on the ramparts pass along the watchword, they obtained accurate information of the enemy's forces, the number of their troops and forest allies, their munition of war, their secret plans of campaign, and knew intimately every trail and secret path through the dark and bloody ground over which the contending forces struggled and fought. To be disabled by wounds or cut off from the main body meant capture and pretty certainly a most cruel death. They hardly went out on a reconnoissance when they were not ambushed by Indians at some



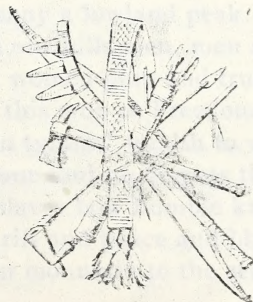


stage of the expedition, and they well knew that behind any rock, thicket, or tree might lurk an Indian savage bent on murder. But nothing daunted them. The loss of a third or half their number in an ambush did not for a moment deter the survivors from starting upon another raid on the day after their return from a former one, and while health and strength held out, shrank from no peril or hardship which they were called to undergo. It is a matter of deep regret that we know so little of the personality of these men, who gave such a noble illustration of the character and virtues of the race to which they belonged.

It will be seen that a large number of them enlisted under the famous ranger, Robert Rogers. This may be explained, in part, from the fact that Rogers was a native of Londonderry, the place from which so many of the early settlers of Peterborough came, and also a Scotch Irishman, as were the two next highest officers of the first company he organized (in February, 1756), namely, Richard Rogers, his brother, first lieutenant, and John Stark, second lieutenant. The peculiarly dangerous character of the service Rogers was called to perform, and the daring and endurance required for it had special at-

tractions for the young men of the infant settlement, and explains, in part, why so many of them sought enlistment under him.

Major Rogers himself has been described as "an ambitious and violent man, yet able in more ways than one, by no means uneducated, skilled in woodcraft, and energetic and resolute." A history of his actions in this war bears out this description. He understood thoroughly the Indian character, and was a past master in all the arts and stratagems of savage warfare. His men, if we may judge from what they did, were kindred spirits, and never hesitated to go wherever he dared to lead, and that they did their full duty at all times and in all places Rogers himself has borne ample testimony. The war in which they took such honorable part, was, in the issues at stake, and in its cruel and bloody character, the hardest fought and the most important ever waged on this continent prior to 1861. In the English triumph America was saved from the blighting influences of a French civilization, the birth of the United States as a nation became possible, and the institutions of a great, free, and intelligent democracy became, in a few years, the law and civilization of the new world.







NEW HAMPSHIRE'S HILLS.

*By Frederick Myron Colby.*

New Hampshire's hills ! New Hampshire's hills !

How greenly fair they rise,  
The sunshine on their solemn peaks  
Caught from the summer skies !  
Not all the majesty of Alp,  
Nor wealth of Apennine,  
Can match New Hampshire's granite hills,  
Green with their woods of pine.  
They tower aloft mid sun and storm  
Like giants grim and vast ;  
Their brows be-diademed with frost,  
With forests girdled fast.

O mountains white with wintry snow,  
More dear to us your sight  
Than vine-clad peaks of tropic lands,  
Or Scotia's hillsides bright.  
Monadnock's and Chocorua's cliffs  
Outrival Ida's fame ;  
Nor Ural nor Carpathians match  
Our Croydon stocked with game.  
Methinks the granite of our hills  
Hath won us greater gain  
Than marble of Pentelicus  
That builded hall and fane.

On other heights the olive grows,  
The golden orange sweet ;  
And fragrant vineyards clothe the sides  
Of many a lowland peak.  
But on our hills men, men are raised,  
And women pure and true ;  
Better this crop of Freedom's sons  
Than tyrants' wealth to view.  
Upon our soul no despots thrive,  
No slaves bow humble knee ;  
But thrift and peace and bliss abide  
From mountain to the sea.





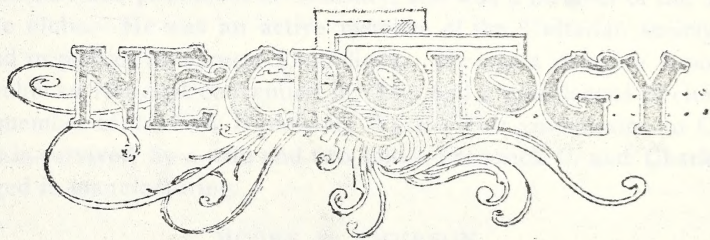
Then let us bless the God who gave  
 The hills to be our home ;  
 Nor let us sigh for fairer skies,  
 Nor other lands to roam.  
 Where can we find more lovely scenes  
 Than those that greet the view  
 Among our mountains dark and grand,  
 Our hillsides bright with dew ?  
 No grander heritage for me  
 Than old New Hampshire's hills,—  
 The hills that lured my boyhood's feet,  
 Whose waters turn our mills.

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### THE WILD RABBIT'S HOME.

*By Frederick J. Allen.*

Man builds a shelter for himself and keeps  
 His hearth serene in time of storm or heat ;  
 But this wild rabbit that like sunshine leaps  
 Across my pathway, hath his safe retreat  
 And shelter in the green old forest deeps,  
 Whence wood thrush song and wind harp swelling greet.



JAMES M. CONNOR.

James M. Connor of Hopkinton, one of the best known farmers of New Hampshire, died at his home in that town, July 16, after a long illness.

He was a son of James and Lydia (Kimball) Connor, born in Henniker, August 21, 1828, removing with his parents to Hopkinton at the age of three years. His parents being people of limited means he had little opportunity to secure an education, but he learned the value of industry, economy, and integrity, and practised the same through life, becoming a successful farmer, and an esteemed citizen. As a dairyman he was particularly prominent. He was actively instrumental in the organization of the Granite State Dairymen's association, of which he





was president for many years, and was long an interesting contributor to the agricultural press. He was prominent in the Grange, having been a charter member and the first secretary of Union grange of Hopkinton, of which he was also master for three years; master of Merrimack County Pomona grange, and for six years a member of the executive committee of the State grange. He was also treasurer of the Merrimack County Grange Fair association.

Politically Mr. Connor was a zealous and faithful Democrat. He served as a member of the board of selectmen in Hopkinton, and was the candidate of his party for state senator in 1886. He was a Congregationalist in religion, and an earnest worker in the church in Hopkinton.

He married, in 1859, Judith M. Putney of Hopkinton, by whom he had four children, three daughters and a son, Charles H., the latter now deceased. His wife died in 1877, and September 6, 1881, he married Mrs. Catharine S. Watson of Warner, who survives.

#### CHARLES D. McDUFFIE.

Charles D. McDuffie, a prominent manufacturer, for many years agent of the Manchester mills, died at the Sacred Heart hospital in that city July 5.

Mr. McDuffie was a native of Rochester, born May 4, 1829. He was educated in the common schools and commenced work in a mill at Lowell at the age of twenty years. Two years later he went to California, but remained only a year, and on his return secured a position in the Naumkeag mills at Salem, Mass. Here he remained, serving as an overseer, until 1868, when he became superintendent in the Wittenton mills at Taunton, Mass., continuing until 1875, when he went to Lawrence to accept the position of agent of the Everett mills, which he held till 1880, when he removed to Manchester and became agent of the Manchester mills, holding this position up to the time of his death.

Mr. McDuffie was prominent in Masonry, and was a member of the Derryfield and Textile clubs. He was an active member of the Unitarian society of Manchester, and in politics an earnest Republican. He was a delegate from the state to the Republican National convention in 1884, and a presidential elector in 1888. He was a member of the New Hampshire World's Fair commission at Chicago in 1893. He is survived by a wife and two sons—Frederick C. and Charles Henry, both engaged in manufacturing.

#### MOSES R. EMERSON.

Moses R. Emerson, born in Newport, May 19, 1828, died at Newton, Mass., July 19, 1902.

He was a son of the late Clark Emerson of Newport, was educated in the public schools, and early in life was engaged as a clerk in a mercantile house in Lowell, Mass., and later in Boston. Returning to Newport he accepted a clerkship in the store of Seth Richards & Son, remaining till 1853, when he married Helen, daughter of Capt. Seth Richards, and went to Ludlow, Vt., where he engaged in business. Later he removed to Claremont and was in the dry goods business there for twenty years. Meanwhile he built up a large insurance business, as agent of the Home company, and in 1887 removed to Concord. In 1897,





being made general agent of the Home company, he established his headquarters in Boston, and his residence in Newton. He was a recognized authority on insurance matters and was for several years president of the New England Insurance Exchange.

While residing in Claremont he twice represented the town in the legislature, as a Republican, and was a bank commissioner from 1870 to 1874. His first wife died in 1868, and the following year he married Alice B., daughter of E. L. Goddard of Claremont, who survives him as does one son, Dr. Herbert C. Emerson of Springfield.

#### CHARLES B. GRISWOLD.

Charles Bruce Griswold, born in Lebanon, January 6, 1832, died at Woodsville, July 8, 1902.

Mr. Griswold was a son of Ahira and Frances (White) Griswold, his grandfather having been a Revolutionary officer, and one of the original grantees of Lebanon. He was educated at the district school and Lebanon academy, and at the age of eighteen left home, being engaged in teaching and as a clerk two years in Michigan, and for five years in railroading and in mercantile life at Malone, N. Y. Returning home he engaged in farming on the old homestead in Lebanon, where he remained ten years. Being elected register of deeds for Grafton county he sold his farm and removed to Haverhill. He served four terms as register, and then went South, where he was variously engaged for some three years. Returning home, he was appointed clerk of the court for Grafton county in 1874, and served with marked ability until 1893, when compelled to resign on account of ill health. Since the removal of the courts to Woodsville his home had been in that village, where he was a valuable member of the community. He was conspicuous in Masonry, and active in Democratic politics up to the time of the defection of 1896. He married, June 16, 1857, Miss Alzina M. Sawyer of Malone, N. Y., who survives him, their only son, Charles S. Griswold, a promising young lawyer, having died in December, 1897.

#### REV. BENJAMIN O. TRUE, D. D.

Benjamin Osgood True, born in Plainfield, December 17, 1845, died at Lakeport, July 18, 1902. He was a son of Reuben and Hannah (Duncan) True, the late William C. True of Plainfield being his brother. He fitted for college at Kimball Union academy, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1866. He taught for some time at Columbus, O., but finally decided to enter the Baptist ministry, studying therefor at the Rochester Theological seminary. He held pastorates at Baldwinsville, N. Y., Meriden, Conn., and Providence, R. I., being called from the latter to the chair of church history in the seminary at Rochester, which he held up to the time of his death, which occurred after a lingering illness. He married Pamela, daughter of Dr. James R. Smiley of Sutton, who survives him, with a son and two daughters.

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## THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. XXII

1911

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HIS ALLIANCE



Sherman, Photo.,

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Windsor, Vt.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 3.

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HARLAKENDEN HOUSE.

*By G. A. Cheney.*

**O**NLY a swiftly fleeting three years have passed since publisher and bookseller announced the appearance of a new American historical novel, bearing on its title page the name "Richard Carvel." In the brief measure of time since its coming into the world of literature the book has reached a sale aggregating more than four hundred thousand copies and to-day there is no pronounced diminution in the calls for this wonderfully successful story, and the enduring popularity of "Richard Carvel" is made all the more notable by the fact of the many books of the same class that are present aspirants for popular favor.

"Richard Carvel," the book, became famous in a day, and so likewise did its author, the one introducing as it were the other. Great was the astonishment at the genuine merit of the book, and greater yet was that astonishment when it became known that its author was a mere boy, still under thirty, when the book was announced. "Richard Carvel," the ideal, and Winston Churchill, the real, sprang into fame together. Time has tested and is still testing both, with the result that both are winners thereby.

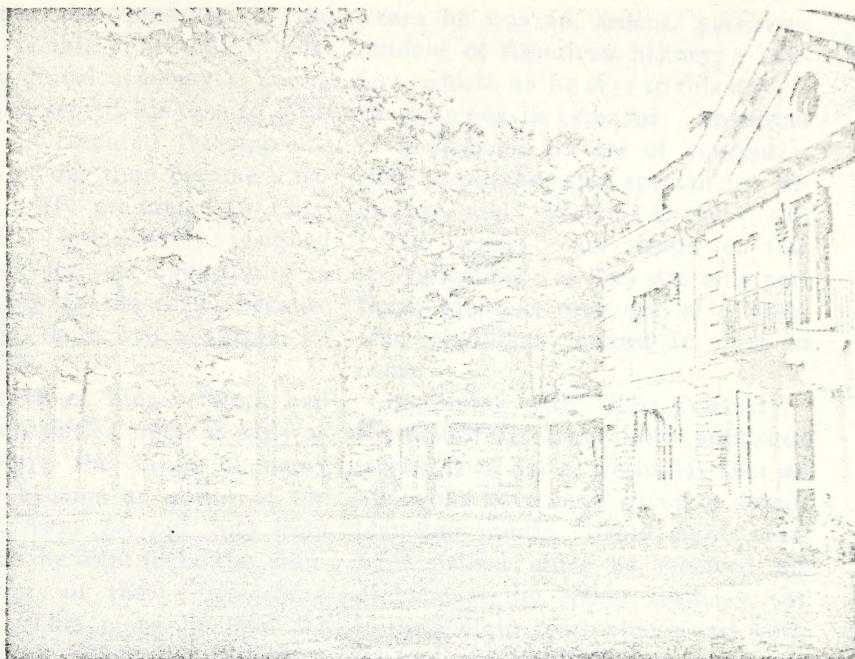
Book and author have an international fame, yet it is in America that its reading is of marvelous extent, for it is a book with an American theme, and its author is a most loyal American, his love for his native country gaining in intensity the more intimately he comes to know the continents beyond the seas.

But after being an American among Americans, his own particular home, his hearthstone and roof-tree, is New Hampshire, and the Granite state has no one within all its domain that is more keenly alive to its advantages and possibilities as a state in which to have a home than is he. While not one of her own native sons, Mr. Churchill is in very truth a grandson of New Hampshire, for in the state his ancestors lived for full one hundred years.

His American ancestry begins with the John Churchill who settled in Plymouth, Mass., in 1644, and who married there Hannah Pontus. Then in succession were Joseph and Barnabas Churchill, and later still, third in descent, was Thomas Churchill, born in Plymouth, in 1730, and, after having served in the Revolution, emigrated to New Hampshire. The second Thomas Churchill was born in Plymouth in 1762, and







Overlooking the Connecticut River and Valley, Harlakenden House.

married Alice Creighton, of Stratham, in 1786. Their son, James Creighton Churchill, was the great grandfather of the present Winston Churchill, and was born in Newmarket, April 24, 1787, and died in Portland, Me., in 1865. James Creighton Churchill became the mayor of Portland, and was the founder of the commercial house bearing his name, eventually becoming known throughout the country for the extent of its West India trade. Later this house became Churchill & Carter, the junior member of which was the son-in-law of Mr. Churchill. During the famine in Ireland in the late forties the house of Churchill & Carter sent one of its ships loaded with supplies to the stricken country, a fact that is distinctly remembered to this day in the Emerald Isle, as is

attested by the hearty welcome always extended any descendant of the families that may visit the country.

Winston Churchill, the author, was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1871, the son of Edward Spalding and Emma Bell (Blaine) Churchill. He is descended on his mother's side from Jonathan Edwards, the great teacher of divinity. Graduating from Smith Academy in his native city, the boy, Churchill, went to work in a paper warehouse. This sort of life was not to his liking, for within him was an inherent desire to go to college. Learning one day that there was a vacancy from his congress district in the United States Naval academy, Annapolis, he decided to try for the appointment. He sought out his congressman, a man of great commercial affairs, and to do this he was





compelled to work his way through some five different offices, finally coming into the presence of the man who could, if he willed, send him to the Naval academy. Young Churchill presented his case so skillfully that he secured the appointment, and in due time became a naval cadet. He graduated in 1894, and almost immediately resigned from the service, his opportunity to do this being all the easier because at that time there was a surplus of naval officers.

The pursuit of literary work had already been settled upon as early as 1894. Before the lapse of many months he became an editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, and from that position he went to be the managing editor of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. This place he held for seven months, when he halted a

while in his labors for imperatively needed rest. All these months and years he was an ardent, persistent student of American history, a subject, which, as he says to this day, is the only one he cares for. Possessed of remarkable powers of concentration he pursued this specialty in literature, and "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" are fruits of this specialization, yet they are only portions, great as they are, of a probable abundant harvest in days to come.

Beginning with "The Celebrity," the first of Mr. Churchill's published works, it is but as yesterday that all his books have been given to an applauding public. Only eight years have passed since he received his diploma at the Naval academy, yet in those eight years what a vast work he has accomplished, and how great



The Approach, Harlakenden House.





*Sherrin, Photo.*





a name is his! His, "The Crisis," while the second book to be written treating of one general subject, is not, nevertheless, the second in a series. His purpose in anticipating the matter included in "The Crisis" was because of his opportunity to converse with men who knew Lincoln and other principal characters in the Civil war between the states. Like its immediate predecessor, "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis" has proven a phenomenal success.

As a citizen of New Hampshire and exponent of "good citizenship" Mr. Churchill, the man, has won the unbounded admiration of all in any manner acquainted with him, his work and his purpose. Having only recently returned from an extended tour of Europe he declares that there is no spot on earth the equal of New Hampshire for a home, and none except the Alps country that rivals it in beauty and scenic grandeur.

In the development of his estate, Harlakenden House, in the town of Cornish, is seen, in a manner, the depth of his love for New Hampshire and of country life. Selecting a site in the very depths of the forest, away from the highway, and distant a long half mile from the nearest habitation, he made a clearing and quickly had ready for occupancy a house that is everyway beautiful, attractive, commodious, and substantial. Magnificent, it is yet wholly free from that show and glitter all too often noticed in the pretentious American dwelling. Mr. Churchill had his own idea of what he wished as a home for himself, and then engaged the services of Charles A. Platt, the widely known building and landscape architect of New York, to draw designs for the

residence. It is in Colonial style, and of that type which obtained in Pennsylvania and eastern Maryland prior to the Revolution. It is built of brick, rough finished and primitive in form, after the manner of brick imported from England in the days of the colonies. The house has a hip roof and terraces, and spacious porches add to its convenience and beauty. One of its most conspicuous apartments is the music room, finished in the style of the early French chateaus along the Loire. A decoration in this room is an Italian tapestry of marvelous creation, and made four hundred years ago. Above the open fireplace is seen still another work of Italian art in the shape of an altar screen, also of great antiquity. The study and hall are in English antique oak. Hewn timbers are exposed to view, and a French expert, with skilful brush, has given to them the appearance of great age. The dining-room and morning-room are in white Colonial, as are also the bedrooms.

The estate comprises, all told, one hundred and twenty acres. It extends about one thousand feet along the Connecticut river and about a mile inland. The site of the house is the crown of a bluff above the Connecticut river and valley, and from the west porch are views of Ascutney mountain and surroundings.

As is to be taken for granted, everything that in any manner pertains to Harlakenden House bears the impress of the owner's good taste and judgment. There's quality as well as quantity in the estate's development. At all times, and at every point there is an atmosphere of good

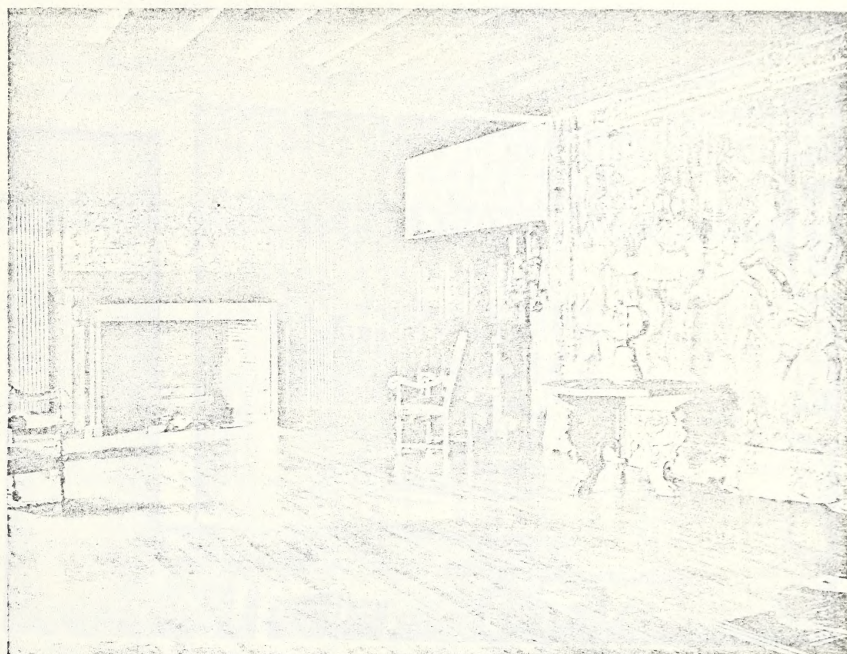




cheer, peace, and contentment. Wide and neatly kept roads lead to the house, and these carriage ways are lined on either side by rows of the native white pine, and if a luxuriant growth is a criterion they find the soil and surroundings of Harlakenden House congenial and life-giving.

The source of the distinctive name of the estate is made known by the

and this he has to a simply wonderful degree. He is intensely democratic, as, perhaps, every one who has ever written about him has been prompt to say, but he never is anything else but the gentleman. As a part of that good citizenship he preaches and practices Mr. Churchill has decided to enter politics, and his first step in this direction is the personal announcement of his candidacy



Music Room, Harlakenden House.

statement that Mr. Churchill married, in October, 1895, Miss Mabel Harlakenden Hall of St. Louis. They have one child who bears the name of her mother, Mabel Harlakenden.

The great distinguishing trait of Mr. Churchill is sincerity, as every citizen of Cornish will freely attest. He has great buoyancy of spirit, indicative of sound health and prudent living. Being sincere he must, as a result, have naturalness of manner,

for the legislature. The man's sincerity and frankness were seen in his entrance into the politics of Cornish and New Hampshire. There was no sending out of feelers and heelers, nor the employment of men to circulate petitions begging him to run for the legislature. He, in perfect accord with his sincerity and frankness, called his fellow-townsmen to his home and told them of his political intentions.

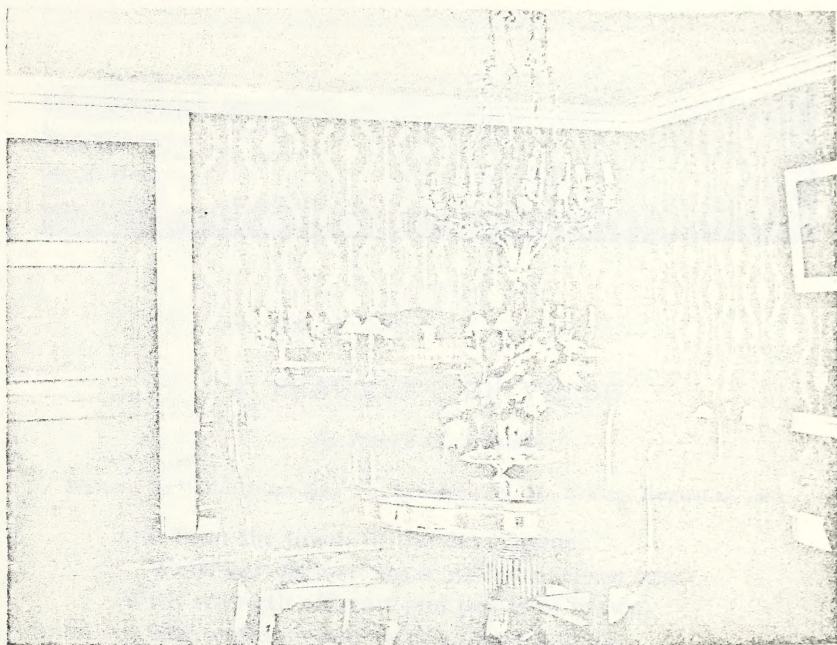




To say that Mr. Churchill is popular with the people of Cornish is simply telling what everyone in New Hampshire already knows. He is one of the people of town and state, and ever ready to zealously aid all that is intended to advance the good of town and state.

Forms in which this intense admiration and regard for New Hampshire take shape in the mind and

improvements call for the expenditure of public moneys and that public revenue is derived from taxation. Naturally his whole being is in accord with all that enters into the life of the farming community, and thus it is that while he desires public improvements for the public good, he does not want to see the burdens of the farmers increased by additional taxation. Are there not ways and



A Corner of the Dining-room, Harlakenden House.

heart of Mr. Churchill are already observed in the words of his voice and pen for rightly constructed roads and timber preservation, two subjects that are of vital concern to every inhabitant of the state. To both of these subjects Mr. Churchill has devoted much thought since he decided to make New Hampshire his home.

Now above all things Mr. Churchill is no dreamer or impracticable theorist. He understands that public im-

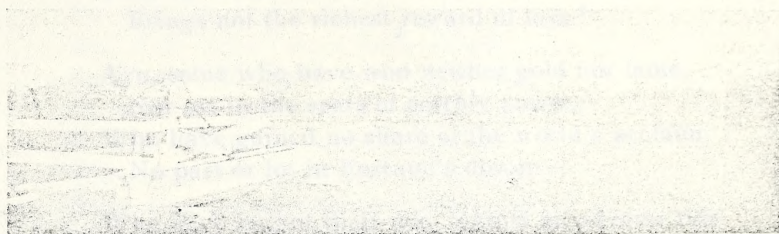
provements for the public good, he does not want to see the burdens of the farmers increased by additional taxation. Are there not ways and means for the accomplishment of these greatly to be desired ends other than by the increase of the farmer's taxes? would seem to be a question that is instant in the mind of Mr. Churchill.

This consideration of the subject of roads and forestry illustrates the intensity of Mr. Churchill's love of rural economy and his apparent belief that it is a good thing for a man to get back to the soil.





Everything that pertains to, or is limited to membership in a Windsor, Vt., lodge of Odd Fellows, but that in any manner accentuates, the pleasures and enjoyments of country life finds favor with the owner of Harlakenden House. He likes to drive, and for this purpose maintains a stable of ten well-bred roadsters. His membership in fraternal associations is limited to membership in a Windsor, Vt., lodge of Odd Fellows, but he belongs also to the Union club, Boston, the Century club, New York, and the University club, St. Louis. He is likewise a member of the Blue Mountain Forest and Game association of New Hampshire.



## A FRAGMENT OF VERSE.

*By Henry H. Metcalf.*

Written for "Old Home Day" in Lempster, N. H., Friday, August 22, 1902.

Out from the town, in the days ago,  
 Went her stalwart sons, with a purpose true;  
 With strength of heart and power of brawn,  
 The world's great work to dare and do.

Out in the varied fields of life,  
 Where earnest battles are fought and won,  
 They have taken their part in the toil and strife,  
 Where deeds of valor and honor are done.

In halls of science and realms of art  
 They have made their place and have won their way;  
 They have stood from the heedless throng apart  
 And zealously wrought from day to day.

They have borne the banner of Truth on high,  
 And carried the message of Love abroad;  
 They have dared for the right in battle to die,  
 With faith in their country, mankind, and God.





They have served the state in public place,  
And nobly have done their duty there ;  
They have borne the burdens of life with grace  
And walked in hope o'er the road of care.

Ah ! some have won and some have lost,  
As we carelessly judge the lives of men ;  
But how heavy the burden and great the cost  
For the luckless lives which we count in vain !

And who shall say, when the race is o'er,  
And the gathered sheaves are garnered above,  
That the humblest work and the scantest store  
Brings not the richest reward of love ?

Aye, some who have won neither gold nor fame,  
Nor sat in the seats of earthly power—  
Who have gained no share of the world's acclaim,  
No part or lot in Fortune's dower—

Who have fought their way 'gainst an adverse tide  
And breasted the waves of a cruel fate,  
Yet aided the weak on either side  
To bear their burdens of crushing weight,

May have won at last a crown more bright  
Than royal monarch has ever worn ;  
May stand at last in the golden light—  
Where Eternal Life and Truth are born !

And who shall say that the meed of praise  
Falls not to the modest sons of toil  
Who went not out in the world's broad ways,  
But kept and tilled their native soil ?

Who walked in the paths their fathers trod,  
Did the daily task as it came to hand,  
True worship paid to their fathers' God,  
Stood firm in the faith of the " Old Home Land " ?

Aye, the sons abroad and the sons at home,  
And the daughters, fair and pure and true,  
Whatever the station to which they have come,  
Whatever the work assigned them to do,—

Be it keeping the home, neath the rooftree old,  
Or moulding the mind of childhood and youth—  
Their reward shall be given ; it is better than gold ;  
'T is the conscious approval of Duty and Truth !





Old Lempster sends her call, to-day,  
 For children, near and far away ;  
 From shop and office, store and hall,  
 From desk and farm, she summons all ;  
 And well-spread board and open door  
 Bespeak her welcome, o'er and o'er.  
 And here they come, from varied ways,  
 The boys and girls of other days,  
 United, once again to stand  
 'On native soil, in " Old Home " land.  
 Oh, day of gladness ! May thine hours  
 Bring greater courage, stronger powers,  
 For every heart and every hand.  
 May each and all more firmly stand  
 For Truth and Right, whate'er betide,  
 At home, abroad, on every side !  
 But, ah ! They come not all to-day,  
 Who went in youth and strength away !  
 Some duty-bound, their course pursue,  
 And others still have bade adieu  
 To all life's scenes ; their labors o'er,  
 They wait us on the other shore.  
 And those who come miss many a face,  
 And form, from old accustomed place ?  
 Miss many a voice whose cherished tone  
 Made home-life sweet in days ago !  
 The turf is green o'er many a grave,  
 In yonder yard, where sleep the brave,  
 The strong, the pure, the sweet, the true,  
 Who bade departing sons adieu,  
 With earnest God-speed on their way,  
 When they went out in life's young day.

---

So has it been in every land and clime  
 Where men have dwelt in all the years of time.  
 No pleasure comes, but sorrow brings alloy,  
 And casts its shadow over every joy.  
 'T is better so ! Such trial brings us power  
 To bear life's burdens every day and hour.  
 Then let us bravely toil along the way  
 Till comes the summons for the " Last Home Day."

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## RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

*By C. C. Lord.*

### RAMBLE XXXVI.

#### THE COMFORT OF APPLES.

**T**HIS is the first week of September. In this latitude of central New Hampshire, we may say now is the beginning of the harvest month. There is more wealth in products of the soil locally brought to the harvest in September than on any other month of the year. Though the fruits of the earth are gathered in part both before and after September, yet on this month the great staple crops of this section are gathered into the farmer's garner. One of the great crops harvested in September is that of the apples.

The apples are now ripening rapidly. Before September there were a few varieties of apples that came to the harvest in luscious excellence, but the bulk of the kind of fruit under discussion was immature until now. Nor is all the yield of the year's harvest of apples yet ripening. Yet there are so many ripening apples that the aspect of extensive maturity affords a prominent fact of the orchard.

As we ramble in the orchard today, the large number of ripe apples lying upon the ground beneath the heavily laden trees is noticeable. A branch of a tree is swayed by the wind and an apple drops. A bird alights upon a bough and an apple

falls. A squirrel leaps from one branch to another and incurs the precipitation of an apple. We purposely jar a limb lightly and a whole concourse of apples seeks the ground. The apples are either ripe or so nearly so that in very many instances only a trifling jar is sufficient to detach one or more from the parent stem. This prolific ripening of apples is suggestive of many a pleasant and profitable reflection. The apple-orchard is the source of many happy and healthful experiences and utilities.

Last spring we rambled one day and took note of the profusion and richness of the apple-bloom. We now mark the plentifulness and worth of the apple-harvest. There is something in apples that suggests thoughts of the beneficence of the Creator in providing them for the pleasure and profit of man and beast. An attestation of the implied truth is afforded by the instinctive eagerness with which the first ripe apples are seized by the animal world. The tottering child, the elastic youth, the strong man, and the slow-paced veteran are all glad for the early apples. The beasts of the field seize them with a quickness that proves the realization of gustatory pleasure of an intense kind. Even the fowls of the air peck them in the enjoyment of their mellow and juicy flesh. Such a comparatively universal





gratification in the presence of apples is a proof of the service they bear to the frugivorous creation.

Apples are good to eat. They render a scientifically economic service implied in the existence of succulent fruits at large. In the warmer seasons of the year, both small and large fruits of characteristic juiciness grow to be the means of alleviating a too intense degree of animal heat, to ensure a greater efficiency of the secernent or depletory organs of the body, and to furnish nutriment in just that form that makes sustenance assured in just the manner to prove life a more permanent enjoyment to every frugivorous creature that possesses it. The widest comprehension alone can appreciate all the vital comfort of apples. The apples constitute one of God's great blessings bestowed upon the world.

The apples are ripening. They will continue ripening for a long time yet. The harvester of apples understands this fact practically if not scientifically. Among all the varieties of apples are some that will "keep" through winter till spring, or early summer, or even sometimes till another autumn. In other words, all the varieties of apples do not ripen as soon as they fall from the tree or are plucked by the husbandman.

Nature intends that the possible irritating effects of the constant use of the heat-producing foods of the approaching cold winter shall be counteracted by the delicious apples of autumn, and saves some of them for the purpose. In certain varieties of apples the slow, chemical process of changing starch into sugar, to mix with and mollify the acid of the fruit,

is prolonged far into the year succeeding that of their growth. For this reason, many apples that are intolerably sour in autumn will, when properly preserved, be found to be mild and grateful to the palate in the following spring. The appreciation of this fact can render an inestimable service to the prudent orchardist.

In this geographical locality, in most autumns, apples are relatively abundant. On frequent harvesting seasons they are innumerable. As a consequence, it is not uncommon for farmers to ask, "What shall we do with our apples?" It were much better for them to inquire, "What could we possibly do without them?" Apples are good for the animal system. They are a comfort to its existence. The man or beast that is in other respects well-fed can eat apples daily with profit. The farmer who has an average family and average flocks and herds need never despair at the prospect of a harvest of a few hundreds of bushels of apples. All the year round apples can be eaten and fed with pleasure to the sense and health to the frame. A little scientific consideration in harvesting and preserving apples can be made to practically redound to the increase of the farmer's permanent income. Providence made no mistake in producing apples and teaching man to multiply the present many and luscious varieties of them. The scientific law of their cultivation, preservation, and use is a proper study of every intelligent ruralist or civilian. There is not a competent person in the world who may not consistently appreciate the comfort of apples.





## RAMBLE XXXVII.

## THE FIRST AUTUMN LEAVES.

The landscape is to-day decorated in a noticeable manner. In roaming here and there, the eye discovers an occasional cluster of leaves that are bright with the hues of autumn. This fact demonstrates the beginning of a phenomenon that is in the nature of things designed to fill the land with beauty. In this geographical locality, there is hardly, if ever, an autumn that is not made glorious by the beautiful trees, dressed in crimson, gold, and purple, the tints of the dying leaves. The length of time in which the landscape is to wear the beautifully variegated hues of autumn depends upon the prevailing clearness of the sky and the moderation of the temperature. A dry, mellow autumn makes a landscape radiant with prolonged beauty of the leaves, but a moist and rugged fall dulls and shortens the effect so pleasing to both the sense and the imagination of the beholder. The few autumn leaves that we see to-day are particularly bright. The sky has been predominantly fair of late, and the season has not yet advanced to the stage of frequently characteristic autumnal chilliness.

The hues of the autumnal landscape are of universal expectation and observation. As a consequence they are popularly remarked with a mere casual expression of a passing event. As we ramble to-day, we meet a rustic friend who says, "The leaves are beginning to turn," but there is nothing in his words and tone that conveys to our mind aught but the merest recognition of an annually recurring certainty. It is the

special province of the peculiarly sensitive mind and imaginative soul to contemplate the common fact until it thrives in the development of an æsthetic experience that, though old, seems both annually and ever new. For a few weeks the thinker, the philosopher, the artist, and the poet will revolve the axioms and ideals that redound to the highest edification and ornamentation of the human mind.

There is hardly a deciduous leaf in the landscape that does not yield its portion to the prevalence of the annual autumnal beauty. Some leaves are modest and uniform in their expressed dying tints, but nearly all are in a sense contributors to the general happy effect. Yet there are leaves of autumnal special loveliness, and we have all learned to recognize and admire them as prominent agents in the grand triumph of nature's artistic skill. Widely seen are the hues of the stately and picturesque maple, while a frequent glance discovers those of the modest sumach, and those of the pretty, clinging woodbine here and there attest a claim to recognition. Then there are other leaves of trees, shrubs, and vines that in their annual display of autumnal tints canvass nearly or quite all the colors of the spectrum. There is an endless variety of the sources of the beauty of the landscape of autumn.

There is a laudable ambition on the part of mankind to give permanency to that which is artistically the loveliest and best. Though the implied purpose cannot be perfectly fulfilled in this world, yet the persistent efforts which the described ambition inspires results in a permanent blessing to the whole race. In





the attempt to prolong the pleasures derived from the autumn leaves, many people gather and preserve them as thankful treasures of the season's beneficence. We sometimes think of autumn leaves not only as beautiful in themselves, but as beautiful symbols of the higher enjoyment that can be realized through the proper contemplation of the pleasures that must perish in the inevitable experience of the mundane world. A beautiful and happy emblem is a winter decoration compounded of bright and variegated autumn leaves.

In the course of our life, we have gathered many autumn leaves. Our observation and experience afford a few hints that may be of use to the casual reader. As ever, the maple is the tree that will furnish the greatest supply of leafy autumnal specimens for preservation. There are always two prominent things to be considered when one selects an autumn leaf for preservation. The shape and the coloring determine the predominant inducement to choose a specimen. But there is another point that is often overlooked by gatherers of autumn leaves. There is a peculiar delicateness of some leaves that depends upon the degree of succulence which they possess. Leaves that are specially fleshy and juicy are undesirable for permanent purposes of decoration. In the deeper recesses of the woods, where the larger trees and shrubs capture the most of the earth's moisture, are often tiny twigs that bear leaves so dry, thin, and delicate as to be almost transparent. Such leaves are specially adapted for preservation, both on account of their characteris-

tic dryness and the refinement of their tints. More than this, having been in, at least, partial shade all their lives, the influence of the sunlight, as it dropped dappling down all summer long, has in the autumn made them the models of the most lovely hues in endless variation of both intensity and combination. No one should think of making a collection of autumn leaves wholly of the specimens that fall from the scattered trees of the more open landscape. Beauty in all its departments of service is graded and diversified. In the wider landscape are found autumn leaves of larger expansion and bolder hues, but in the nooks of the forest are those of smaller size and humbler tints, without which decorative foliar art is a failure.

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#### RAMBLE XXXVIII.

##### AN EXCURSION TRAIN.

There is a social movement this morning that tends to divert the observing mind in a particular direction. It is quite early yet, but still a goodly number of our neighbors are peculiarly astir. A little inquiry only is sufficient to establish the meaning of this special activity. There is an excursion to-day. A special railroad train, affording the privilege of a reduced fare, is to take people to a favorite place of resort. Let us take note of the passing phenomenon more minutely.

The principal railroad station in the town of Hopkinton is at the village of Contoocook. From the hill called Putney's, where we reside, down to Contoocook, is a pleasant





walk of about two miles. We will wander down, visit the station, and gather such profitable hints from the morning aspect of social things as the time and its circumstances may make available.

As we stroll along the highway to Contoocook, teams in number pass us. Quite a delegation of people is abroad from our section of the town. As we enter the village, where numerous highways find a confluence in the square, it is evident that the present social movement is not confined to any special section of the town. Men, women, and children from all parts of our township, not to mention those coming from contiguous towns, are collecting at the Contoocook station to join the grand excursion. With eager hearts, manifested in expectant faces, these people seek the recreation and rejoicing which a popular excursion by rail is supposed to imply. With a pleasant sky and no accidents, the experiences of to-day will redound to the gratification of a considerable multitude of the local or adjacent residents of this land.

Now the excursion train thunders along and stops at the station. It comes from Concord and goes to Lake Sunapee. It includes a considerable number of passenger cars, each one already measurably filled with people. It receives a liberal addition of excursionists at Contoocook, and at succeeding stations the number of seekers after pleasure will be steadily augmented. At Lake Sunapee, the whole multitude will board the steamers in waiting, and, haply to the music of bands or orchestras, will glide upon the smooth surface of the water and revel in the

beauties of the surrounding landscape. At the close of the day all these excursionists will return to their homes, more healthy, more happy, more hopeful. Other things equal, to-day will be a gala-day in their experiences.

So much of our observation and reflection as we have thus far indulged is appropriate for other days of this year. This is not the only excursion train of the season. Others have occurred, or will occur, during the passing summer and autumn. All these trains do not have the same objective destination. Some anticipate journeys to the lakes, others to the mountains, and still others to the cities. However, each one has an import that no thoughtful person can afford to ignore. It is a significant fact that practically the entire population of this great country, by means of its railroads, at the close of the present open time of the year, will have been moved, each individual in numeral practicability having been made to change places. This is a stupendous fact to contemplate. Yet it is more than simply stupendous in its logical significance. It is a fact suggestive of the wonderful and complex agencies now at work, through the manifestation of a beneficent Providence, for the benefit of the American people. Think of the millions of human beings that will have been diverted, ventilated, and recreated in this country when the early snows of winter begin to fall! How much the popular health will be renewed and confirmed by the experience! Yet this is only a small part of the aggregate use of the widely extended exercise.

A critical inspection of the people





who fill this excursion train reveals an important general fact. An acutely observing person cannot fail to notice how many excursionists there are whose individual aspects indicate limited financial resources. This is not strange. Most of the people of this world are comparatively poor. But there is more to be noted as a predominating feature of observation. A vast majority of these ephemeral travelers are of moderate capacity of mind. This is not a fact of extraordinary import. Society is mainly composed of people of mediocre mentality. The important general consideration resides in the inexpensive privilege of all these excursionists to see and know more of the great world than they otherwise would. Experimental contact with the actual world is a great educator, and education is a peculiar safeguard of all profitable popular institutions. Society is safer and better for the occasional excursions which take the people out of their minor individual spheres and show them something of the major collective realm, which is as much larger in its scope and importance than an individual world as the millions of our American people are more in numbers than one man. The orderly and proper intermingling of people, and its attendant excitation and enlargement of their ideas, promote a public use that intelligent society should never attempt to forego. The proximate existence of a railroad, and the occasional occurrence of an inexpensive excursion by train, imply benefits of farther social reach than a mere local conception of utilities can possibly anticipate.

## RAMBLE XXXIX.

## THE FAIR.

To-day there is a very unusual bustle in our local community. Almost every one seems to be astir. Those who are not astir appear to be occupied with the theme that causes the popular activity. Though the hour is as yet quite early, the commotion is already in its full height.

We go out for our occasional ramble and are at once confronted by the active facts of the expressed social case. The highways are being rapidly assumed by the stirring populace. Old and young, high and low, rich and poor,—all are abroad as if in anticipation of a special privilege and enjoyment. Some are on foot and some in teams, but all seem to be tending in the same general direction. A large portion of the moving ones are concentrating their steps on one particular point—the railroad station at Contoocook. The majority of the teams are not bound for the station, but they bear in a uniform direction. All the people that are astir this morning evidently have a common, predominant object. There has not been this year a greater general expression of popular activity and expectation. Yet the cause is very apparent. These people are going to the fair.

In the present instance, we insist upon the intensive force of the idea of "the" fair. These people are not simply going to "a" fair. It is inherent in the life of a community to appreciate a social privilege that is peculiarly local. Every popular location enjoys the conception of special ownership in something. To-day the people of this locality are





bent upon the enjoyment of the privileges and powers implied in the existence of the fair, which is more attractive because it is in a special sense their own enterprise.

The popular idea of a fair is in this region a very complex one. The mingled conceptions of the people astir this morning doubtless embody thoughts relating to industry, improvements, instruction, and rewards. Some of the more contemplative among them are already discussing matters relating to kinds, qualities, expenses, and profits. There are many more who are talking only of the friends they are to meet and the converse they are to enjoy. The mass of the young has its heart set upon the delights that are to greet the eye, the ear, and the palate. There is but one fact of common anticipation. All are going to the fair to be entertained. Happy will it be if no accident occurs to mar the innocent happiness of this manifest gala-day.

We believe in fairs. We have faith in what is constitutionally inherent in human nature. Since history dawned upon the world, fairs of some sort appear to have been implied in the desire of man for recreation and profit. Competition is the life of social activity and enterprise. When competition is simply industrial, it eventually becomes wearing and worrying; when it becomes in part an entertainment, it savors of rest, recuperation, and health. The guiding mind of society readily comprehends this fact. Hence in all ages seasons of public competition have been the occasional resorts of the commonly plodding world. In the fair, or its essential

congener, the world has, for a time, substituted labor by leisure, gravity by gayety, and languishing by laughter.

At the fair to-day, the assembled multitude will see horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, corn, grain, vegetables, fruit, butter, cheese, and a host of other products of the farm. There will be various results of the skill of housewives in sewing and knitting. There will be treasures of local art. There will be music and parading. There will be contests in strength and speed for both man and beast. The popular orator will declaim, and the people will applaud. Incidentally there will be the booth, the fakir, and the peddler. Friend will meet friend, face will respond to face in delighted recognition, and tongue will answer tongue in rapturous greeting. All these things will happen in a day. If the fair is prolonged into another day, the experience will be repeated. Who does not comprehend the excellence and advantage of an annual fair for the people at large? We believe in fairs.

Yet there are drawbacks to the fair. When the people return to-night, we shall hear many criticisms and list many complaints. Some will say that the fair is not as good as it used to be, or that it will soon cease to afford its accustomed entertainment and profit. There will be truth in the complaint. Fairs are of irregular permanency. The fair, though a persistent institution, assumes almost as many changes and variations as the designs of the ever-revolving kaleidoscope.

The practical world is often partly consistent. It persists in its labor





but not in its leisure. Each individual in a reputable community bears a faithful part in the gravities of life, but the gaieties are the provision of a few. Many people learn to languish, but only one now and then laughs with the spirit and understanding also. Stated popular sources of rest, recreation, and rejoicing will never become perfect successes until man learns to exer-

cise the same discreet persistency in the enjoyment of his pleasures that he shows in the suffering of his pains. A profitable educational suggestion is here afforded. The science of entertainment is as useful a study for all as the science of industry. When society proves this fact we shall have fairs as good as they will be gratifying.

### THE VILLAGE, MILTON MILLS.

*By Hervey Lucius Woodward.*

On east and north and west, the hills  
With sloping sides of green  
Surround the village Milton Mills,  
And meadows broad between.

The south wind, warm in summer time,  
Rolls up the winding dell,  
And northward bears the sacred chime  
Of holy Sabbath bell;

The madding sounds of industry,  
Of spindle and of loom,  
It bears above earth's tapestry  
'Till lost in distant gloom.

Here, mill-girl's laugh and school-boy's shout  
Commingle in the street;  
The weak man and the man more stout,  
Alike their fellows greet;

The layman short and parson tall,  
All hold in high esteem;  
The rich and poor, yea, each and all  
Are worthy of my theme.

Their lives are like their busy stream—  
As constant as its flow—  
Which always has a sparkling gleam  
Of sunshine to bestow.





## MY ARCADY.

*By Frederick Myron Colby.*

There is a hillside that I know  
Where oft my straying footsteps go,—  
A little world like paradise  
Lies there beneath my dreamy eyes.  
A quiet spot where one can dream  
Perchance of angels, catch a gleam  
Of heaven, and lie bathed in light  
Like that which dimmed the old seer's sight.

Enchanting landscape, there it lies  
A poet's dream 'neath sunset skies.  
Below, there is the drone of bees,  
A glimpse of spires among the trees.  
Around, green, arching hills are seen  
With pleasant wooded vales between.  
Old Virgil on his Sabine farm  
Wist not of such Arcadian charm.

How restful 't is 'neath sunset's glow  
To climb the hillside from below !  
Above the sounds of care and strife  
I breathe anew the joys of life.  
Far off there thrills a thrush's song,  
The woodland nymphs the notes prolong ;  
All else is hushed to Sabbath calm,  
And silence fills my soul with balm.

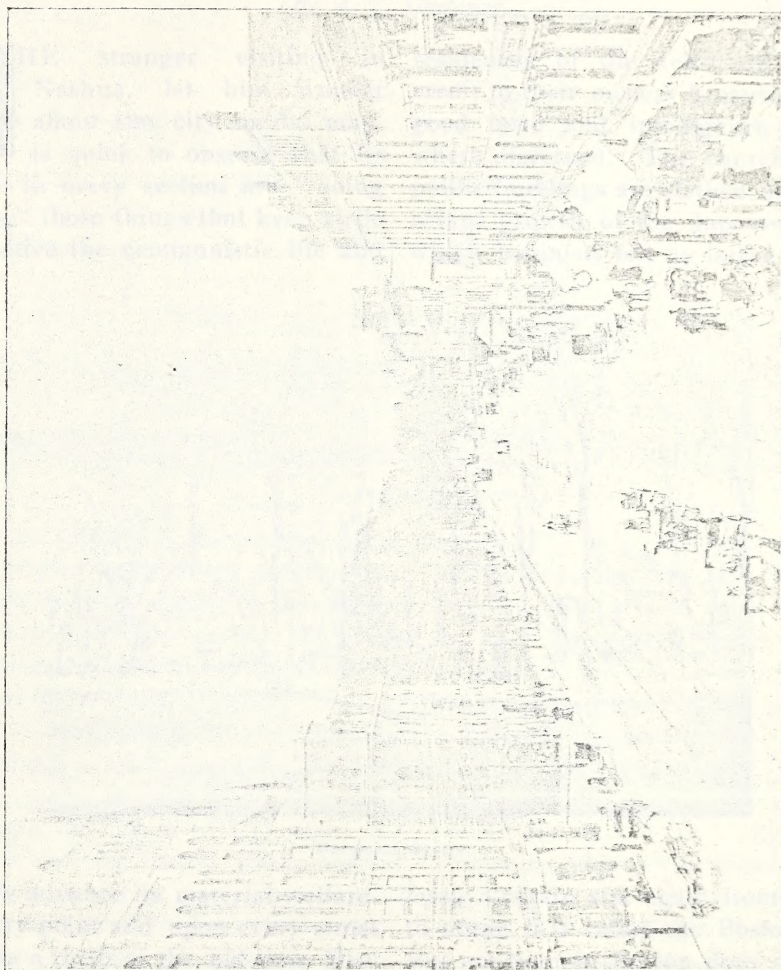
Green, green the grass beneath our feet,  
And fair the blooming violets sweet ;  
Gray-lichened rocks and bosky dells  
Catch now the eye along the swells.  
On distant slopes feed mottled kine,  
And crows caw ! caw ! from yon tall pine.  
In yonder nook a Calibran  
Might listen to the pipes of Pan.

And there my empress on a throne  
Of scented fern or mossy stone,  
Weaves dainty chaplets while I pore  
O'er volumes of dim, ancient lore ;  
And in her violet eyes you trace  
All this sweet witchery of place.  
No vision fairer o'er the sea  
Than this my summer Arcady.





THE NASHUA OF TODAY



MAIN STREET, NASHUA, LOOKING SOUTH.





## THE NASHUA OF TO-DAY.

By A. C. Gustavus.



THE stranger visiting in Nashua, let him wander about the city as he may, is quick to observe that its people in every section are "doing things," those things that keep virile and active the communistic life and

residences of the well-to-do are a credit to their owners because of the good taste and intelligence everywhere discerned. The churches and public buildings are clothed in a luxuriant growth of the Japanese ivy, which botanists tell us is the *Ampe-*



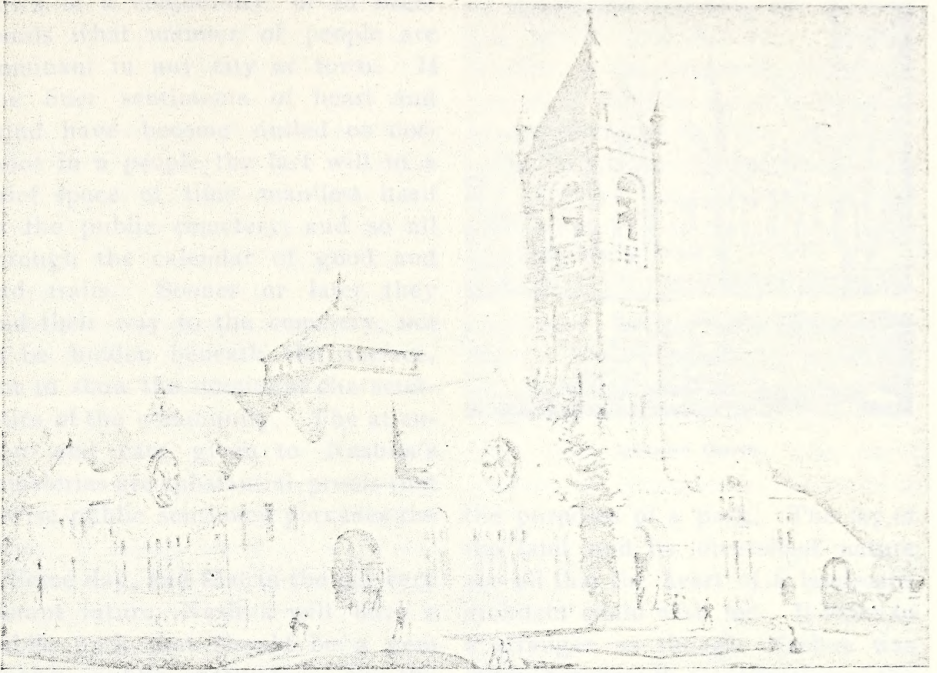
Monument Square.

steadily advance its material welfare. At every point and upon every street there is a thrift of the old-time New England type, intelligent and well-directed. It is not that thrift born of penuriousness, but rather the kind that delights in the acquisition of those advantages that safeguard public health and help along the æsthetic side of life. The humblest homes and their surroundings are neat, tidy, and tastefully maintained, while the

*lopsis Veitchii*, and again from ocean to ocean it is called the Boston ivy. But not even in Boston does one see this favorite climber in so great profusion and rank a growth as is presented everywhere in Nashua. Then upon every residence street, road, and avenue lawns and flower gardens are rich in their plantings of trees, shrubs, and vines, with pleasing admixture of the olden-time favorites and the more recent candidates for







First Congregational Church.

popular favor. Seemingly every porch has its crimson rambler rose, which in their season of florescence, in later June and earlier July, form picture after picture of dazzling brilliancy in intensest crimson.

It is Nashua's great good fortune, as respects its topography, to have opportunity to grow in all directions. Nature has made all its acres and fields natural home sites, and its home builders in the past have had the good sense to have their respective house lots of spacious dimensions, a custom that will doubtless be maintained, for this recognition of the value and desirability of the æsthetic side of home building is deep-rooted in Nashua and through the efforts of certain men and women is still being diligently nurtured. Years ago Nashua had a horticultural society, and the good it ac-

complished is of incalculable value. While this association no longer exists its influence for good goes on, season after season. With such men as Hon. Charles W. Hoitt, justice of the Nashua police court, manifesting a keenest interest in the advancement of this pronounced factor in Nashua's life, its expansion may be confidently looked for. The grounds of Justice Hoitt's home on Concord street aptly illustrate the extent to which an intelligent horticultural taste has been attained in the city. A visit to Nashua's cemeteries reveals to the eye just so many vast flower gardens or tastefully-planned parks, and these cemeteries do the city all the greater credit when it is learned that their maintenance is accomplished at a comparatively small outlay of money.

A cemetery reveals the character-





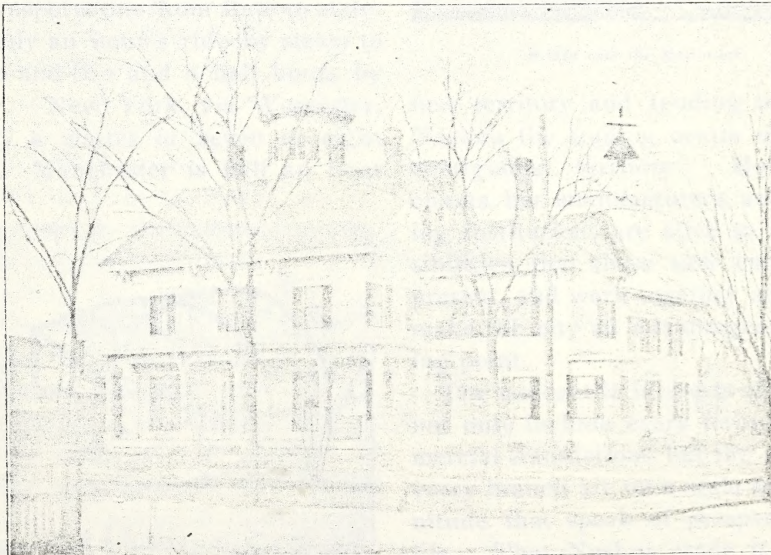
istics of a community, or in other words what manner of people are dominant in any city or town. If the finer sentiments of heart and mind have become dulled or dormant in a people the fact will in a brief space of time manifest itself in the public cemetery, and so all through the calendar of good and bad traits. Sooner or later they find their way to the cemetery, not to be hidden beneath the surface, but to show the dominant characteristics of the community. The attention and care given to Nashua's cemeteries are substantial proofs that a wise public sentiment pervades the city.

Some day, and that in the not very distant future, Nashua will have a public park that should be a gem among public grounds. To the north of the city, distant fifteen minutes by trolley from city hall, is an estate known as the Greeley farm. This has been given to the city for



Unitarian Church.

the purposes of a park. The lay of the land and its diversified nature are all that the heart of a landscape architect could wish for. It looks to a stranger as though Nashua was somewhat slow in a realization of the prize it has in the Greeley estate for a park, for comparatively little has been thus far done in its development and lay out. This seems all



Emergency Hospital.

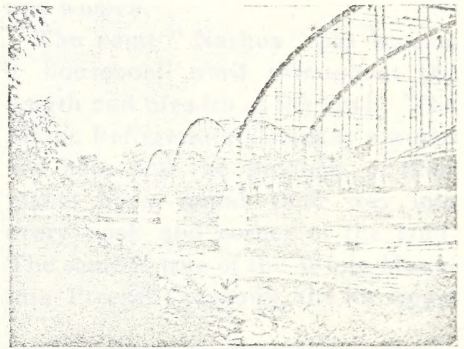




the more strange when it is remembered that public parks are, as a rule, their own justification from a financial point of view, for they quickly enhance the value of all neighborhood property and thus pay for themselves as quickly. But however this may be, Nashua has the nucleus of a splendid park and a finished feature of this are some six or seven giant elms that stand by the roadside and upon the lawn of the Greeley house at the terminus of the trolley line. These elms vary in the circumferences of their trunks five feet above the ground from fourteen to seventeen feet, with perhaps a height of eighty-five feet. Each tree is of the umbrella type of elm and the spread of the branches of each is unusually great. Together the trees constitute what must for long remain a prized feature of the park.

Nashua is oftentimes mentioned as the gate city of the state, as it lies along the Massachusetts line, and a brief few minutes in steam or trolley car transports one from state to state. It is only an hour's ride by steam to Boston and two and a half hours by trolley. New York, via Worcester, is only a matter of seven or eight hours. Manchester is half an hour

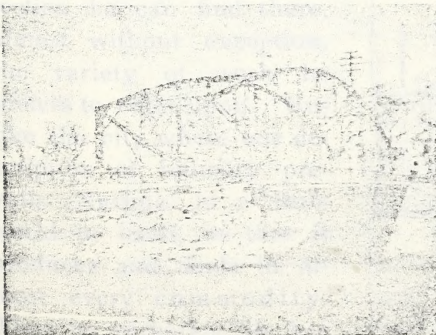
to the north, and Concord an even hour in the same direction. In fact, Nashua is the centre of a circle of important towns and cities lying in every direction, and she has practically direct communication with them all. Her advantages as an industrial and commercial centre are thus on an immense scale, and capable of unlimited expansion. The soon-to-be-completed trolley line, connecting Nashua with Concord, via Manchester, adds still another important material and economic advantage to the city. Still other electric lines are in process of construction penetrating



Bridge over the Merrimack.

new territory and tending to make Nashua the trading centre of a vast contiguous territory. Her merchants, her manufacturers, and banking institutions are alive to the possibilities that these new enterprises present, and work together as one to make the city an advantageous trading point.

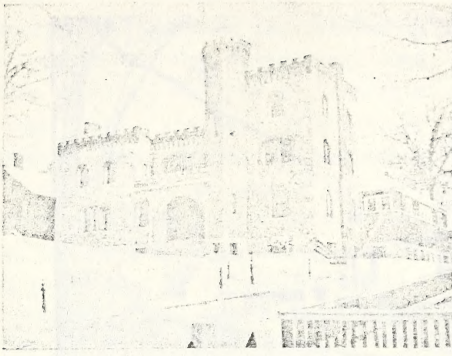
The mercantile interests of the city not only include every form of commercial transactions but the stores of every branch are on a scale and magnitude that speak of prosperity and life. That Nashua trade is intelligent and discriminating is shown in



Canal Street Bridge.







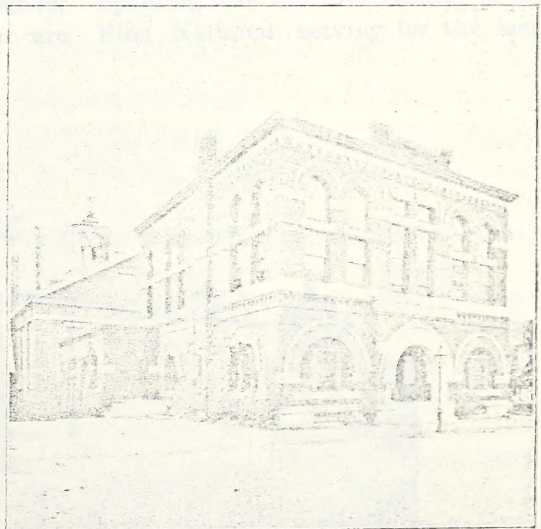
The Armory.

the tasteful and elaborate equipment of grocery, market, and the department store. Many of these marts of trade would do credit to a city of many times the size of Nashua, so large and tastefully fitted up are they.

Again is the city distinctly fortunate in a marked diversity of industry. This fact alone assumes the continued growth and prosperity of the city as it invites and encourages every class of artisan, and that, too, of the higher type of mechanical skill. Especially does Nashua offer opportunity as a field of effort for the young man on the threshold of his career, for whatever his bent or predilection he can find there, almost without exception, the variety of work he prefers to enter upon. Unlike the city where one description of industry prevails Nashua is a little world in itself, in that it produces and deals in almost every commodity. Thus its corporate life has a sure and stable founda-

tion, and one not to be affected by the uncertainties and fluctuations of the commercial and industrial world. The future of the city is most promising, for it has been started aright, and, best of all, its business men are fully alive to their opportunities, and are striving to foster the city's growth, not only as respects the quantity of that expansion, but what is of more importance the genuine quality of the same. It is this idea of quality that one does not fail to observe and admire in all that pertains to the city's life and characteristics. Not only how much, but how good can the city's life be, is the concern of its men and women.

The name "Nashua" has become a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The Maine Refrigerator Company's works are here and the products of their plants have found their way into every nook and corner of the land. The same is true of the White Mountain Freezer Company, the ice cream



The Police Station.





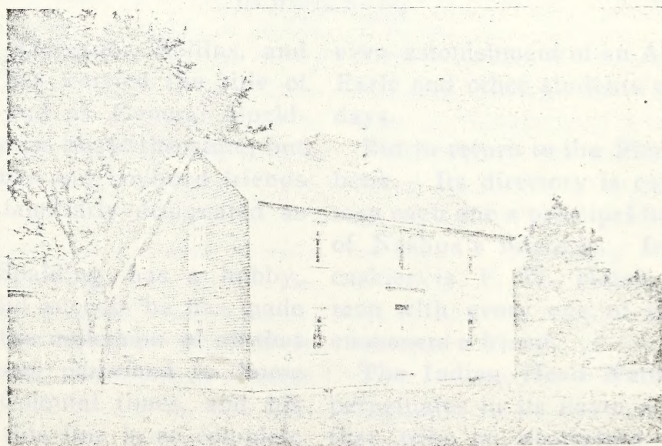


Spalding Homestead, Wilton,—Birthplace of Hon. John A. Spalding, Postmaster of Nashua.

freezers which have reached an enormous annual output. The famous Londonderry Lithia water is bottled in and distributed from Nashua, and is still another industry that has made the name of the city familiar far and wide. The great cotton and shoe manufacturing plants of the city are bulwarks of its industrial life and strength.

The banking institutions of the city are not only large in number for a community of its size, but are

noted in the financial world for successful management and strength of resources. The First National bank, located opposite the city hall, has occupied its own building for thirty-five years. Its president is the Hon. J. A. Spalding, present postmaster of Nashua, and a man known throughout the state for his long identification with its business, financial, political, and other interests. Mr. Spalding was the first cashier of the First National, serving for the long



"The Haunt," owned by William E. Spalding.





period of thirty-two years. He is a native of Wilton and yet retains in his possession the homestead and estate. On his election as president of the bank, his son, William E. Spalding, was chosen his successor as cashier. He is one of the best known of the younger men of the city, for he has always been active and prominent in all that concerned its welfare. He was a member of

Colonial house of the better type, and the filling of it with the furniture, plate, dishes, and, in fact, practically every article used by the pioneers of state and nation. The house stands on the spacious lawn of General Spalding's Concord street residence, and it and its contents constitute a collection at once so complete, great, and varied that it could not fail to elicit the admiration and



The Writing Building.

the staff of Governor Rollins, and since then has carried the title of "general," and as General Spalding he is known about the state, but to his intimates and boyhood friends he is still familiarly designated as "Will."

General Spalding has a hobby, and a splendid success he has made of it. It is the collection of all that in any manner pertained to home life in the Colonial times, and his effort along this line is so complete as to include the acquisition of a

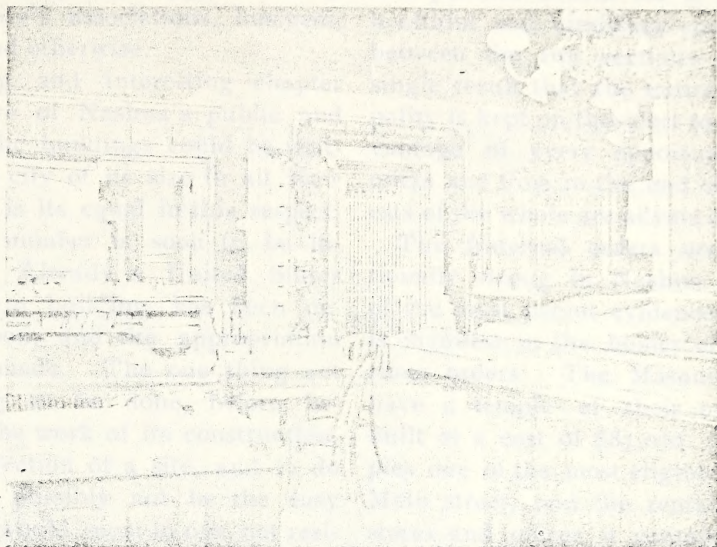
even astonishment of an Alice Morse Earle and other students of Colonial days.

But to return to the First National bank. Its directory is composed of men each one a principal in some one of Nashua's interests. Its assistant cashier is F. W. Hatch, a young man with every one of the bank's customers a friend.

The Indian Head National bank perpetuates in its name a legend of that tribe of aborigines who once held sway in that territory now occu-







Interior Indian Head National Bank.

pied by Nashua and the region round about. Located on the left bank of the Nashua river, and in the beautiful and modern Whiting buildings the rooms of the Indian Head National bank are easily among the best devoted to this purpose that are to be found in all New England. All the equipments of the banking rooms are of the most modern design, substantial, practical, and attractive. The bank plant includes a safety deposit vault that is, in its every particular, of the best and latest construction, leaving nothing, so far as human eye has thus far been able to fathom, yet, to be desired. The outer door of solid steel weighs nine thousand five hundred pounds, while the inner doors weigh still another three thousand five hundred pounds. The massive bolts of the outer door are twenty-four in number, and when closed have a total resistance of three million pounds. The locking device of the massive

outer door represents the latest and most ingenious achievement of the art of making safes. There is no connection, direct or indirect, with the lock and bolt work from the outside of the door.

The president of the bank is David A. Gregg; vice-president, W. H. Beasom; cashier, Ira F. Harris; assistant cashier, J. B. Tillotson. The directors are David A. Gregg, William H. Beasom, William J. Flather, James H. Tolles, Horace C. Phaneuf, George O. Whiting, Edward E. Parker, and John H. Field.

Mr. Harris, the cashier of Indian Head bank, is recognized everywhere as a most successful bank manager. Beginning his career as an office boy in the bank he has risen, step by step, to his present position. A man of remarkable fertility of resource and keenest judgment, his opinion is sought upon all questions that concern the welfare of Nashua and the state. He is active





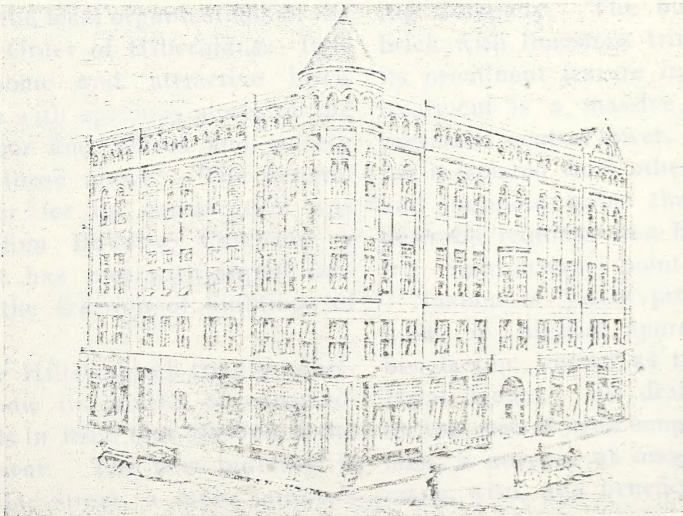
in membership and support of many of the city's associations, business, social, and otherwise.

A long and interesting chapter descriptive of Nashua's public and semi-public buildings could be written. No city of its size in all New England is its equal in this respect, and the number is soon to be increased. Already a United States government building has been decided upon, and the appropriation therefor made. The one thing yet remaining to be done, before beginning the work of its construction, is the selection of a site, and to do this will possibly not be the easy matter it would seem to one not resident in the city. Nashua is divided in twain by the river of its name, and between the geographical divisions thus made there is a rivalry for supremacy in all those advantages that accrue and multiply in a smart and strenuous city like Nashua. But this rivalry is not to the injury of the city. Looked at in all its phases it

is a positive benefit, for it fosters a healthful and vitalizing competition between the two sections with the single result that the entire municipality is kept on the alert to take advantage of every opportunity that offers and thus in the end the interests of the whole are advanced.

The fraternal orders are exceptionally strong in Nashua and one of the most potent evidences of this is manifest in the homes of the various orders. The Masonic bodies have a temple of their own, and built at a cost of \$87,000. It occupies one of the most eligible sites on Main street, and the rentals of the stores and offices it contains pay a handsome and every way satisfactory dividend on the investment.

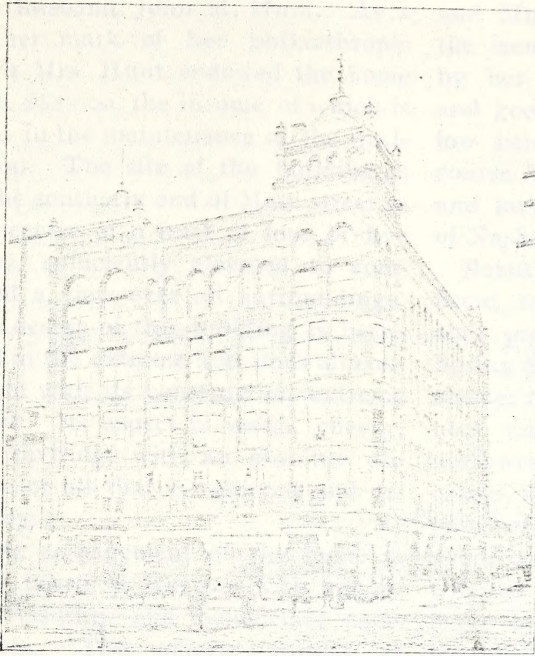
Still nearer the business section of the city is the magnificent structure of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, a combined store and office building built at a cost of quite \$100,000. In it are some of the largest and most attractive stores in



The Masonic Temple.







Odd Fellow Building.

the city, and its offices are models of their kind.

Still another society building is the new O'Donnell Memorial building, only recently dedicated as the home of the local organizations of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It is a handsome and attractive brick structure with spacious stores on the street floor and offices and society hall on those above. The general contractor for its construction was the Nashua Building Company, a firm that has met with signal success in the erection of buildings of its class.

A new Hillsborough county courthouse, now in process of construction, tells in itself that Nashua is the county seat. The new building is on Temple street, a mere minute's walk from Main, and the site is one finely adapted for a building of its

purpose. The general contractor is the Nashua Building Company, while the plans were drawn by D. H. Woodbury, architect, Boston.

Ere another New Year's day comes around, with its cheer, and promise, and hope, the present large and well-selected city public library will be located in a new home of its own, which will forever bear the name of the John M. Hunt Memorial Building. It is so named from the fact that it has a fund of \$50,000 founded by the late loved and revered Mrs. John M. Hunt, in memory of her husband, whose name is a most honored and con-

spicuous one in Nashua's history.

The new library building is after designs by Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, architects, Boston, and the general contractor is the Nashua Building Company. The building is of brick with limestone trimmings, and its prominent feature in its general treatment is a massive, finely proportioned central tower. The building is isolated from other structures, and therefore gains that extremely desirable requisite in a library building—light at every point.

Nashua is justly proud of and holds in highest appreciation the benefaction known as the John M. Hunt Home. Its design provides for the care of aged couples and aged men, a purpose at once highly humane, wise, and beneficent. It was built by funds given by the late Mary A. Hunt as a memorial of her



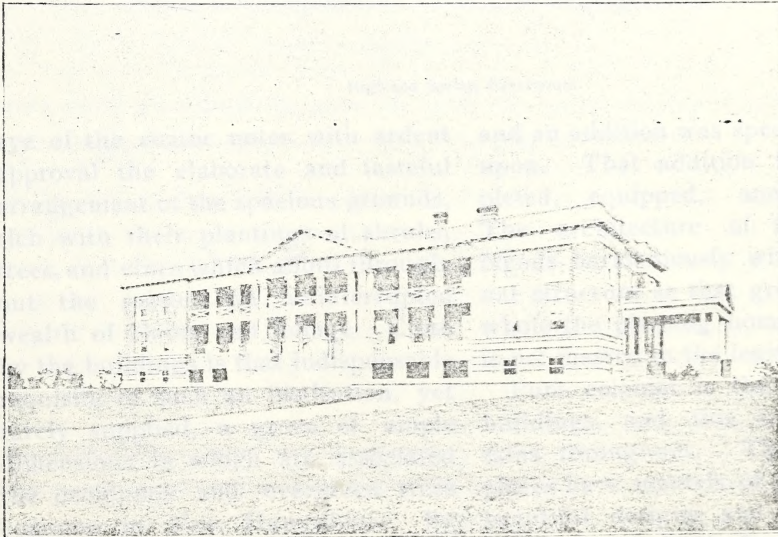


late husband, John M. Hunt. As a further mark of her philanthropic spirit Mrs. Hunt endowed the home with \$88,000, the income of which is used in the maintenance of the institution. The site of the building is at the southerly end of Main street in the centre of a tract of four or five acres, sufficiently elevated to command a view over all surroundings. The design of this building is beautiful in the extreme and does all connected with its construction extreme credit. Its aspect is warm, cheery, and inviting, with an absolute absence of all that is reserved and repelling.

The management of the home is by a board of trustees with executive, visiting, and beneficiary committees. The officers consist of president, vice-president, treasurer, and clerk. Included in the list of officers, the trustees, and all of the committees, is the name of Miss Mary E. Hunt, the daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. Hunt. She keeps vivid the memory of her honored parents by her philanthropic ministrations and good deeds in behalf of her fellow beings, and it is a matter of course that she is held in marked and loving esteem by all the people of Nashua.

Beautiful for situation and magnificent in its architectural features and proportions is the Highland Spring Sanatorium, situated on Manchester road, and a brief twenty minutes' walk from the city hall, to the northwest. The great buildings crown the summit of the highest point of land in the region round about, and nature has not left uncontributed a solitary feature desired to make complete and ideal this home for the ill and convalescent. Added to this the construction and equipment of the buildings have been, to the minutest detail, intelligent, practical, and pleasing to a degree that leaves nothing else to be wished for.



The John M. Hunt Home for Aged Couples.





The sanatorium has sloping from it a total of fifty acres of land, and every acre of this domain presents some desirable trait of New England's unequalled landscape. As the distinctive name of the sanatorium indicates, the institution has its own isolated water supply and the watershed of Highland spring is wholly upon the home grounds, thus precluding the possibility of contamination.

Approaching the sanatorium, the

floor-like surface, and here one can lounge, sleep, and rest in all the quiet and seclusion of den or parlor.

It was the manifest advantages of the site and locality that led to the inception of the Highland Spring Sanatorium and its instant and continuous success unequivocally justifies its idea and creation. Ample as were the accommodations of the original structure, when opened as a sanatorium in 1900, they quickly proved inadequate to the demands,



Highland Spring Sanatorium.

eye of the visitor notes with ardent approval the elaborate and tasteful arrangement of the spacious grounds, rich with their plantings of shrubs, trees, and vines which afford throughout the season an uninterrupted wealth of bloom and foliage. Close by the buildings is that indispensable requisite of such an institution, yet rarely supplied, a grove of ample dimensions in which are associated the deciduous and evergreen trees common to New Hampshire. By the removal of the underbrush and the like the grove has been given a

and an addition was speedily decided upon. That addition is now completed, equipped, and occupied. The architecture of the addition blends harmoniously with the original structure so that great as is the whole the pleasing home-like aspect is not marred in the least.

Pure colonial is the style of the buildings, and this treatment obtains throughout. The open fireplaces have mantels of exceptionally beautiful designs, and every staircase hall can justly be described as grand. Parlors, halls, and libraries



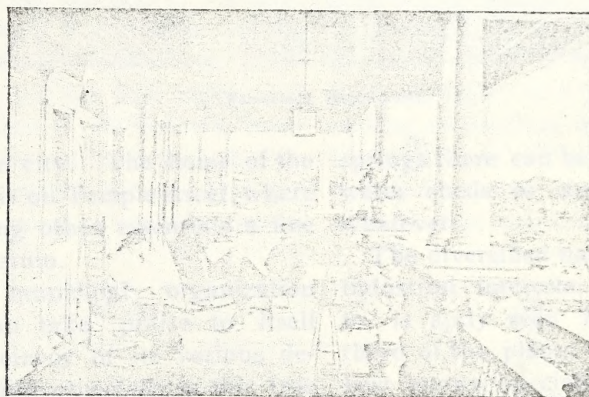


are in strict keeping with the purest colonial architecture, while the dining-room with its opening conservatory and playing fountain is really a feature that would be notable in a royal palace. Yet never does the unrestrained, home-like atmosphere disappear.

A valued feature of the newer part of the sanatorium is a solarium or sun gallery. The glass sides afford the light of the open day and the views of every point. The sanatorium farm and kitchen gardens and

university, and during his entire professional life he has made nervous and mental diseases a specialty. He was later at the head of the widely known Adams Nervine, Jamaica Plain, Mass. His Boston office is in Warren Chambers, but every patient at Highland Spring Sanatorium is under his care.

The resident physician at the Sanatorium is A. E. Brownrigg, formerly of Concord. Although young in years Dr. Brownrigg has gained a reputation for skill, discernment,



Piazza—Highland Spring Sanatorium.

orchards yield abundant supplies of all those things so desired in country life.

The Highland Sanatorium is for the reception and care of patients of either sex ill from any disease except those of an infectious nature, and particularly those of a nervous type, organic or functional, and for those seeking restoration from the use of intoxicants and narcotics.

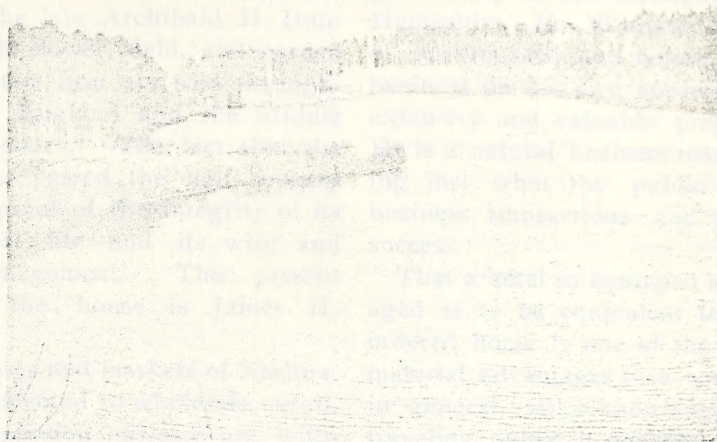
Robert T. Edes, M. D., is the president and medical director. Dr. Edes has a national fame in his profession. He was formerly a professor in the Medical School of Harvard

and all round ability that extends throughout the state.

The visitor in Nashua is quick to observe that the city abounds in notably fine church edifices representing the various creeds and denominations. The unusual size of the different churches and their fine appearance tell the story of a strong and vigorous support, spiritual and material, an additional proof that the city is typical of all that is best in New England life. Nashua is not without its Young Men's Christian Association, and as an auxiliary of the church is doing a vast amount of







Pennichuck Water-works.

work in the city. The home of the association is on Temple street, where it has among other essentials a fine new gymnasium.

In its municipal organization Nashua can take praise to itself for the efficiency of its various departments and especially is this true of its fire department. The houses and equipments of the department are easily among the best in all New England.

That a domestic water supply is of first importance in a city all admit, and in this respect Nashua is, indeed, fortunate to an extent that simply leaves nothing more to be desired, and the residents of the city appreciate fully their great good fortune. The city's water supply is controlled by a corporation known as the Pennichuck Water Company, and the source is wholly from springs which afford millions of gallons daily. The water is almost absolutely free from foreign matter, and as the source is from

springs there can be no danger from water sheds or any contamination whatever.

The diversified nature of Nashua's industrial interests, already referred to, is aptly seen in the existence there of the plants of several of the best known specialties in the country. One of the latest of these plants and enterprises is the Thermo-Compress company for the manufacture of a pad for use in medical practice. This pad is the invention of Lyman Cheney, a long-time resident of Nashua, and is made of an especially prepared all-wool absorbent felt, filled with a non-medicated and non-medicating material, having the peculiar property of retaining heat or cold longer than any other known substance. The company is incorporated with a capitalization of \$250,000, and besides the home office in Odd Fellows' building, has a main office in Tremont building, Boston.

A detailed story of Nashua's com-



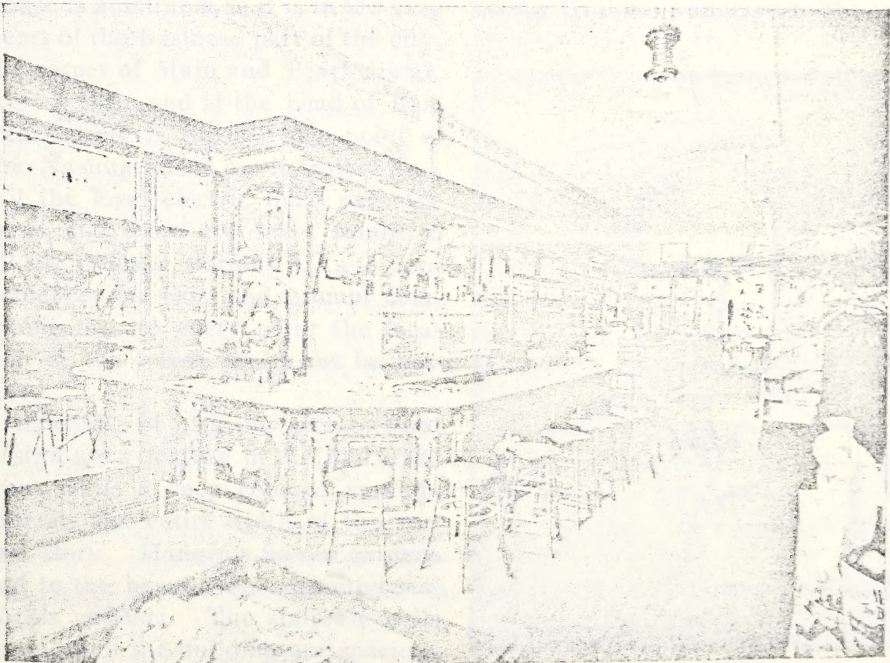


mercial interests would have as one of its earliest chapters one dealing with the seed business of A. H. Dunlap & Sons, established fifty-one years ago by the late Archibald H. Dunlap. The flower, field, and garden seeds of this firm are sold throughout New England and the Middle Atlantic states. The fact that the house has passed the half century mark is proof of the integrity of its commercial life and its wise and able management. The present head of the house is James H. Dunlap.

The stores and markets of Nashua, whether devoted to wholesale, retail, or a commission business are, without exception, of the first order, and offer their patrons all that the markets of the world afford. A fine illustration as to the extent and merit of the city's marts of trade is shown

in the store of Frank H. Wingate, one of the most successful of Nashua's merchants, and a druggist widely known throughout New Hampshire. Mr. Wingate is a native of Somersworth, and before entering business on his own account had an extensive and valuable preparation. He is a natural business man, realizing just what the public like in business transactions, and thus his success.

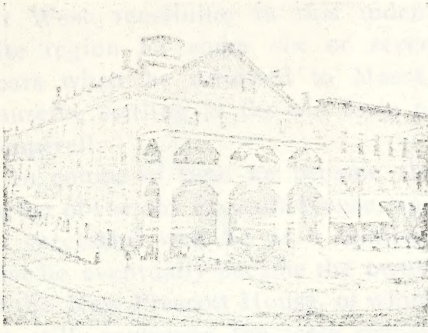
That a hotel so equipped and managed as to be equivalent to a well-ordered home is one of the greatest material advantages to a community in general, all acknowledge. The traveling public is inclined to speak ill or favorably of a town or city according as a well or indifferently kept hotel is found. Thus it is that the business interests of a city are keenly alive to the necessity of an attrac-



Interior of F. H. Wingate's Drug Store.







Tremont House.

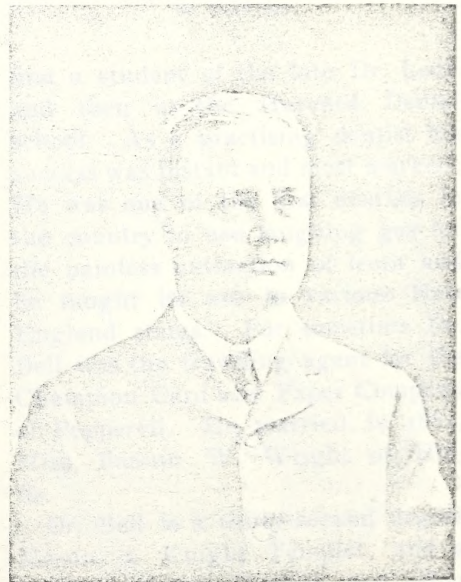
tively managed public house. In the Tremont House Nashua has a hotel the skilful management of which is not only appreciated by the traveling public but by the people of the city as well. Now under the management of Messrs. Graham and Bell the house, like an intelligently conducted business interest, grows in the volume of its business and in popular esteem. The location of the house is admirable as it is in the very heart of the business part of the city, the corner of Main and Pearl streets. Across Main and at the head of East Pearl street is the starting point of the Nashua and Lowell trolley line. All the local electric lines pass the hotel, and there are direct routes to all the railroad stations. As to conveniences for easy and prompt communication to every point the location of the house could not be bettered.

Balconies of pleasing architectural design are a feature of the first story front while a deep covered veranda extends the entire width of the second story. Hanging flower gardens add to the beauty and attractiveness of this veranda. The staircase halls throughout the building are spacious and tastefully decorated. The house

is admirably heated and lighted and has connected a commodious billiard hall, and in the building adjoining on Pearl street are the Tremont House stables.

The dining-room of the hotel accommodates one hundred and fifty guests at a sitting. The cuisine and service are such as meet the requirements of the most exacting guests. Messrs. Graham and Bell are not only practical hotel men, but are successful men of affairs in general, a fact that increases their efficiency as landlords.

Thomas F. Graham, the senior partner, was born in Lowell, January 10, 1854, the son of James and Hannah (Keiley) Graham. His school days ended when he was only eleven years old, after which he went to work in a woolen mill in Lowell. After an employment of several years among carding machines and looms young Graham wandered to the then



Thomas F. Graham.





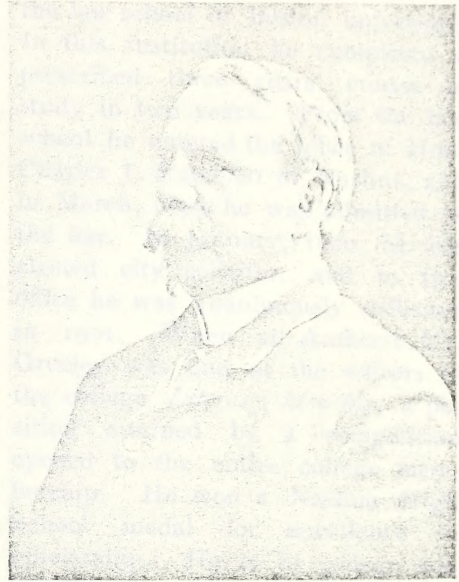
far West, remaining in this indefinite region for some six or seven years when he returned to Massachusetts, settling in the old town of Pepperell.

In course of time he became the owner of the old Prescott House, and so successful was he as a landlord that he eventually became the owner of the New Prescott House, of which he still continues the sole owner. Last December Mr. Graham bought the Tremont House, and on January 1, 1902, he formed a partnership with Dr. Frank Bell in its management, each partner holding a half interest in the house.

All the financial wealth that Mr. Graham had when he bought the old Prescott House in Pepperell was \$500, but to-day he is the holder of a considerable real estate in Pepperell and Nashua. He is an ardent lover of a good horse, and is to-day the owner of Boralight, 2.18½ at Worcester in July last.

Frank Bell, D. D. S., is one of the best known citizens of southern New Hampshire, for prior to his engaging in the hotel business on January 1, 1902, he was a practising dentist, and as such he gained an exceptional success. Born in the adjoining town of Hollis he may be said to have passed his years identified with Nashua's life. He was the son of John C. and Sarah A. (Dow) Bell, and is a grandson of Judge Charles Bell of Vermont. Born September 8, 1847, it will be seen that Dr. Bell is as yet in his prime. After attending the schools of Hollis and Mont Vernon academy one year he entered the Maryland Institute of Design, Baltimore, and pursued a five years' course. Possessing a marked predi-

lection for mechanics he learned the machinist's trade on returning to Nashua. Later he became a student in dentistry, and in this profession his mechanical bent served him to most excellent purpose. He was



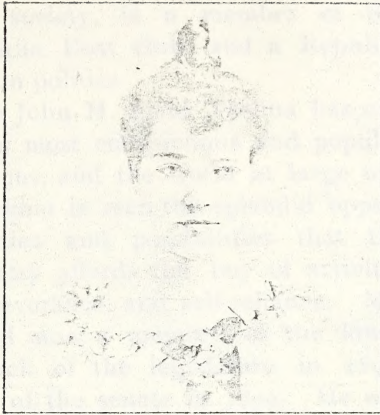
Dr. Frank Bell.

first a student of the late Dr. Lock and then at the Harvard Dental school. As a practising dentist his success was instant and most marked. He was one of the first dentists in the country to use laughing gas for the painless extraction of teeth and he taught its use in various New England states. For sometime Dr. Bell was the traveling agent for the Champion Card and Paper Company of Pepperell. He married, in 1884, Miss Fannie W. Wright of Hollis.

Dr. Bell is a thirty-second degree Mason, a Knight Templar, and a member of the Guards, and other clubs of the city.





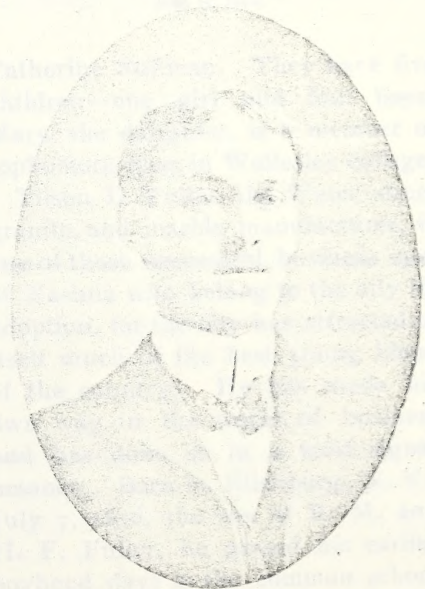


Mrs. Ethel Blood Ingram.

The Nashua School of Music, of which Mrs. Ethel Blood Ingram is the director, is the only institution of its kind in New Hampshire. Mrs. Ingram, although young as years count, has had an invaluable training in her profession and, best of all, she has that inestimable trait in a teacher, the faculty to impart knowledge to others. Her school curriculum includes music, both vocal and instrumental, elocution, and physical culture. The various rooms of the school are pleasantly arranged and completely equipped. A flattering and deserved success is the record of the school from the start.

A noticeable feature of Nashua life is its number of young men belonging to the legal profession, and it cannot be other than interesting to watch the coming career of some of these members of the Hillsborough county bar. In Harry P. Greeley the city has a young man and lawyer in whom it takes justifiable and natural pride, and of whom it is predicted much will be heard in the future. He is a native of the city, born March 21, 1874, the son of

Onslow S. and Gertrude E. (Parker) Greeley. He attended the public schools of Nashua, graduating from its high school in 1893. Entering Amherst college with the class of '94 he remained there three years and was then enrolled as a student in the law school of Boston university. In this institution he completed a prescribed three years' course of study in two years. From the law school he entered the office of Hon. Charles J. Hamblett of Nashua, and in March, 1899, he was admitted to the bar. In January, 1900, he was elected city solicitor, and to this office he was unanimously reelected in 1901. When at Amherst Mr. Greeley was one of the editors of the college *Literary Monthly*, a position attained by a competition opened to the entire college membership. He won a Nashua High School medal for excellence in scholarship. He is in college fraternities a member of the Delta Upsi-



Harry P. Greeley.

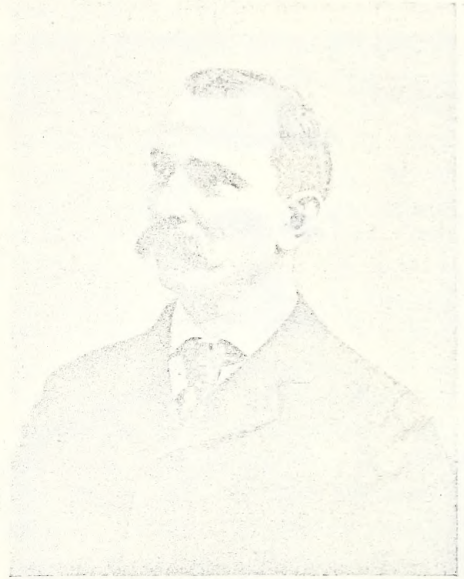




lon society, is a member of the Nashua Boat club, and a Republican in politics.

In John H. Field Nashua has one of its most conspicuous and popular citizens, and the world at large one in whom is seen the splendid opportunities and possibilities that the country affords the boy of activity, perseverance, and self-reliance. Mr. Field was a member of the lower branch of the legislature in 1893, and of the senate in 1899. He was born in the village of Amoskeag, Manchester, August 29, 1858, the son of John and Mary A. Field. At nine years of age young Field went to work in a mill. In 1875, when fifteen years old, he removed with his parents to Nashua, and his first work in the Gate city was in the boot and shoe factory of the Estabrook-Ander-son Company. He improved his spare hours both in Amoskeag and Nashua by attending evening and private school, and in time gained an education that has been of the most practical advantage to him. Eventually he entered the grocery store of the late Catherine Sullivan, then—as now, one of the largest in the city, and in time became manager of the store. He has served two terms as alderman from Ward 8, and for six years past has been a member of the Republican State Central committee. When in the state senate Mr. Field was a member of the committees on industrial school, corporations, and banks. He is at present a valued member of the Nashua school board. He is a member of the Knights of Columbus, was one of the building committee of the just completed O'Donnell memorial of the A. O. H., is a director of the

Indian Head National bank, trustee of the Nashua Institution for Savings, president of the Nashua Coöperative Iron foundry, and director in the Nashua Building and Loan association. In 1882 he married Miss



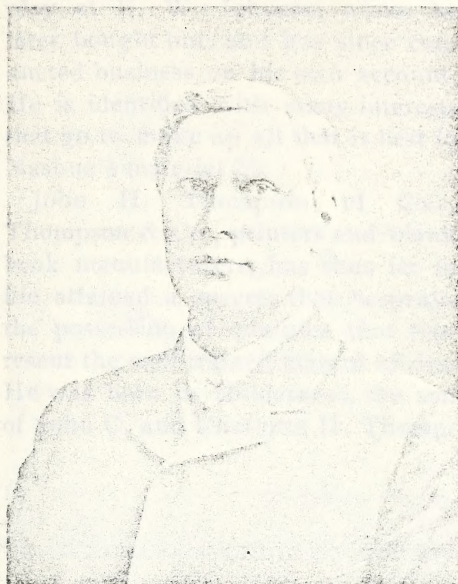
John H. Field.

Catherine Sullivan. They have five children—one girl and four boys. Mary, the daughter, is a member of sophomore class in Wellesley college.

Tilson D. Fuller, the Water street granite and marble manufacturer, is one of those successful business men of Nashua who belong to the city by adoption, for the city has attracted to itself much of the best young blood of the country. He has made his own way in the world of business and has done so in a most signal manner. Born in Ellenburg, N. Y., July 7, 1856, the son of R. M. and H. F. Fuller, he passed his earlier boyhood days in the common school of his native Ellenburg, but by the



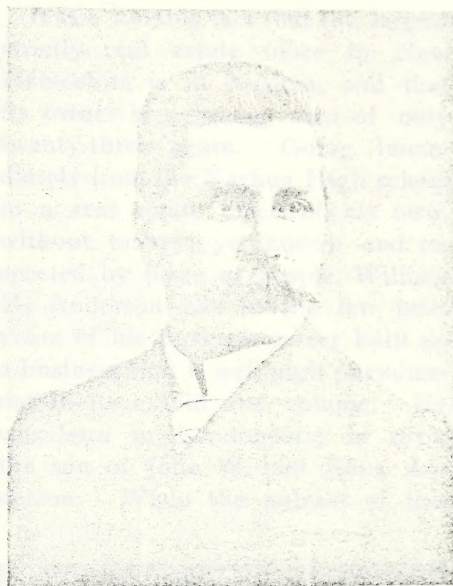




T. D. Fuller.

time he was twenty years of age had learned the marble cutters' trade and then set out as a journeyman. Reaching Nashua he obtained a situation and ere long became foreman of a shop, a position he held for sixteen years. He next formed a copartnership with H. F. Winslow as manufacturers of marble and granite monumental work. This copartnership was dissolved, and January, 1901, Mr. Fuller established a business on his own account, and his works are at present among the largest of their kind in New Hampshire. His designs for monuments and cemetery work are to a material extent original and exclusive, and his designs have met an instant appreciation. In 1891 Mr. Fuller served in the common council of the Nashua city government, and in 1892-'93 was an alderman. In 1895 he was a member of the legislature. He is a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

There are few households in all southern New Hampshire that do not know by reputation, at least, the name "Glenton, photographer," as for the past thirty years portraits with this impress upon them have found their way into almost countless



F. Glenton.

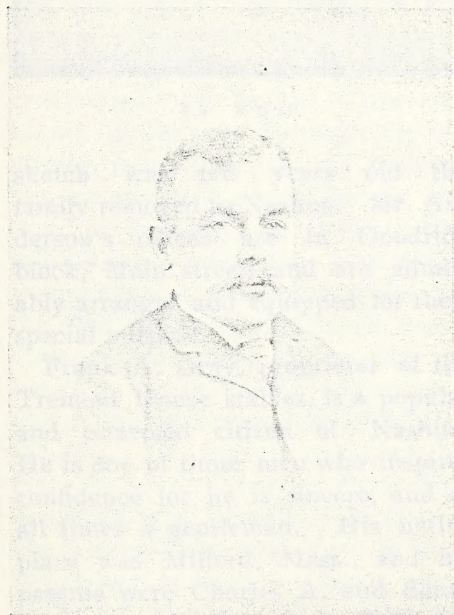
homes. Frederica Glenton, owner of the studios in question, was born in Nicaragua, Central America, April 27, 1850, of English and Spanish parents. When four years old he was brought to New York state, where he remained four years. He then returned to Nicaragua and lived there till sixteen years of age, when he came to the United States, and this time to Massachusetts. He attended the high school in Lancaster, Mass., and later studied photography with the late John A. Whipple of Boston, in his day one of the most successful photographers in the country. From the Whipple studios he





came to Nashua and entered the employ of E. W. Johnson, whom he later bought out, and has since conducted business on his own account. He is identified with many interests that go to make up all that is best in Nashua's material life.

John H. Thompson of Cole, Thompson & Co., printers and blank book manufacturers, has thus far in life attained a success that bespeaks the possession of qualities that represent the well trained man of affairs. He was born in Holderness, the son of John C. and Charlotte H. Thomp-

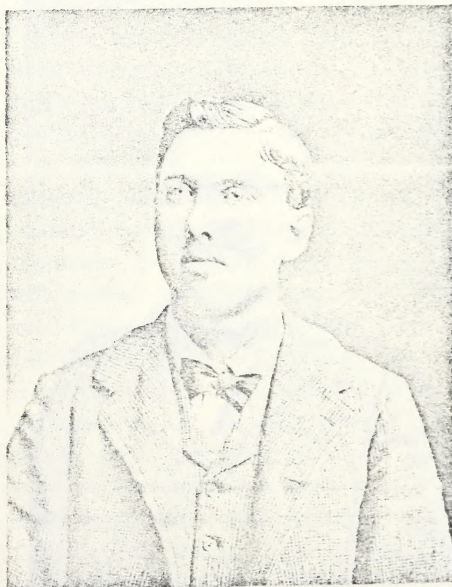


John H. Thompson.

son. In his early childhood the family removed to St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he attended the common schools, and at St. Johnsbury academy, graduating therefrom in the class of 1885. He then went to Nashua and served an apprenticeship to the printer's trade. In No-

vember, 1899, he joined with Frank E. Cole of Nashua and Herbert C. Hyde of Manchester, and formed the copartnership of Cole, Thompson & Co. The firm does all kinds of printing, book binding, and the production of blank books. In 1890 Mr. Thompson married Miss Cora E. Fellows of Concord.

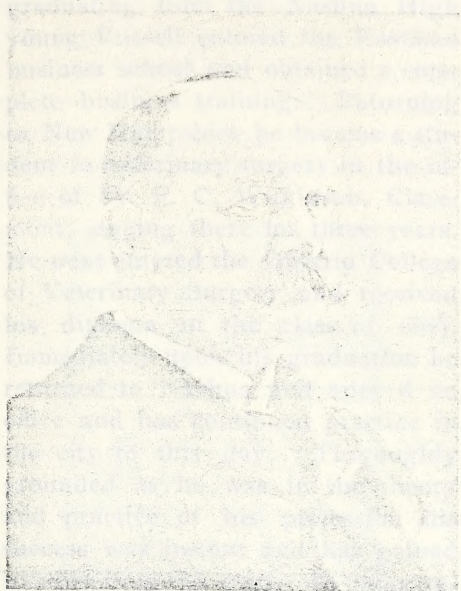
It is a notable fact that the largest strictly real estate office in New Hampshire is in Nashua, and that its owner is a young man of only twenty-three years. Going immediately from the Nashua High school to a real estate office of his own, without money, yet known and respected by hosts of people, William H. Anderson has in the few brief years of his business career built up a business that is well nigh phenomenal in its extent and volume. He was born in Londonderry in 1878, the son of John W. and Edna Anderson. When the subject of this



W. H. Anderson.







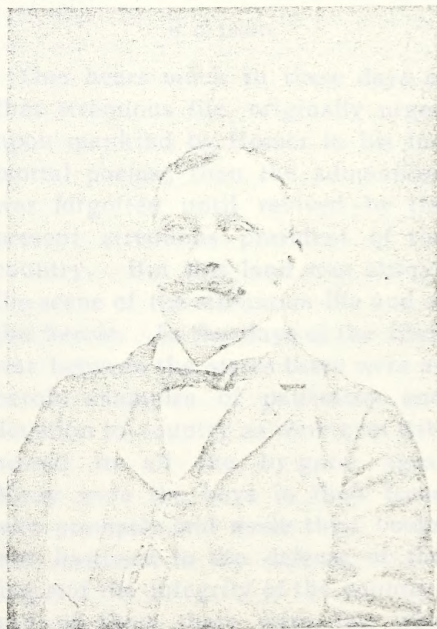
Frank A. Gray.

sketch was ten years old the family removed to Nashua. Mr. Anderson's offices are in Goodrich block, Main street, and are admirably arranged and equipped for their special purpose.

Frank A. Gray, proprietor of the Tremont House stables, is a popular and esteemed citizen of Nashua. He is one of those men who inspires confidence for he is sincere, and at all times a gentleman. His native place was Milford, Mass., and his parents were Charles A. and Sarah A. Gray. While young Gray was still in his infancy the family removed to Nashua and in course of time the son became a pupil in the city's schools. While yet in the grammar department he was ordered to leave school by the family physician because of a tendency to consumption. He did so and by further advice of the family doctor he secured employment in a livery

stable, and as employé and proprietor this has been his life-work. At this time Mr. Gray shows not a trace of a consumptive tendency, but is robust, hale, and energetic. He was born September 5, 1857. He has been the owner of the Tremont House stables, the largest in the city, for three years. He is prominent in local Odd Fellowship, and a member of the Improved Order of Red Men.

Veterinary surgery is also represented in Nashua by Dr. William Trafton Russell, who was born in Providence, R. I., January 7, 1869, the son of John A. and Geraldine A. (Reynolds) Russell. When five years old the family removed to Fitchburg, Mass., in which city the family lived for two years, and thence took up a residence in Nashua. After passing the different grades of the public schools and



Dr. W. T. Russell.

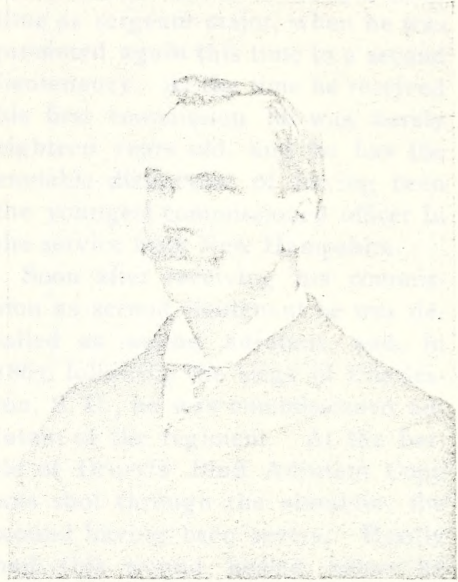




graduating from the Nashua High young Russell entered the Eastman business school and obtained a complete business training. Returning to New Hampshire he became a student in veterinary surgery in the office of Dr. F. C. Wilkinson, Claremont, staying there for three years. He next entered the Ontario College of Veterinary Surgery and received his diploma in the class of 1888. Immediately upon his graduation he returned to Nashua and opened an office and has continued practice in the city to this day. Thoroughly grounded as he was in the theory and practice of his profession his success was instant and has gained steadily from the start. In more recent years he has become extensively known throughout the state by his official connection with the commission appointed to stamp out the disease, tuberculosis, in cattle. The celerity and completeness with which their work was accomplished won for the men who did the work many commendations, and it was done at less than one third the cost per head that a like work was done in Massachusetts. Dr. Russell served as the first president of the New Hampshire Association of Veterinary Surgeons. He is active and prominent in Odd Fellowship and takes a lively interest in all designed to promote the city's welfare.

H. C. Lintott, the present alderman from Ward 7 in Nashua's city government, is in business a dealer in bicycles, athletic goods and graphophones. His is the largest store of the kind in the city and among the cycling fraternity of the state Mr. Lintott is extremely popular. He has all those traits of character so

desirable in a merchant, and holds the confidence and esteem of the purchasing public. He is a member of the fire department, the Foresters, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows.



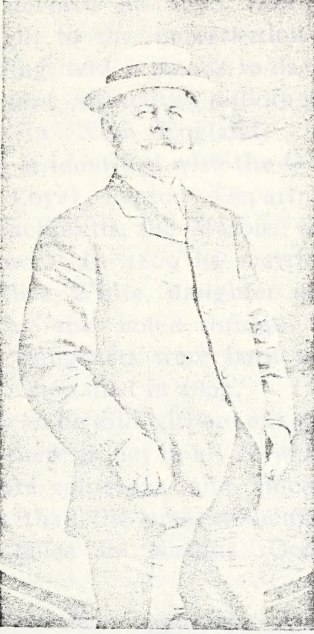
H. C. Lintott.

One hears much in these days of that strenuous life, originally urged upon mankind by Homer in his immortal poems; then the admonition was forgotten until revived by the present strenuous president of the country. But this land was always the scene of the strenuous life and of the heroic. In the days of the Civil war between the states there were as heroic examples of patriotism and devotion to country as were ever witnessed in all the by-gone ages. Many were the boys in their teens who promptly laid aside their books and hastened to the defense of the flag and the integrity of the country, and of these there were few who performed more arduous service or





achieved a more brilliant record than Elbridge J. Copp, who, since 1879, has had continuous service as the register of probate of Hillsborough county. His has been the strenuous life since his boyhood days, and the



Col. E. J. Copp.

record of his life will ever constitute a conspicuous page in Nashua's history. Born in Warren, July 22, 1844, the son of Joseph M. and Hannah B. (Brown) Copp, he is descended on the maternal side from Gen. Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame, a fact that may account for that martial spirit so pronounced in his career. When young Copp was a mere infant the family removed to Nashua, and the city has ever remained the family home. He attended the common schools, entered the high school, but left that institution at the outbreak of the war to enlist in Company F, of the Third

New Hampshire infantry. He served as a private until early in 1862, when he was promoted to sergeant major of his regiment. It was no political influence that secured the promotion for the young soldier, but merit and fitness alone. He served only a short time as sergeant-major, when he was promoted again this time to a second lieutenancy. At the time he received his first commission he was barely eighteen years old, and he has the enviable distinction of having been the youngest commissioned officer in the service from New Hampshire.

Soon after receiving his commission as second lieutenant he was detailed as acting adjutant, and, in 1863, following the siege of Charleston, S. C., he was commissioned adjutant of the regiment. At the battle of Drury's Bluff Adjutant Copp was shot through the shoulder, the wound having been severe. Hardly had this wound healed before he went into the battle of Deep Bottom and once again he was shot, this time through the body. He was carried off the field under fire by order of Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, commanding the brigade. The wound was thought at the time to have been mortal, but the care he received in the Chesapeake hospital brought him through. At the close of the war he engaged in the book business with his brother, Captain Copp of the Seventh New Hampshire Infantry. Later he traveled West in the book and stationery business. In 1879 he was elected register of probate, and has served as such to this day. In 1878 a new military company was formed in Nashua, and of this he was elected captain. Then he became successively major, lieutenant-

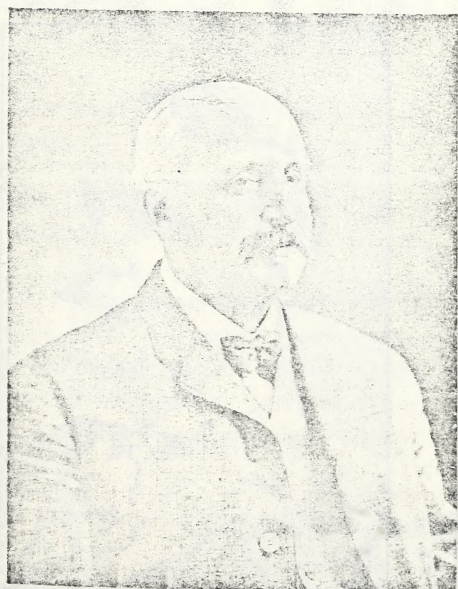




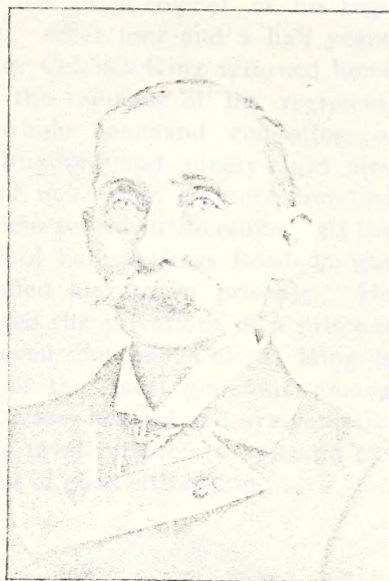
colonel, and colonel of the regiment, filling the last named position for five years.

Colonel Copp conceived the idea of an armory in Nashua, and through his efforts a company with a capitalization of \$30,000 was formed. He devoted his time, energy, and thought to the construction of the building, and it stands to-day one of the most attractive buildings of its kind in New England. Colonel Copp is identified with the G. A. R., the Loyal Legion Department of Massachusetts, the Masons, and Odd Fellows. In 1869 he married Miss S. Eliza White, daughter of James White, the noted bridge builder. Two daughters were born to them. Mrs. Copp died in 1893.

It can be said without exaggeration that there is not in all New England a more courteous and efficient city clerk than the present incumbent of that office in Nashua, George B.



George B. Bowler.



Col. Dana W. King.

Bowler. He was born in Lynn, Mass., the son of Rev. George Bowler. For many years prior to his election as city clerk he was identified with the commercial interests of the city. He is a veteran of the Civil War, having served in the Forty-sixth Massachusetts regiment. He is a past master of Ancient York lodge, A. F. and A. M., past commander St. George commandery, Knights Templar, member of E. A. Raymond consistory, A. and A. Scottish Rite Masonry.

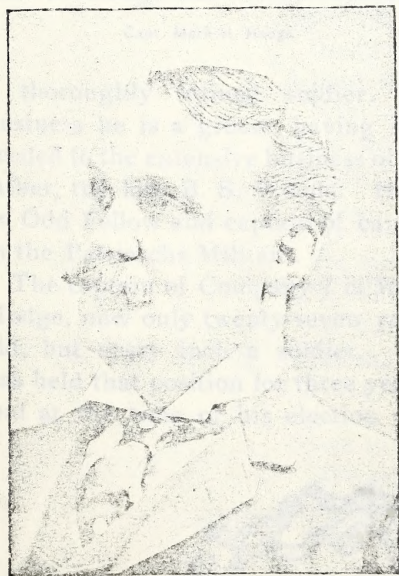
In Col. Dana W. King Nashua and the state of New Hampshire have one of their most respected citizens. For nearly thirty-five years he has been the register of deeds for Hillsborough county, and in Grand Army circles there is no more popular name. To write an adequate sketch of Colonel King's career would fill a book and every page would be one of interest and team



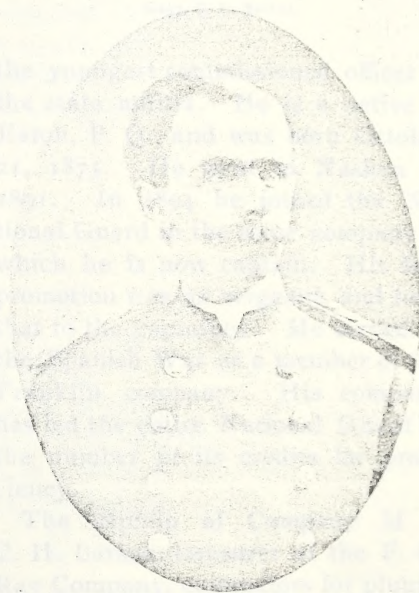


with instruction. It was in the war between the states that he obtained his title, and he won it by sheer merit, valor, and proven ability. He was one who came up from the ranks, one of the kind of men that the first Napoleon selected to command the divisions of his army. He is now seventy, and, while suffering from the wounds and scars of battle he is yet erect, and his army of friends hope that he will be spared to them for years to come. He is a native of Alstead, but since early manhood Nashua has been his home. He was among the first to respond to the first call of President Lincoln, and was enrolled as a member of the First New Hampshire Infantry. He returned from his three months' service as a corporal, and reënlisting, was commissioned second lieutenant in the Eighth New Hampshire regiment, an organization that saw terrible service almost from start to finish. He ultimately became a captain and

then lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. After four and a half years' service Colonel King returned home with the remnant of his regiment, the whole command consisting of one hundred and ninety-eight men out of more than eighteen hundred that had served in its ranks. At the battle of Sabine Cross Roads he was wounded and taken prisoner. He endured the privations of a prisoner for seven months. Colonel King is one of the most generous among men, warm-hearted and sympathetic. He is in all respects a splendid exponent of good citizenship.



L. I. Minard.



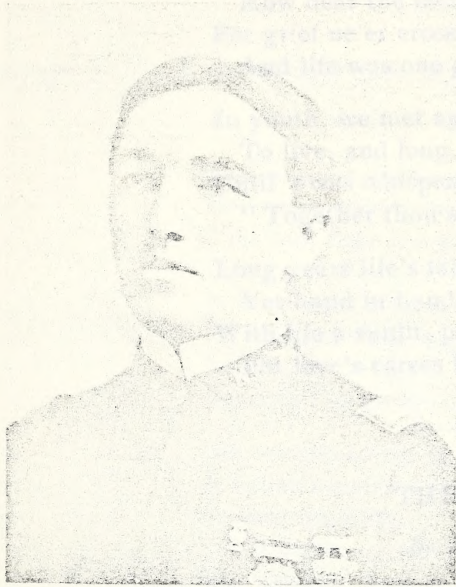
Capt. E. S. Woods.

The military spirit prevails in Nashua to-day as of yore. The city has three militia companies, constituting a portion of the First Infantry, New Hampshire National Guard. These companies are E, I, and M. The captain of company E is Ernest S. Woods, a veteran of the Spanish War, he having commanded a com-





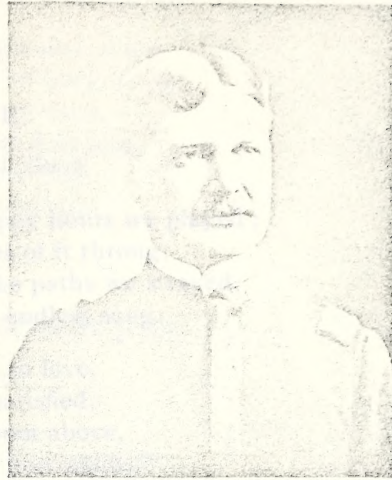
pany in that conflict. A native of Nashua, he is a graduate of its high school and as a student was a charter member and officer in its corps of cadets. He has served in the militia since 1888, having attained his present position step by step, and thus is



Capt. Mark H. Hodge.

a thoroughly trained soldier. In business he is a grocer, having succeeded to the extensive business of his father, the late B. S. Woods. He is an Odd Fellow and captain of canton in the Patriarchs Militant.

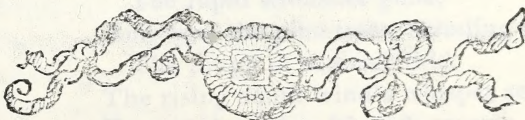
The captain of Company I is Mark Hodge, now only twenty-seven years old, but every inch a soldier. He has held that position for three years, and at the time of his election was



Capt. C. H. Barker.

the youngest commissioned officer in the state militia. He is a native of Eaton, P. Q., and was born October 21, 1875. He went to Nashua in 1891. In 1894 he joined the National Guard in the same company of which he is now captain. His first promotion was as sergeant, and from that to the captaincy. He served in the Spanish War as a member of the Franklin company. His company has led the entire National Guard in the number of its credits for proficiency.

The captain of Company M is C. H. Barker, treasurer of the F. O. Ray Company, contractors for plumbing, heating, and electrical work. Captain Barker has come up from the ranks and is held in high esteem by his many friends and citizens in general.







## LOVE.

*By Ormsby A. Court.*

Through childhood's happy hours we played ;  
How dear the mem'ries of it throng,  
For grief ne'er crossed the paths we strayed,  
And life was one gay, endless song.

In youth, we met again, to love,  
To live, and long, unsatisfied,  
Until 't was whispered from above,  
" Together thou shalt now abide."

Long years life's tale hath well revealed,  
Yet hand in hand we ramble still,  
With life a sunlit, posied field,  
For love's caress hath yet a thrill.

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## THEOCRITUS.

*By Bela Chapin.*

Upon the fair Sicilian shore,  
On Syracusian plains,  
A bard of fame arose of yore,  
Who sang sweet rustic strains ;  
With oaten pipe or rural reed  
He was to nature true indeed.

With harp attuned to sylvan themes  
He sang of shepherd's loves ;  
Of moaning pines and gliding streams,  
Of larks and turtle-doves ;  
Of tawny bees and fragrant flowers,  
Of vineyards rich and leafy bowers.

Down the smooth rock we seem to hear  
The rapid streamlet glide,  
And from the pine trees, standing near  
The rough of summer tide.  
The rising south wind's whisper seems  
To curl the sedgy fringed streams.





Bright pictures from a sunny clime,  
The promptings of the Doric muse,  
Sweet idyls of an ancient time,  
By him who drank of Arathuse,  
In future years as in the past,  
Theocritus, thy fame shall last.

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## A LEGEND OF WINNIPESAUKEE.

*By L. J. H. Frost.*

Full many a weary year ago,  
Ere white men came to plow and sow  
The land they call the Granite state  
(Home of the noble and the great),  
A beauteous Naiad, fair and wild  
As any wayward, petted child,  
Sought for herself a home to make  
Beneath the waters of some lake.

She wandered till at last she found  
A valley closely nestled down  
Among the hills. "Now here," said she,  
"I'll make my mansion broad and free."  
Her mantle, then, she quickly took  
And spread it at the mountain's foot ;  
When lo ! through valley far and near,  
The element we call a tear.

Here, many a long and happy year,  
The Naiad dwelt without a fear ;  
And last within her palace deep  
The water spirit fell asleep.  
Now mortals claim her cherished home,  
And freely use it as their own ;  
Where late the Naiad danced and sung,  
The steamboat's signal bell is rung.

They tell us that the lake's fair breast  
Seems sometimes to be ill at rest ;  
While 'mid the hills, all still and lone,  
The night winds make a sullen moan ;  
And angry billows come and go,  
Their faces pale, ah ! white as snow,  
As sadly watch they where she sleeps,—  
The Naiad's ashes at their feet.

Bright pictures from a sunny place  
The prospect of the dark moon  
Sweet life of an ancient time  
By him who drank of Ambrosia  
In future years as in the past  
Therefore, thy home shall last

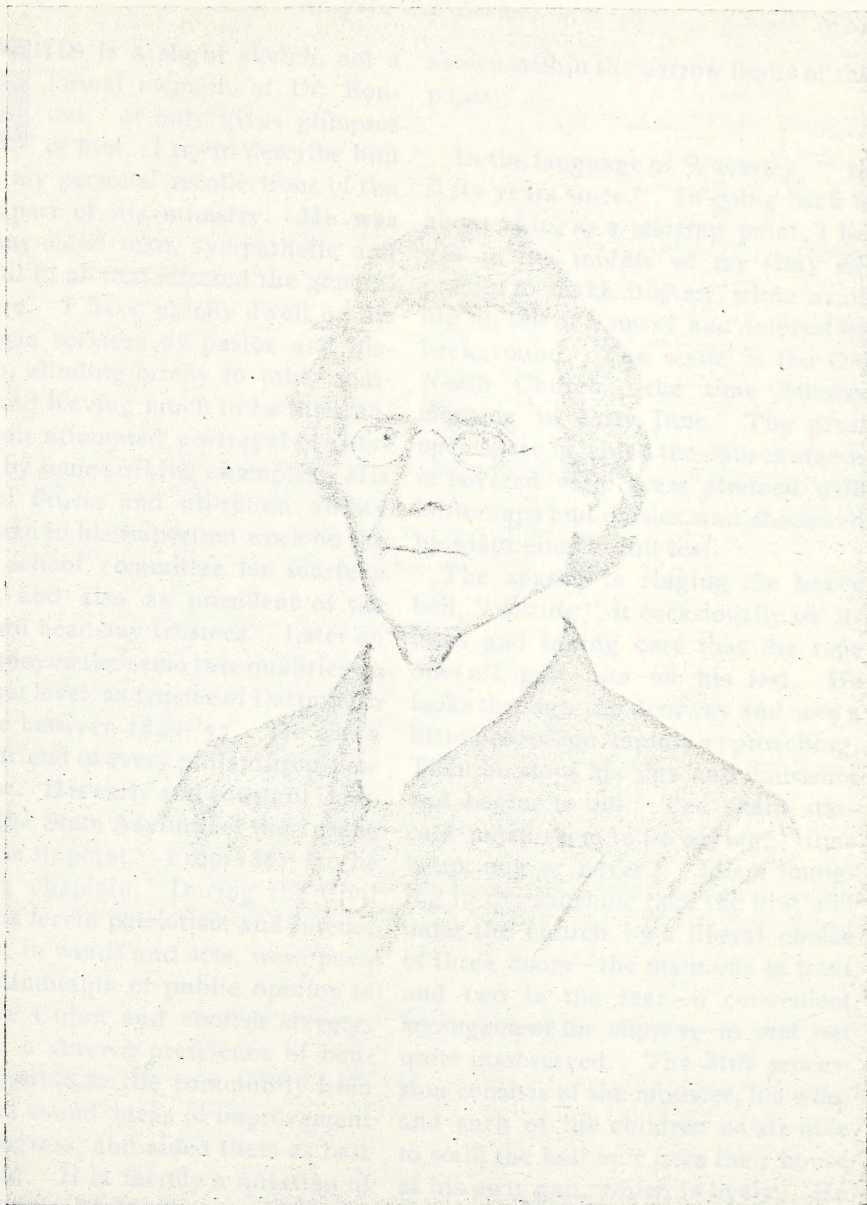
THE LEGEND OF THE HAWAIIAN MYTHS

BY L. A. W. ALLEN

Full many a weary year ago  
His white men came to these and now  
The land they call the Hawaiian state  
(Home of the gods and the great)  
A beautiful island, this and with  
As my weary heart is full  
Sought for herself a home to build  
Her with the waters of sweet life  
She wandered till at last she found  
A valley closely veiled from  
Among the hills, "Now here," said she  
"I'll make my garden broad and deep"  
Her hands, then, she quick took  
And spread it at the mountain's foot  
When lo! through valley far and near  
The children of the earth  
Here, many a home and happy year  
The island deck without a tear  
And last within her palace deep  
The water spirit fell asleep  
Now mountain-plain her cherished home  
And freely use it as their own  
Where into the island's heart and soul  
The steamboat's signal bell is rung  
They tell us that the lake's fair breast  
Seems sometimes to be ill at ease  
While with the hills, all still and lone  
The night winds make a softer moan  
And angry billows come and go  
Their faces pale, all white as snow  
As sadly watch they where the storm



REV. NATHANIEL BOUTON, D. D.



REV. NATHANIEL BOUTON, D. D.

*Pastor First Congregational Church, Concord, N. H., 1825-1897.*





## REV. NATHANIEL BOUTON, D. D.<sup>1</sup>

*By John Bell Bouton.*



HIS is a slight sketch, not a formal memoir, of Dr. Bouton. It only gives glimpses of him. I try to describe him from my personal recollections of the early part of his ministry. He was a many-sided man, sympathetic and helpful in all that affected the general welfare. I have chiefly dwelt on his supreme services as pastor and historian, alluding briefly to other matters, and leaving much to be inferred. It is an attempted portrayal of character by some striking examples. His special fitness and all-round ability appeared in his important work on the town school committee for fourteen years, and also as president of the Concord academy trustees. Later on he displayed the same rare qualities on a higher level, as trustee of Dartmouth college between 1840-'77. He was a warm friend of every philanthropic enterprise. His early and constant interest in the State Asylum for the Insane is a case in point. From 1867-'70 he was its chaplain. During the Civil War his fervid patriotism and intense energy, in words and acts, were powerful stimulants of public opinion to save the Union and abolish slavery. He had a shrewd prescience of benefits possible to the community from new and sound ideas of improvement and progress, and aided them as best he could. It is merely a question of multiplying illustrations. Only a few out of the many could be clearly

shown within the narrow limits of this paper.

In the language of Waverley, "'tis sixty years since." In going back to about 1840, as a starting point, I begin in the middle of my story expressly to make it short, while availing myself of a novel and interesting background. The scene is the Old North Church; the time Sunday morning in early June. The great open space in which the church stands is covered with grass studded with buttercups and daisies, and shadowed by giant elms in full leaf.

The sexton is ringing the heavy bell, "setting" it occasionally on its head and taking care that the rope does n't pull him off his feet. He looks through the doorway and sees a little procession rapidly approaching. Then he stops his jigs and flourishes and begins to toll. The sharp staccato notes seem to be saying, "time is up, now or never." Idlers lounging in the sunshine take the hint and enter the church by a liberal choice of three doors—the main one in front and two in the rear—a convenient arrangement for slipping in and out quite unobserved. The little procession consists of the minister, his wife, and such of his children as are able to walk the half mile from their house at his own gait, which is lively. He is a medium-sized man, spare and sinewy, with a clean-shaven face, reg-

<sup>1</sup>This sketch of the character and life work of Dr. Bouton, by his son, was read at the evening service of the First Congregational church, Concord, April 27, 1902, by Mrs. Arthur F. Clarke (Martha Cilley Bouton).





ular features, piercing gray blue eyes, and shaggy eyebrows. Bismarck had a pair just like them. If they signify strength of will and tenacity of purpose, then they were not put on either face in vain. The minister wears a long, flowing, shiny surplice, beneath which may be seen a black suit, not very new, but neatly kept. His vest is cut clerical fashion, and the neck-cloth is a thick fold of white with no visible tie.

He springs, rather than walks, up the steps leading to the great double door which is invitingly wide open. He strides along the broad center aisle; and one feels that he would skip up the winding stairs which lead to his elevated pulpit but for the official dignity imposed on him. Meanwhile, the family march to the front left-hand pew. There they are in the full blaze of observation and try to look unconscious of it. The occupant of the pulpit from his high position commands a good view of the whole house. He is almost on a level with the galleries which slope steeply toward the roof. Exactly over his head is a huge sounding board, suspended from the ceiling by a thick iron rod. It makes one's flesh creep to think what would happen if this should fall! Many windows light up the interior so that he can peer into all the nooks and corners, which he proceeds to do. His swift glance takes in every face, old or young, the owner of which he can call by name, and give his pedigree if required. He unerringly detects a stranger. If the unknown is a man of intelligent appearance and attentive and within short range, he will think that a part of the sermon is preached at him point blank.

The house holds about 750 people. It has already thrown off swarms to the South and West Concord churches. They are both flourishing colonies from the parent hive. But there is still a goodly attendance. The floor pews are full and the galleries show few vacancies.

Now the bell has ceased to toll. The latest probable comer has arrived. The service begins. It differs but slightly from the order at present observed in many smaller churches of the same communion. The heart of the pastor shows in his face as he utters the short prayer. It is rapt and serious as of one who communes with God. His voice is tremulous and petitioning, but clear and well pitched and heard by everybody. He knows that a deaf old man is seated in the railed space immediately under the pulpit, this being a reservation for the aged and infirm, and that he is making an ear-shell of his right hand.

The hymns sung are from the old collection, in which Dodridge, Watts, Montgomery, and Cowper are the star lyrists. The tunes may be Mear, Balerna, Boylston, Greenville, Geneva, Coronation, and the like. Though now out-worn by use, both words and music have never been surpassed for devotional effect.

The tuning fork of the leader strikes the pitch like the magnified hum of a bumble-bee. He says "do, re, mi, sing," and his little band responds. The man with the bass viol makes wild dabs at the strings. Harvey Jewell, or perhaps it is McCutcheon conducting the music, lifts up his tenor voice. Scattered among the audience are scores of persons who know the hymns and tunes by heart.





They think themselves, and perhaps they are, as good singers as those behind the red baize curtains up there. About the second line they strike in with great power and are soon reinforced by hundreds more who think they can sing, but cannot.

The result is a "joyful noise" indeed. It is all the same to the minister. Never mind the discord, or the unbalanced parts! He hears only voices vehemently praising the Lord, and he knows they mean well. All defects have their compensation, and this scanty knowledge of music saves him from collisions with the choir. For the choir, as everybody knows, has the possibilities of a hornet's nest when molested by clergymen. A happy family indeed!

A scriptural reading follows, with a word of explanation injected, where one is really needed to shed light on some obscurity shared by the minister with his hearers. He assumes always that they know a little more than they really do. Then the long prayer; then a second hymn and the event, the sermon, is in order.

Deacon Morrill clears his throat and takes a lozenge. Richard Bradley (if he is not a deacon he ought to be) straightens himself in his seat and sets a conspicuous example of alert attention. There is a rustle all over the house as of skirts being adjusted, and a little clatter of footstools being comfortably fixed.

When all is quiet, and not till then, the minister rises to preach. His sermon is written and lies before him, spread out on the pages of a great open Bible. He gives out the text slowly, and in a very distinct voice. He repeats it. This is a piece of pure kindness for the benefit of young per-

sous who may be asked when they get home what the text was. His own children, however young, are expected to remember that much. But I regret to say that it sometimes evaporated on the way home.

No matter what the sermon is about. I am not here to repeat it to you. It is doctrinal, for sure, after the fashion of the period, which was set by the pews no less than by the pulpit. The people wanted no other kind; and to them no other kind was "just as good." And I am bound to say their demand was fully supplied. "Sound doctrine is the basis of sound piety" is the motto of the preacher who is discoursing this fine June morning in the Old North Church. For himself, he fully believes in it. Nobody doubts that. And whatever fate may overtake it in later skeptical days, it is now, in 1840, accepted without question by the audience. Evolution is not yet discovered. The higher criticism is unknown. The pastor and his flock are not plagued by problems which are soon to shake the foundations of belief.

The sermon, therefore, is not so much an argument to convince, as a restatement of points to refresh the memory. As currants in a bun, or raisins in a pudding, so it is stocked with Bible quotations. It rests on these and is buttressed and built up by them. Grant the plenary inspiration of the Bible, which had few challenges sixty years since, and lo! the doctrine is demonstrated whatever it is. And so text is heaped upon text and proof upon proof. Deacon Morrill coughs loudly as if in approval and takes another lozenge. Richard Bradley looks about him as if he saw an imaginary objector where none ex-





ists, and seems to say "that settles it." At intervals there is a mitigation of logical severity in the shape of fervent personal appeals; and there is much reverent dwelling on the abounding grace of God. With plenty of strong meat for men there is a reasonable provision of milk for babes and sucklings. The pastoral and the paternal are happily blended.

Sermons of the day are divided into parts, as firstly, secondly, thirdly, etc. These cease with "in conclusion," with perhaps "finally," succeeded possibly by "lastly." Till that signal is given audiences don't know where they are. There never is a fourteenthly. That is an invention of the humorists. And, so far from being an hour and a half long, which ancient chroniclers say used to be the regulation length, this sermon is not over thirty-five minutes. It is flexibly constructed, and can be let out or taken in as occasion requires.

The pastor manages his voice skillfully. It is loud and emphatic in the condemnation of sin. But it sinks to a whisper when he refers to "Sheol" by the equivalent of the old version. He does not conceal the terrors of the law, but he never shakes them like a stick at his congregation. He appeals to reason and not to fear, and to the heart more than to the conscience. And he does all this in plain English which everybody understands. There is no "fine writings," so called, and never a touch of pedantry. His gestures are few and simple, but his arm cuts the air quickly. Somehow, in all he says and does, he gives out the impression of fervent piety, transparent sincerity, and of a great reserve of nerve force, carefully bitted and curbed, to avoid excess in language

and action. And this is the true view of him—of which more hereafter.

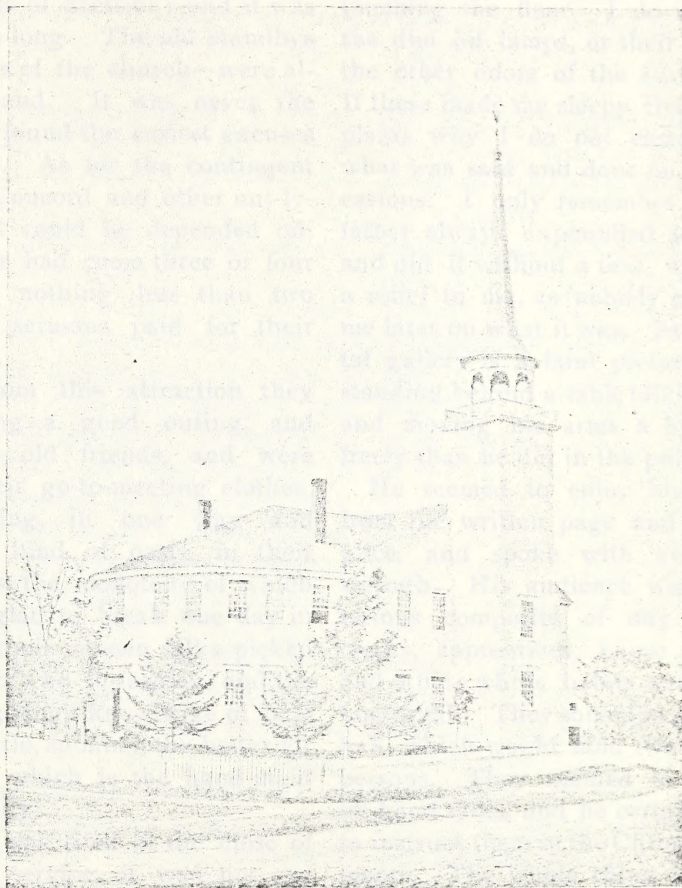
This is but a rough presentment of my honored father, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton (he had not then received his Doctorate from Dartmouth college), as he appeared in the prime of life, and about the fifteenth year of his ministry.

The interval for lunch in summer on Sunday was an hour and a half. Some of the worshipers from a distance brought their doughnuts, cookies, and turnovers with them and regaled themselves in the church, or on the doorsteps, or on the grass under the elms, or in the graveyard, which was always a favorite resort. Many dropped in on their hospitable friends in the neighborhood, sure of welcome in those primitive days. But the great majority walked to their own homes for the midday "snack," and my father and his little troupe among them. With everybody it was less a meal than an appetizer. For the dinner of the day was set for three and a half to four o'clock, and that household was poor indeed which did not make a satisfying repast of it. Even now, looking back through an endless vista of *table d'hôte* dinners, in clubland and elsewhere, under many skies, I do not recall the production of any *chef* comparable for downright relish with the square Sunday meal of my childhood. Attribute all you please to youthful appetite and ostrich-like digestion. I concede your point; and yet I maintain, against all comers, that the old-fashioned Sunday dinner was fit for a king—if the king was very hungry.

But in my encomiums on this feast, as it lies embalmed in my memory, I am losing the sequence of things.







"OLD NORTH" MEETING-HOUSE.

Concord, N. H. (Erected 1751.)





For, before these excellent dinners can be eaten, there must be a second service at the Old North, to make one feel that he has done his whole duty, and to put a razor-edge on his appetite. The afternoon service was of the morning pattern with possibly a shade less of doctrine; and it was not quite so long. The old standbys—the pillars of the church—were always on hand. It was never the elders who found the easiest excuses for absence. As for the contingent from East Concord and other out-lying parts, it could be depended on. Its members had come three or four miles, and nothing less than two substantial sermons paid for their trouble.

Apart from this attraction they were having a good outing, and chats with old friends, and were wearing their go-to-meeting clothes, and enjoying, in one way and another, a kind of oasis, in their farmer lives, the monotony of which they were glad to break one day in seven. If their women folks picked up an idea or two in fashion, and the men enlarged their knowledge of local politics a little, so much the better for civilization, which is the hand-maid of Christianity.

Whoever was tired at the close of the second service, it was not my father. His eye was not dull, his voice not husky. He was still obviously bridleing his nervous energy; and he was good for another hour. But he was very hungry and dinner loomed large to him as to everybody else. His pace was noticeably faster as he walked back to the house.

Now, I am not quite sure about the year when my father's evening service was discontinued at the old town

hall, on the site of which the present city hall stands. He charged himself with this third meeting soon after he came to Concord, and kept it up many years. I have a distinct recollection of the hard benches; also of their height, which kept my feet from touching the floor. I do not forget the dim oil lamps, or their smell, or the other odors of the stuffy room. If these made me sleepy, that fact explains why I do not clearly recall what was said and done on these occasions. I only remember that my father always expounded something and did it without a text, which was a relief to me, as nobody could ask me later on what it was. In my mental gallery is a faint picture of him standing behind a table talking glibly and moving his arms a little more freely than he did in the pulpit.

He seemed to enjoy his freedom from the written page and the surplice, and spoke with evangelical warmth. His audience was a mysterious composite of day laborers, clerks, apprentices, house servants, and others whose habits were mostly nocturnal. They sometimes filled the hall, which would hold two hundred persons. They seemed to like his off-hand talks, and he certainly liked to instruct them in the Christian rudiments. The whole thing looked so easy for him to do, that I used to wonder, in my childish way, why he wrote any sermons at all, and to wish that he would give up the tasks that occupied him in his study every Friday and Saturday. For, on those days, the children were forbidden to race round the house and slide down the banisters as usual.

If this extra service was given up prior to 1840, I claim the privilege of





poetic license and to treat it as part of my father's Sunday work about sixty years since. He was fully equal to its demands, had they been made upon him, for ten or fifteen years after that date, so vigorous were his body and mind, and so anxious was he to preach the gospel to every creature.

"A busy day," you say, "and how tired the poor man must have been!" Yet, he went to bed on Sunday less fatigued than any week day. It was, comparatively speaking, his day of rest. For, on Sunday, he snatched a respite from the incessant and distracting calls upon his time and patience from Monday to Saturday, inclusive. At the outset of his ministry he adopted a plan of rising with the sun, which means from four and a half to five o'clock in summer, and then to walk, or exercise in some way, for one hour. He also proposed to read the classics an hour a day, with dips into philosophy and poetry now and then. How long these heroic and beautiful resolutions remained unbroken, I cannot say. There are traditions that he used to go down to the river in the freshness of the morning for a swim; and it is quite likely that he often walked a mile or two before breakfast. But the cares of a household and his parochial duties soon gave him all the exercise he wanted. He sawed and split all the fire-wood for the house, from choice, with neatness and dispatch. In default of a hired man he could, and would, do the work of the barn; and the horse, the cow, and the pig never complained of his neglect.

The noble intention of rising with the sun was practically commuted to getting up at six o'clock. At that hour his loud rap and cheery voice

were invariably heard at the foot of the stairs. It was "Come children," and they came, the house being run on patriarchal principles. As for the classics in Greek and Latin, which he read with ease, they gathered dust on the shelves. Calmet's "Biblical Antiquities," "Cruden's Concordance," "Scott's Commentaries," and other "tools of the trade," so to speak, had the call with him. He kept up his knowledge of Hebrew, and sometimes, at morning prayers he would read sonorous passages in that tongue from the Psalmist or the Prophets. The language seemed to have a majestic roll as of distant echoes from the thunders of Sinai; and the children listened with awe and increased respect for their parent as he performed this feat. For philosophy he drew upon himself, and he needed plenty of it. He kept no record of engagements, but carried them all in his head, carefully pigeon-holed and labeled, and never forgotten.

They comprised special evening services on week days, district lectures, Bible classes, inquiry and prayer meetings, family conferences, and appointments with deacons and church committees. If one of his parishioners fell sick, he called on him; if dying, he stood by his bedside, and officiated at his funeral. As president of Concord academy and member of the town school board, he was active in promoting education. In every work of philanthropy and rational reform he was called to help and never refused. To every man and every scheme that promised benefit to Concord, he was "guide, philosopher, and friend." At the outset of his ministry the Old North was the only meeting-house, and so by sen-





iority, he was the dean of the clergy, and in every associated effort among them he was put to the front as spokesman. In the dedication of Congregational churches far and near, or the installation of pastors, he was expected to preach the sermon, or offer the right hand of fellowship, or otherwise assist in launching the enterprise.

There is a free masonry that draws antiquaries together; and it was not long before John Farmer and Jacob B. Moore, and Philip Carrigain and other kindred spirits found him out. They often called at his house and were glad to enlarge their own extensive stock of lore from the fund of queer information, which he was always picking up in his rides and walks about the parish and his examination of the oldest inhabitants. In return they would tell him of anything interesting they had seen or heard. It would nowadays be called "swapping stories." His thirst for this kind of knowledge was insatiable. He could put his finger on every old piece of furniture in Concord. He would spend hours deciphering the crabbed manuscript of ancient records. He was particularly strong in genealogies, and often able to supply missing links. He had the knack of putting this and that together and giving a moral certainty to shrewd conjecture. These gifts endeared him to the delightful "Dryasdusts" aforesaid, and qualified him, in after days, to write the "History of Concord," for which he had been unconsciously preparing for many years.

The New Hampshire Historical Society elected him a member, and he was its president for two years

and its corresponding secretary for thirty-four. A compartment called the "Bouton Papers," full of rare matter collected and presented by him, attests to-day his interest in that useful organization. The New Hampshire Antiquarian Society claimed him as a most serviceable friend. He was corresponding member of several historical societies out of the state—offices not wholly sinecures. He was trustee of the New Hampshire Missionary Society about twenty years, and president for six years; president of the Ministers' and Widows' Charitable Fund; director of the New Hampshire Bible Society, as also of the New Hampshire Educational Society; trustee for thirty-seven years of Dartmouth college, and secretary of the board; vice-president of the American Home Missionary Society; corporate member of the A. B. C. F. M., etc.

It is not too much to claim for my father the germinal thought of the Home Missionary Society. It sprang out of a conversation between him and other Andover Theological students early in 1825. They were talking about the supply of missions for new settlements in that *terra incognita*, the West. Like a flash came to his mind the idea "we need a National Missionary Society for this great work," and he said so. Pursuing the theme, he literally struck the keynote of it by taking a key from his pocket, tapping the wall with it, and exclaiming with great animation, "Why not strike a high key at once and say a National Domestic Missionary Society?" To this little seed can be traced the mighty tree.

If his children had known this fact





earlier perhaps they would have dropped more of their pennies into the box for Home Missions rather than that for Foreign Missions, which appealed to their youthful imaginations as the more remote and romantic of the two!

In the temperance reform he was a pioneer. As late as 1830, rum, brandy, gin, and wines were common drinks in every family. They were on tap in every store in town, and a special counter was provided with water, sugar, spoons, and toddy sticks, all handy. In private houses the decanters were temptingly arrayed on elegant sideboards. Farmers carried bottles of rum into the fields, and nothing could be planted or harvested without it. My father, in 1827, learned from personal inquiry that in a single year about 400 hogsheads, or 46,000 gallons, of ardent spirits (exclusive of wines) were sold in the town. Of this amount no less than 15,000 gallons were for home consumption, or four and one half gallons to every man, woman, and child in Concord.

No account was kept of the port and muscat wines also disposed of in large quantities. But these were less in request by heavy drinkers and did little harm compared with the powerful intoxicants. The same is true of home-made cider, of which farmers used to lay in anywhere from fifteen to sixty (and in one recorded instance 150) barrels a year. The new cider which used to taste so sweet and innocent to me as a boy, when sucked from the bung-hole with a straw, became hard and heady with age, and had a trick of fuddling those who drank it by the quart.

In his parochial rounds in those

early days, liquor was always offered to him as a matter of common courtesy, and as politely declined. It was the uniform custom at funerals to treat the mourners and pall-bearers and others before going to the grave and after their return. He could overlook this, as it was then a recognized usage in good society. But one day he attended the funeral of a drunkard who had fallen in the street on a sharp axe he was carrying, and had bled to death. This man had, at the time, a bottle of rum in his pocket. He was found dead by his brother who at once seized the bottle and drank up the rum. Here was an opening which the young pastor did not fail to improve. He turned his funeral remarks into a little lecture on intemperance and made it hot for the ears of the brother and his family and all others present who were soaking themselves in liquor.

Temperance reform made slow headway in Concord. But in 1836 it had gained so many friends that Dr. George B. Cheever of New York, author of the scathing Tract called "A Dream of Deacon Giles's Distillery," was invited to deliver a temperance address at the Old North on the annual Fast day. The rum interest turned out to hear the bold man who thus bearded the lion in his den, and was enraged by his withering exposure and denunciation.

That night there was a riotous outbreak in front of our house where Dr. Cheever was staying. A party of ruffians, fired up with their own liquor, wanted to wreak their vengeance on the doctor. They tried to break down the massive front door, but failed, though their clubs left





deep dents upon it which were visible as long as I can remember. Finding they could not force an entrance, and fearing arrest by the watchmen of the town, they retreated to the state house yard, where they burned the object of their hate in effigy. I don't know what Dr. Cheever would have done if they had battered down the door and got at him, though, as he was a combative man, he probably would have shown fight. But, I am sure that my father would never have tamely allowed his castle to be stormed and his guest injured. He would have risked his own life in a desperate resistance. That meek and polite man would have received his assailants with the kitchen poker. He would have felt a very human thrill of pleasure, for the moment, in giving free vent to the high temper he was always so carefully keeping in, and in my opinion the fort would have been held.

The various references I have made to certain of your old-time pastor's temperamental qualities, or glaring defects as he penitently called them, require some explanation. A bare statement of the facts reflects great credit on him. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," says the Good Book. He was, perhaps, the last person who would have been picked out by his Concord contemporaries as easily excited, disputatious, and contentious by nature. He was of French descent, six generations removed from John Bouton, a Huguenot who fled from persecution at home and sailed from England in the *Assurance*, arriving in Boston, December, 1635. He had the Gallic traits of quickness in thought and speech, courage verging on rashness, pugnacity under slight provocation,

and a passionate fondness for discussion.

A good outfit for a soldier or politician; but it would never do for a minister of the gospel. As far back as his student life at Andover, he determined to stifle these tormenting propensities, which he feared would unfit him for the ministry. He adopted a string of resolutions to the following effect, in brief: That he would not dispute with people. That he would carefully guard against positiveness of opinion, and also hasty, uncharitable, and censorious remarks, and never contradict anybody. That in his intercourse with others he would aim to treat them in the spirit of the apostle who said, "Let each esteem others better than himself." These are different ways of resolving the same thing, namely, that he would put his native touchiness, his love of mastery in argument, and his pride, under his feet. It was a lifelong struggle, but—I call all who knew him to witness—he won the victory.

But he did not think so. In his self-searching eyes he was to the close of his life blamable in not effectually crushing out this faulty part of him. Fifty years after he had framed these resolutions, he declared, "My sin in this regard is continually before me; I am not yet cured." But he was cured, so far as those who best knew him could judge. His own severe criticism on himself must be set down to his modesty. Rev. Dr. (afterwards Professor) Parker, who lived in close friendship with him for many years, was greatly surprised when these self-reproaches were first brought to his notice. He said, "Few would have thought this of that man so remarkable for self-poise and self-control. I





never knew him to be otherwise even under very trying circumstances." And all this time my father was sitting on the safety valve of his own explosiveness. If any person, in my hearing, is afflicted with quickness of temper and is keeping it chained in the dungeon of his own heart, he will join with me in a tribute of praise to Dr. Bouton for this conquest of his besetting infirmity.

At home, with his children, his requirements were reasonable and he expected them to be heeded. He was good-humored, affectionate, but not gushing, and was just and strict. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and when out of the harness, was easily amused. The care of one ewe lamb is very different from that of a flock of thirteen, who were born to him first and last. And there was no coddling. To compensate for any seeming lack of paternal affection, the boys were allowed a large outdoor freedom subject only to the summons of a bell at dark to call them in from the street. They could go barefoot if they liked, a blessed privilege in summer time. They could bathe in the Merrimack and take their chance of drowning. They could turn somersaults down the steep sand banks of Academy hill at the risk of breaking their necks. They could take part (though perhaps he did not know of this) in the frequent battles with snowballs between the juvenile armies of the North End and South End. They could hunt and fish, skate and slide, and in a general way, rough it to any extent without fussy interference from the head of the house. He had a theory about toughening them which was wise and good, and I thank him for it to this day.

On the whole I will say that we got a good deal of fun out of our early life in Concord. The minister of those days received free tickets to all the shows that came to town. If my father did not attend them the children surely did. I recall circuses, menageries, an oxyhydrogen microscope which showed eels in vinegar three feet long, and mites in cheese of peck measure dimensions, also the exhibition of a life-size manikin of papier mache which Dr. Lambert took apart, piece by piece, revealing the startling wonders of the human anatomy, likewise a balloon ascension, which was, for many days, the talk of the town, a height of 11,000 feet having been attained, and a landing made in Northfield, 16 miles distant, and, finally, I remember a baby steam engine which ran with a miniature train of cars on a circular track in the old town hall, before any railroad had been built to Concord.

We sometimes got our fun without going out of the house. I refer to marriages solemnized in the study, to which the children were always summoned, and which they greatly enjoyed. The sheepishness and trembling voice of the bridegroom, as he floundered through the ceremony, always amused them, while they wondered at the perfect composure of the bride. My father used to kiss her, "save in exceptional circumstances," as he would say with a twinkling eye. For all this he received one or two dollars, sometimes more if the groom had any more left after buying his wedding clothes and new furniture. The children, though inwardly much tickled, bore their part in these proceedings with great





decorum, for my father always gravely pointed to them when he said "in presence of these witnesses." They were well aware that the job could not be legally done without them, and they wondered why they got no money for their share in it.

In the sixty-seventh year of his age, and forty-second of his ministry, Dr. Bouton surprised his people by resigning. He fancied, what so far as I know no one else had discovered, that he was getting too old-fashioned, and that a younger man was wanted for his post. This idea taking possession of him became a duty, and from that he never shrank. He was still capable of writing and preaching two sermons a week with his old fluency and power. No pastor ever "turned the barrel," as he used to phrase it, less frequently than he. Every clergyman has his pet sermons, as every poet has his favorite poems. But it was rare indeed that some good old brother or sister, at the close of the service, could say to him, as he left the pulpit, "Thank you, Doctor, for preaching it again, I liked it so much twenty years ago!" As his body and mind were sound, so his zeal and enthusiasm were unabated. It was, perhaps, for these very reasons that he insisted on withdrawing in the full possession of his powers, fearing the decline which always begins at the zenith.

And so, on his own notion, he stepped down and out, retiring, in the language of the church council which released him, "with the undiminished confidence and affection of his people and the respect of the whole community." It was no bed of roses he had occupied. The position he

had held with such distinguished success had been from the beginning hard to fill. When, as a fresh graduate from Andover, he was invited to supply the pulpit seven weeks as a candidate, he hesitated, for he had heard, and it was true, that Concord was a difficult place, because it was the capital of the state, and there were many lawyers and educated men who were critical and not easy to suit. Several of his fellow students had tried for it and failed. But he took the risk and for seven weeks was kept on the anxious seat. With true Anglo-Saxon reserve and caution the old stagers, who listened stoically to his fourteen sermons, forbore to give him the slightest clue to their opinion about him. They were as non-committal as a bench of judges, and he felt that he was on trial indeed. When the probation was over, and he was leaving town, Deacon Wilkins was good enough to say to him that "Seven weeks was rather a short time for a candidate-ship." And Samuel Fletcher, at whose house he was a guest during these ordeals, only asked for his address "in case the society should want to write to him." This studied coolness must have been a blow to the natural pride which any man may be pardoned for feeling who had been preaching ever since he was sixteen years old, while preparing for Yale and at the college and the seminary, and had achieved local fame as a lay evangelist and exhorter. But he had even then learned to beat down his pride, and, whatever he may have felt till the call came, he was outwardly patient and resigned. Once installed, he soon gained the confidence, affection, and support of





his flock which continued to the end. Happily for my father and for the state of New Hampshire he was not allowed to rust in retirement. There was a colossal work awaiting to be done at the state house; and, by universal agreement, he was the man to do it. This was the licking into shape and publication of the entire documentary history of New Hampshire, from the first settlement in 1623 to the adoption of the constitution in 1784. For this great task he was peculiarly fitted. In his youth he had been apprenticed to the printing trade and had learned it thoroughly and had never forgotten it. He could have made his living at the "case" any day. As proof-reader and corrector for the press, he was an expert; and used to say he could do that better than anything else; and he found a strange pleasure in the drudgery. Proof-sheets of Dr. Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, and also some of the output of the American Tract Society, passed through his hands. He had the detective's eye for misplaced commas, and the scent of a sleuth-hound in running down a mistake in name or date. He had written, or edited, and printed many things, notably his "History of Concord," a storehouse of original research; and he had done much for the Historical Society, as compiler and editor of its valuable publications. Now came the deserved reward and honor—so unexpectedly earned by long years of voluntary toil—in his appointment as state historian, an office created for him.

A guiding rule of his life was to do one thing at a time and into that he put his whole self. He had never

allowed his historical hobby to interfere, in the least, with his duty to the parish. Indeed, he made the former tributary to the latter by enlarging his sphere of knowledge and enriching his sermons. In entering on his new work he says he was "at first almost appalled by its magnitude"! Note the characteristic "almost"! No toil could really appal him; where he was hitched, there he pulled. He would have broken his back with pulling before giving up. To an easy-going person "appalling" exactly describes the task before him. All the materials were in manuscript, full of that strange spelling for which our esteemed ancestors were celebrated, and only rivaled in singularity by their erratic hand-writing.

Their pot-hooks and hangers were often made still more illegible by the poor ink they used, which had left but a sickly trace of itself. The paper was much defaced and torn, and—not the least of troubles—these precious documents were scattered about, nobody at first knew exactly where. Some of them were finally unearthed in the Athenæum at Portsmouth, the court house in Exeter, and the Boston state house. It was a wilderness, mostly unexplored, with mountains of rubbish which concealed many veins of pure gold. My father rolled up his sleeves and plunged into this chaos of elemental history with boyish delight. Every paper must be examined, copied *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*, then classified according to period or subject, proof-read and published in annual volumes. This sort of thing lasted nearly eleven years, during which the indefatig-





able state historian turned out ten portly octavos of eight hundred or nine hundred pages each. These required twenty-two thousand pages of manuscript in clear copy, to which he had contributed four fifths with his own hand. And he had not lost a single day by ill health. I have been trying to test the quality of this gigantic work (the quantity speaks for itself); and for the purpose I have sunk the son in the critic. Inspecting it, then, with the cold eye of a veteran editor, I find it a truly remarkable piece of learned, painstaking, and accurate scholarship; a monument of unwearied industry and fidelity.

Once a preacher; always a preacher. His hard work at the state house did not seem to hurt him, at least for seven years. For about two thirds of the Sundays during that period, he preached, morning and afternoon, to supply pulpits in this vicinity and places more distant. Neither pastor nor sermon showed any falling off from the old, high standard. He still kept his grip on the attention of hearers. Young ministers have the advantage of their youth. But there is something about an aged minister, rich in spiritual experiences, tried and proved as a faithful servant of God for two generations, that commands a peculiar confidence and an affectionate respect. These touching marks of appreciation the venerable doctor never failed to receive.

The completion of the provincial records left him without any regular pursuit. Leisure was forced upon him for the first time in his life, and he did not like it. He could not adapt himself to the lack of stated occupa-

tion; and the inaction soon told on his health. The disease that mastered him has its learned name, which means, in plain language, a general decay of the bodily powers, evenly and all round. Of this my father died near the close of his seventy-eighth year. But I cannot help thinking he would have lived into the eighties if he had had more hard work to do.

During his illness, prayers were offered for him in churches of all the sects, including the Episcopal and Catholic. His death was felt as a personal loss by every minister in Concord, whatever his creed. Always liberal in his Orthodoxy, Dr. Bouton ripened and mellowed with the years. The city with whose growth and prosperity he had been so long identified and the state he had served so well, realized, when he was gone, the scarcity of that kind of man.

But it was not only for his sterling qualities as clergyman, philanthropist, and good citizen, that he was missed. For he was, in the literal sense of the word, a gentleman. He had a courteous bow, a kindly smile, a warm handshake, and a civil word, for everybody. He did not wait for some dire misfortune to overtake a friend or neighbor, before showing how sympathetic he could be. Everybody does that! He was equally ready with his congratulations on one's good health, or good luck, or some piece of work well done. That, alas! is the way of the few! This means that he was free from cynicism and envy—that he was an optimist and not a pessimist. It was his cheerful and hopeful view of things, and his charitable judg-





ment of human foibles, and his unaffected fondness of his fellow creatures, that inspired that habitual courtesy and kindness which made him so beloved as he walked these streets for fifty-three years.

The terms "old-fashioned" and "old school" are usually employed to under-rate new fashions and new schools. The French have an adage,—"The more a fashion changes, the more it is the same thing." That is as true of the superficial forms of Christianity as of a coat. In trifling outward aspects it changes. In all things essential it is the same familiar story—ever fresh. My father now seems an old-fashioned minister because he belonged to a past generation, and his theology was colored by

it—chameleon-like—but only skin deep. He would have laughed at the claim that any fashion of religious observance was the better for being old.

While reveling in the past as an antiquary, he had unlimited faith in the future as a Christian. He did not doubt that, in the shifting modes of creed and ceremony to come, the Master's work would still be well done by devoted pastors, according to their own lights and in their own ways. For nothing could shake his belief that Christianity is here to stay; and that, by its means, man is to be more and more fitted for his immortal life, and the world we live in to be made better and happier until the perfect day!

### THE HAUNTED POOL OF BAILEY'S HILL.

*By Dr. H. G. Leslie.*

Goodman Huntington late one day  
Sturdily trod his homeward way,  
His thoughts on household cares intent,  
Much of worry with comfort blent;  
The ways and means of food and drink,  
The thoughts that all good parents think,  
When, thick around the kitchen board,  
The offspring gather; motley hoard!  
And one bath lack of shoes to wear;  
Another shows his shoulders bare,  
And all have mouths like Osprey's brood  
Agape to claim supply of food.

He saw, when near the hillside crest,  
The distant cloudline, gently pressed  
On rounded hill and distant height  
Clothed with tall pines: A goodly sight—  
Then turned to view the distant shore,  
Where ceaseless breakers throb and roar,  
And river's faint line, leading down  
By scattered spires of Newbury town.





Beneath him lay the Powwow's vale  
 And, white through trees, a single sail—  
 A quiet scene of peaceful rest  
 By nature's untrained fingers dress'd.

His mind, unfettered, wandered free  
 To other lands beyond the sea.  
 He saw, in mem'ry's changeless sight,  
 The close clift fields and hawthorn white,  
 Of Devon's vales so far away,  
 Where long ago in boyhood's day,  
 His footsteps idly pressed the sod  
 His father's feet before had trod.

The thrush returns each passing year  
 In the same spot her brood to rear;  
 But man, less constant, idly roams  
 To other lands and other homes.  
 And yet, when evening shadows fall,  
 The old home scenes and echoes call.  
 Good-man Huntington drop'd a tear  
 As one might weep o'er friendship's bier,  
 Then turned him on his devious way  
 To where his cottage hearthstone lay.

It matters not how rough it be,  
 Of broken rock or unhewn tree,  
 The circling tide of love and care  
 Will make it home, however bare.  
 The shadows in the valley, gray,  
 Bespoke the early close of day;  
 The grim old cedars, stiffly stern,  
 Shaded his path at every turn.  
 Above, the loon's wild cry was heard,  
 A strange, uncanny, lonely bird.

These were the weird old witchcraft times,  
 When, flocking from far distant climes,  
 All evil spirits gath'ring came  
 To buffet with man's soul again.  
 Another lease to Satan given,  
 Another permit signed in heaven,  
 To try God's saints in varying way  
 And snatch their souls from light of day.

Beyond the brook on sloping hill  
 (The cellar may be seen there still)  
 Lived Goody Martin, gray and old.





'T was said that she was Satan sold,  
And rode with ease the witch-wife's steed,  
To do some strange and awesome deed ;  
While, seated on her back or side,  
Was feline monster, devil dyed.

The Goodman conned these stories o'er,  
As down the slope his pathway bore.  
He looked full oft at stump or stone  
Until he reached the pool o'ergrown  
By alder bush and willow bough,  
A sad and gloomy bit of slough.  
Just then, from out this darksome hole,  
Rushed a grim beast as black as coal.  
The Goodman swang his oaken stave  
And cut and stroke he fiercely gave ;  
But every blow just beat the air  
Though aimed with all his strength and care.  
Then came a warewolf's gruesome cry,  
Echoing through the hollow sky,  
And other beasts in answer came  
With mouths afoam and eyes of flame.  
Vain seemed all art of swordsman's skill ;  
With cut or thrust he could not kill.  
The sweat rolled down his pallid brow  
Like yeoman wrestling with a plough,  
When the stiff sod unyielding turns  
And all his art and effort spurns.  
Weak grew his arm in useless strife ;  
The fiends seemed certain of his life.  
In dire distress he feebly cried,  
" O Jesus, Who on Calvary died,  
Save Thou my soul if I must die,  
And take it to Thy home on high !"  
Scarce had the sacred name been said  
When all the gruesome pack had fled,  
As when the startled pheasant flies  
A rush too quick for hunter's eyes ;  
Or lightnings sharp, erratic play,  
On sombre clouds at close of day.

His good wife saw the chimney rock,  
As when a ship meets ocean's shock,  
And heard a sound like wintry blast  
When all its forces, fiercely cast,  
Send turmoil to the trembling door,  
Then die away in sullen roar.





She felt a quaking chill of fear,  
 And drew her brood of children near,  
 As hen foregathers all her flock  
 When in the sky is seen a hawk.  
 With feeble steps the Goodman bore  
 His weary form to cottage door.  
 The latchstring felt his palsied grasp  
 And safe within his home at last  
 He told the tale of fearful strife  
 To gaping child and anxious wife.

Next morn a neighbor, cheering sight,  
 Told them of Goody Martin's plight;  
 How marks of strange decease she bore,  
 Bruis'd and black and sick, full sore.  
 The strange tale spread through country side,  
 As creeps the slow incoming tide.  
 Until the court, with virtuous zeal  
 Watching the people's wealth and weal,  
 Sent sheriff down with stern array  
 To bear the witch from Amesbury.

The years have come and years have gone  
 Since that strange fight of Huntington.  
 A grassy hollow, faint and low,  
 Dim marks the spot where long ago,  
 Beneath the pine trees' lofty spire  
 Was kindled first his hearthstone fire.

The stranger's wandering footsteps still  
 May find this path on slope of hill,  
 And note the cedars' sombre shade,  
 The ancient willows in the glade,  
 And come to where a narrow bridge  
 Points out the way to Gravelly Ridge.  
 He wonders at some creeping chill  
 When sunshine laves the barren hill;  
 But should he come this way at night,  
 When dimly falls the old moon's light,  
 And eery sounds strange echoes make  
 Around this lonely little lake,  
 He'd feel some sense of boding ill  
 Around this spot was clinging still.  
 Men plant no more their roof-trees there,  
 And shun the spot with cautious care.  
 Alone, neglected, dreary, still,  
 Is Haunted Pool of Bailey's Hill!





# NECROLOGY

## ADMIRAL P. STONE, LL. D.

Admiral Paschal Stone, born in Piermont, August 14, 1820, died in Springfield, Mass., September 4, 1902.

He was one of five children of Simon J. and Mary (Blynn) Stone. His father was a prominent citizen of Piermont, as was also his grandfather, who was a soldier of the Revolution. He was a kinsman of the late President Arthur, the mother of the latter, Melvina Stone, being his father's cousin.

Mr. Stone's early education was obtained in the public schools at Piermont and Royalton, after which he attended Newbury academy in Vermont and the academy at Fryeburg, Me., where he prepared for college, and then took a short course at Dartmouth college. He then began teaching, and for a number of years was the successful principal of the high schools in Southbridge, Millbury, and Plymouth, Mass., and of the city high school in Portland, Me. In recognition of his educational work in the Maine schools, Bowdoin college conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M., and Colby university that of LL. D. Mr. Stone was called to the superintendency of schools in Springfield, Mass., in 1873 at a salary larger than had been paid for a similar position elsewhere in the state outside of Boston. He devoted himself with unflagging zeal to the work of his position, in which he accomplished great results, but at the end of fifteen years, in 1888, was obliged to retire on account of impaired health.

He had accomplished much in the time of educational work outside the school-room. He was the author of a school history of England which was used in many of the large cities. He served some time on the examining boards of Harvard and Bowdoin colleges, was president of the American Institute of Instruction, one of the oldest American educational associations. He was also vice-president of the National Association of School Superintendents, president of the State Teachers' Association of Massachusetts and Maine, as well as of the associations of the several counties where he resided. He had been a frequent contributor to the various educational journals, was for several years one of the editors of the *Massachusetts Teacher*, and for five years editor of the *Maine Journal of Education*. Aside from this work he had delivered many lectures for educational conventions and teachers' institutes during his career. He revised a popular school arithmetic. For nearly thirty years Mr. Stone was a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and wrote three of its annual reports. He belonged to two of its boards of visitors, and had charge of the state normal schools in Worcester and Westfield.

In 1856 Mr. Stone married Elizabeth M. Hutchinson, daughter of Joshua and





Betsey (King) Hutchinson. She died three years ago, leaving one son, William Carlos Stone, assistant librarian in the Springfield city library. Mr. Stone was a member of the Baptist church, and had served on church building committees in three different towns. He was the last of the family which included James A. B., a baptist clergyman, and for many years president of Kalamazoo (Mich.) college; Carlos C., Elvira I. McNeal, and Chastina B. McNeal, the last two having married brothers.

#### HON. JOHN D. LYMAN.

John D. Lyman, born in Milton, July 3, 1833, died at Exeter, July 31, 1902.

Mr. Lyman was educated in the public schools and at Gilmanton academy, and taught school for several years in eastern New Hampshire and Maine. He subsequently became cashier of the bank at Farmington, where he resided for several years, afterward removing to Exeter, where he remained until death.

Mr. Lyman took a strong interest in agriculture, and was particularly earnest in his efforts to interest the farmers of New Hampshire in the more general growth of Indian corn, also in forestry with special reference to the production of the white pine. These subjects were those which he dwelt upon most in his addresses at farmers' institutes, which he attended quite extensively for many years as a member of the state board of agriculture, upon which he had held a position longer than any other man, with the exception of the late Hon. Moses Humphrey of Concord. He was the first master of Gilman grange of Exeter, for nearly fifteen years lecturer of the State grange, and an earnest supporter of the cause espoused by the Patrons of Husbandry.

In politics he was a Republican, but not so bigoted that he was unable to recognize the merits of an opponent. He served in the house of representatives at Concord, two years from Milton and five from Exeter. He also held a seat in the state senate two years while living in Farmington, and once after his removal to Exeter. He was secretary of state for three years and bank commissioner eleven years. He was superintending school committee in Milton and Farmington, and many years a member and chairman of the board of education in Exeter.

He is survived by a widow, formerly Miss Cass of Alexandria, a son, John I. Lyman, a business man of New York, and two married daughters, one being the wife of Prof. Henry P. Warren, principal of Albany, N. Y., academy.

#### BENJAMIN F. HEATH.

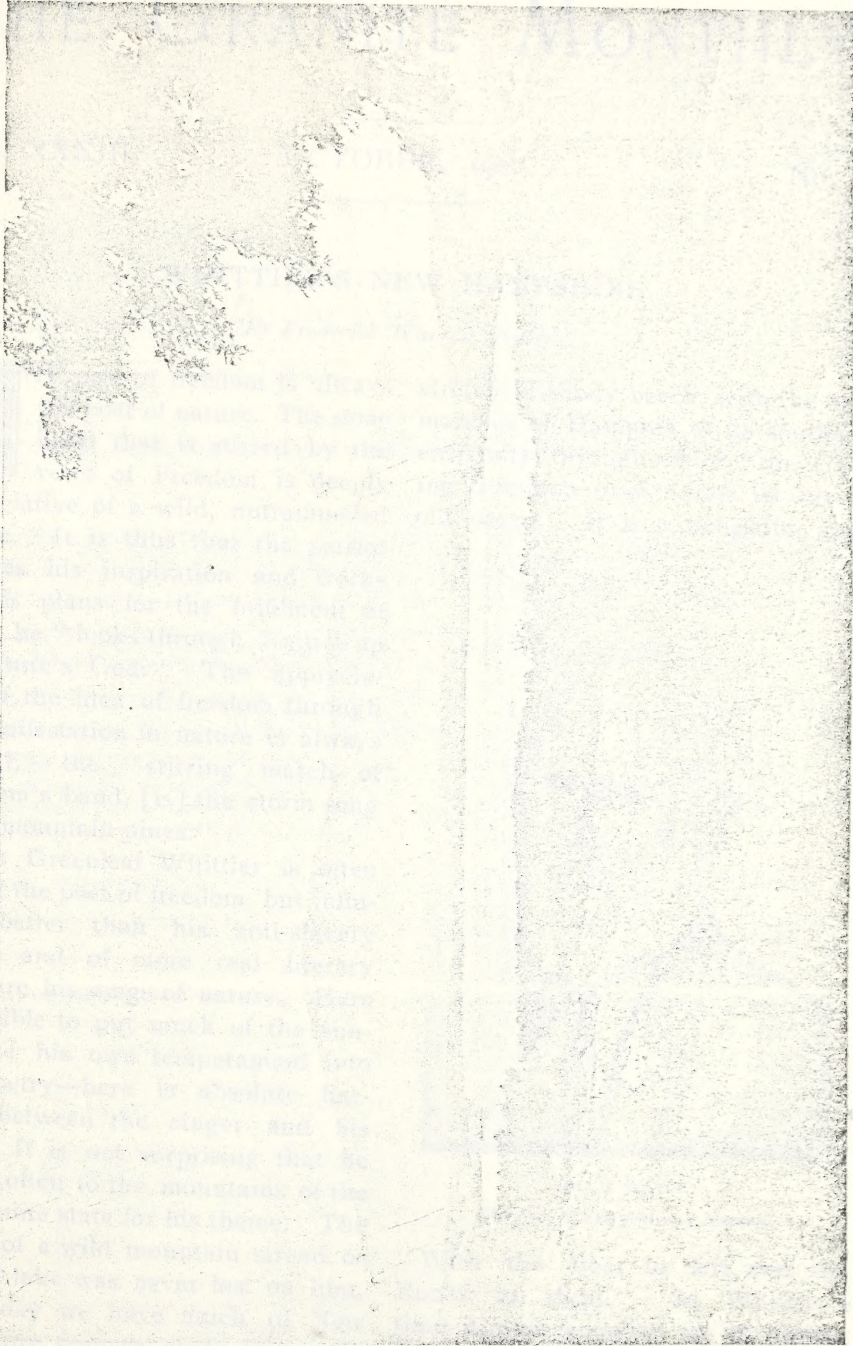
Benjamin Franklin Heath, born in Warner, August 2, 1835, died at his home in that town, August 20, 1902.

Mr. Heath was the son of Matthias Heath, a native of Henniker who removed to Warner in early life. He was educated at Hopkinton academy and taught school some time in Warner and Hopkinton. Subsequently he was clerk in a store several years in his native town, and later was, for a long time, till his health began to fail, cashier and bookkeeper in the office of the Boston *Cultivator*. After some time spent in the West he went into mercantile business in Warner, continuing about seven years, when he retired and devoted the latter years of his life to probate affairs and insurance business. In politics he was a Republican. He served some time as town clerk, also as town treasurer, and was chosen a representative in the legislature in 1896. He was also a trustee of the Pillsbury Free library, and active in many movements for promoting the welfare of the town and community. He was an active and permanent member of the Masonic fraternity.

May 19, 1870, Mr. Heath married Miss Julia A. Wadleigh of Sutton, a graduate of the New London Literary and Scientific institution, who died February 10, 1901. He leaves one son, Fred Harvey, who is a sophomore at the New Hampshire college, and one sister, Miss Anna W. Heath.







"Narsurge lifting his granite forehead to the sun."





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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## WHITTIER'S NEW HAMPSHIRE.

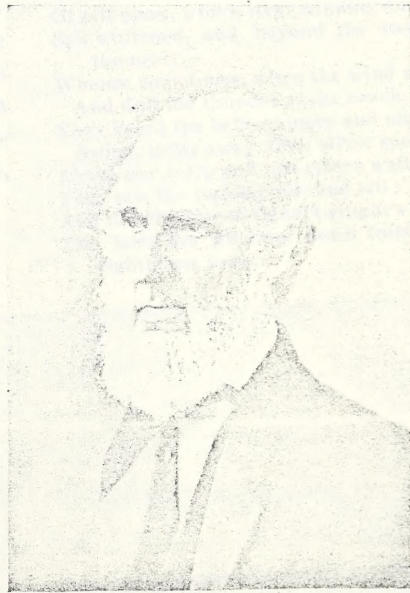
*By Frederick Warren Jenkins.*

**T**HE poet of freedom is always the poet of nature. The same heart that is stirred by the voice of Freedom is deeply appreciative of a wild, untrammelled nature. It is thus that the patriot receives his inspiration and works out his plans for the fulfilment of which he "looks through Nature up to Nature's God." The appreciation of the idea of freedom through its manifestation in nature is always evident,—the "stirring march of Freedom's band, [is] the storm song of the mountain pines."

John Greenleaf Whittier is often termed the poet of freedom, but infinitely better than his anti-slavery poems, and of more real literary value are his songs of nature. Here he is able to put much of the sunshine of his own temperament into his poetry—here is absolute harmony between the singer and his song. It is not surprising that he turned often to the mountains of the old Granite state for his theme. The beauty of a wild mountain stream or a quiet lake was never lost on him, and to-day we have much of New Hampshire scenery made lasting in the poet's song.

The New Hampshire seacoast is almost wholly defied by a long

stretch of sandy beach, with the salt marshes of Hampton at its southern extremity, through which "the winding Hampton river" finds its way to old ocean. It is a delightful spot



John G. Whittier.

*The Poet of Freedom and Nature.*

"With the Boar to left and the Rocks to right." In Whittier's time it was Arcadian in its beauty and simplicity, "In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid the scythes to the swathes of salted grass." He loved the place, being familiar with





*"In Hampton Meadows."*

it from earliest childhood. From the hills of the quiet farm at East Haverhill he could see the glimmer of the ocean from Cape Ann to "Salisbury's beach of shining sand." What a beautiful picture of this quiet, sea-shore retreat he gives us in the lines,

"At full of tide their bolder shore  
Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat:  
At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor  
They touched with light, receding feet.

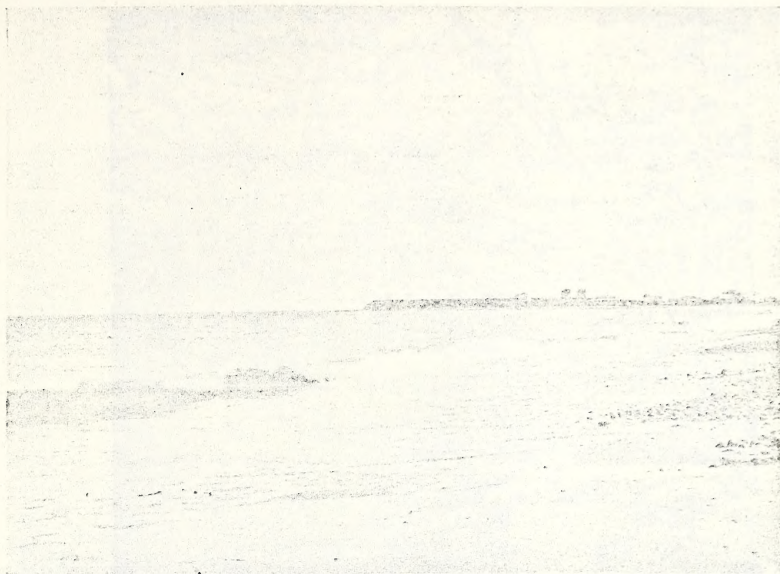
Northward a green bluff broke the chain  
Of sand-hills; southward stretched a plain  
Of salt grass, with a river winding down,  
Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples of  
the town,—

Whence sometimes, when the wind was light  
And dull the thunder of the beach,  
They heard the bells of morn and night  
Swing, miles away, their silver speech.  
Above low scarp and turf-grown wall  
They saw the fort-flag rise and fall;  
And the first star to signal twilight's hour,  
The lamp fire glimmer down from the tall  
lighthouse tower."

*"Salisbury's beach of shining sand."*





*"Wastes of sandy gray."*

The Hampton of to-day, with its trolley cars and cafés, its hotels and pavilions, its summer cottages, and hosts of summer people is a far different spot than when Whittier loved to sit, "In listless quietude of mind."

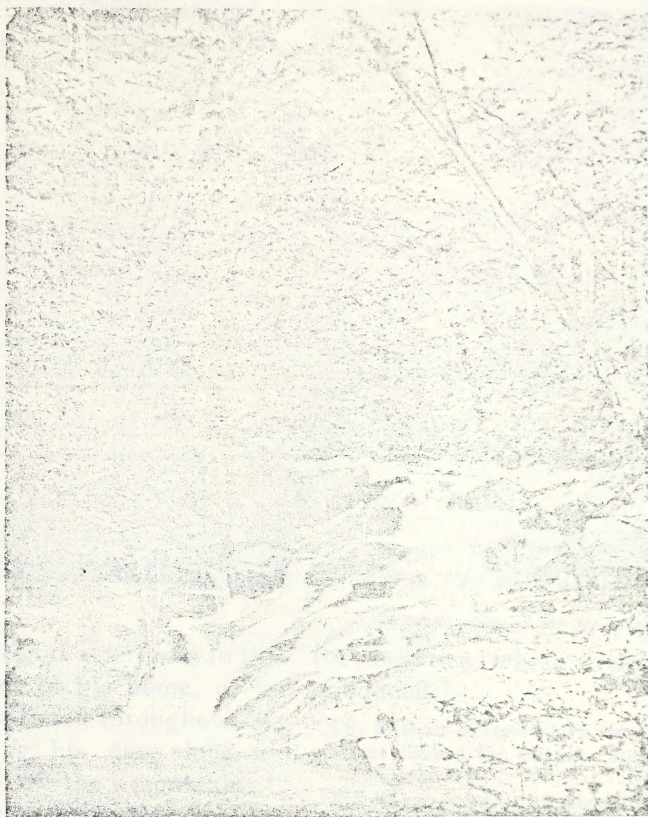
Still,

"The sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
Where, miles away,  
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
A luminous belt, a misty light  
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of  
sandy gray,"

*Hampton—"The thunder of the beach."*







*"The mountain-born Merrimack."*

but the old-time seclusion and quiet are forever gone; fortunate are we in having such exquisite pictures of its early beauty.

Probably no theme was dearer to the poet than the "Mountain-born Merrimack," in whose peaceful valleys he passed so much of his life. He writes poem after poem to the

" . . . child of that white-crested mountain  
whose springs  
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's  
wings,  
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild  
waters shine,  
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through  
the dwarf pine;

"From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and  
so lone,

From the arms of that wintry-locked mother  
of stone,  
By hills hung with forests, through vales  
wide and free,  
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down  
to the sea!"

He delights to sing of the "Stream  
of my fathers," or of the

"Type of the Northland's strength and glory  
Pride and hope of our home and race,—  
Freedom lending to rugged labor  
Tints of beauty and lines of grace."

At times his tone is that of affectionate supplication, as when he bids it

"Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,  
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,  
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,  
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills."



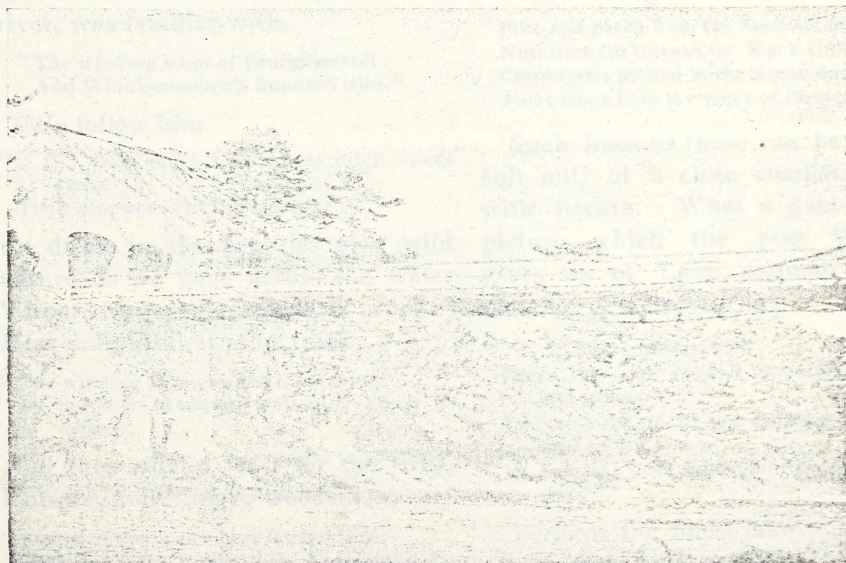


*"Shadows on the Merrimack."*

But the beautiful references to this river, the river of his home, as he calls it, are scattered throughout his poetry, showing his deep love for "the stream of the mountains." How aptly he explains this love for

the beauties which relate to his childhood,

"The hills are dearest which our childish feet  
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams  
most sweet  
Are ever those at which our young lips drank  
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank."



Chain Bridge over the Merrimack. Only Bridge of its Kind in New England.







*"The winding Pemigewasset, overhung by beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks"*

The Merrimack is not the only stream with which he was familiar,— he knew the sources of his beautiful river, was familiar with,

"The winding ways of Pemigewasset  
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles."

We follow him

"... from rough Coös whose thick woods  
shake  
Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake,"

we drink in the beauties of a wild nature as we gaze across the water  
"from Sunapee's shore of rock."  
How delightful it is to track

"The winding Pemigewasset, overhung  
By beechen shadows, whitening down its  
rocks."

And then what a feast for the tired,  
footsores, and hungry woodsman,

"Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
And salmon speared in the Contoocook;

"Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick  
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic;  
And small wild hens in reed-snares caught  
From the banks of Sondagardee brought;

"Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken,  
Cranberries picked in the Squamscoot bog,  
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog."

Such lines as these can be the result only of a close companionship with nature. What a gem is the picture which the poet Whittier gives us of Lake Asquam in the clutches of a storm when

"... a strong blast beat  
Down the long valley's murmuring pines,  
and woke  
The noon-dream of the sleeping lake, and  
broke  
Its smooth, steel mirror at the mountains' feet."

Perhaps the finest lake pictures of all are the little artistic sketches of Lake Winnepesaukee. We see it







*"From Sunapee's shore of rock."*

under the warm sunshine of noon  
touched by

"White clouds, whose shadows haunt the  
deep,  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep!"

or we watch

"The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the  
lake  
Of Winnepesaukee."

And then at evening when,

"Beneath lake, wood, and peopled vale,  
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,  
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,  
And low response of leaf and wave,"

lines comparable in many ways to  
Gray's "Elegy."

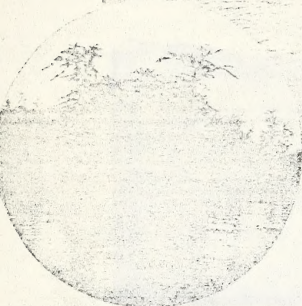
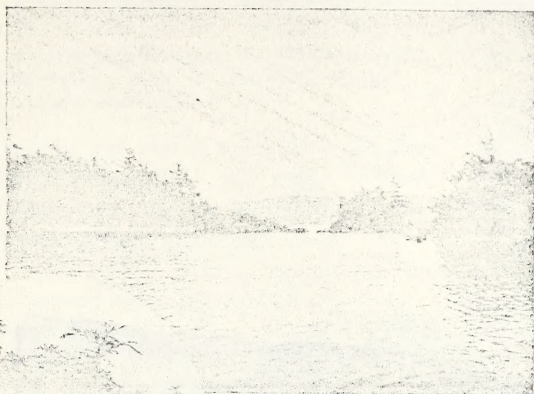
In all her varied moods Whittier  
loved Nature with that love and deep  
appreciation which resulted in its



*Lake Asquam—"The noon-dream of the sleeping lake."*







*"Winnepesaukee's hundred isles."*

"Lake Winnepesaukee," he puts into four beautiful lines two lessons which he learned from nature,

"Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower  
Of beauty still, and while above  
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,  
Be thou the mirror of God's love."

Whittier's mountain pictures are among the most beautiful in his nature book, the colorings most rare and showing those exquisite touches, which are the thumb-marks of the artist. I believe that in their rugged strength and simple grandeur he drew many of the lessons,

beautiful portrayal. With what truth he sang, whose teachings were reflected in his noble character. The influence of the

"I read each misty mountain sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine,  
And I am yours, and ye are mine."

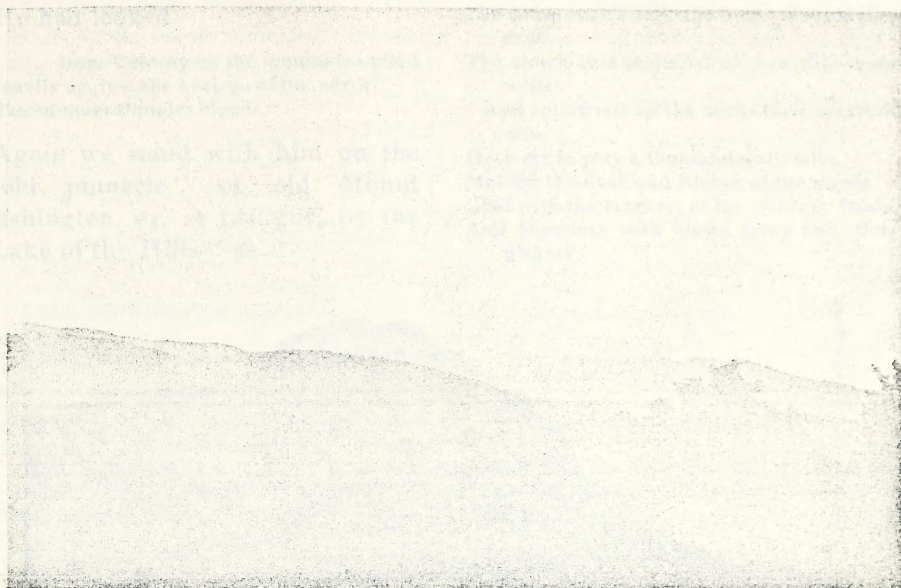
In the last stanza of his poem, the creation of a love for freedom, a true sense of honesty, and a deep, religious thought, oftentimes simple but



*"Moosellick's mountain range."*







*"The clouds that shattered on you slide-worn walls."*

always sufficient. These are among the qualities that made the man Whittier, and whether he learned these great truths from nature or not he certainly lived in close communion with the hills and mountains of old New Hampshire. He

" . . . had seen the moon  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,  
Like a great Indian campfire."

" Had heard above us, like a voice in the  
cloud,  
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop  
Of old Agioochook had seen the mountains  
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood,  
and thick  
As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea of Casco,  
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;  
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and  
hills;  
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kear-  
sarge  
Lifting his granite forehead to the sun!"



*"Had looked from Conway on the mountains."*



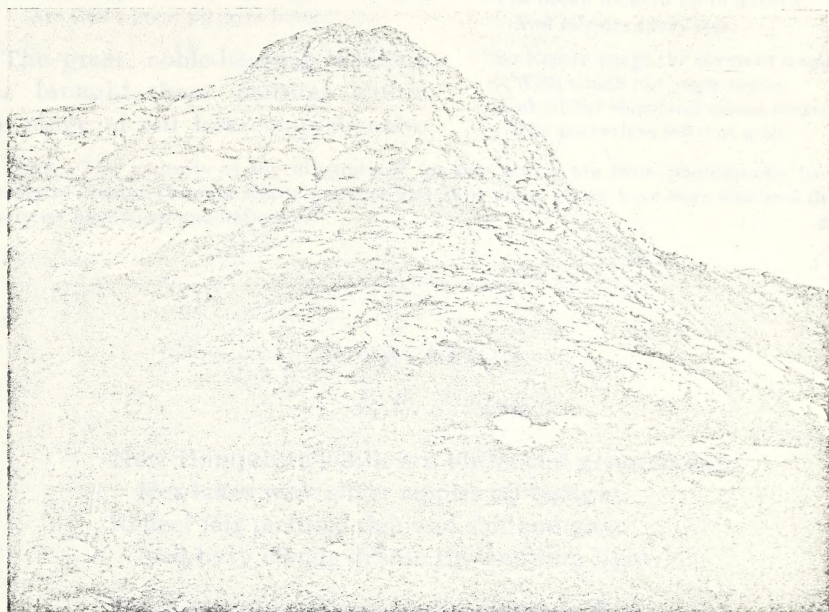


He had looked

" . . . from Conway on the mountains piled  
Heavily against the horizon of the north,  
Like summer thunder-clouds."

Again we stand with him on the  
"cold pinnacle" of old Mount  
Washington, or, at twilight, by the  
"Lake of the Hills" as

"The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing  
deer,  
The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn  
walls  
And splintered on the rocks their spears of  
rain  
Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,  
Making the dusk and silence of the woods  
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods,  
And luminous with blown spray and silver  
gleams,



*"Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel."*

"The shadows round the inland sea  
Are deepening into night;  
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee  
They chase the lessening light."

While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped  
streams  
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands  
again."

In "Monadnock from Wachusset,"  
the poet becomes the painter in very  
truth,

"First a lake  
Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines  
Of far receding hills; and yet more far,  
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines  
His rosy forehead to the evening star."

To Whittier "wooded Cardigan,"  
"the rough pine-bearded Asquam  
range," "Ammonoosuc's mountain  
pass," "old Katahdin's pine trees"  
were as intimate friends,—what a  
rare touch of life in

"One moment, as if challenging the storm,  
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel  
Looked from his watch-tower; then the  
shadow fell,  
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form."

Another exquisite picture in  
"Franconia from the Pemigewas-  
set," shows his fine appreciation  
and perception of the very heart-  
beats of nature,

Such are a few selections taken at  
random from the nature songs of





Whittier's New Hampshire. They are the rare, sweet melodies of a man whose life was spent in close fellowship with the beauties that he loved so well. New Hampshire cannot claim him by birth, but he is her son by adoption and love.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung."

The great, noble-hearted Whittier has brought these pictures within the range of our less comprehensive

vision, compelling us to see them in all their beautiful coloring, and to hear them in songs that will last as long as the themes of which he sung.

"The harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

"And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

"So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man."

NOTE.—The majority of the illustrations for this article are from photographs by John A. Glassey of Exeter, through whose patience and skill many views have been obtained that would otherwise have been unobtainable.

F. W. J.

## VACATION.

*By G. K. Pattee.*

New Hampshire's hills are blithe and green to-day.  
Her lakes with silver ripples all bedight  
Reflect fair pictures rich and soft and gay,  
And hazy clouds diffuse the morning light.

The forest dim, whose somber shadows flow  
Like hallowed thoughts of years long since passed by,  
Grows young to-day and wears a crown of glow,  
And sings the hills a joyous lullaby.

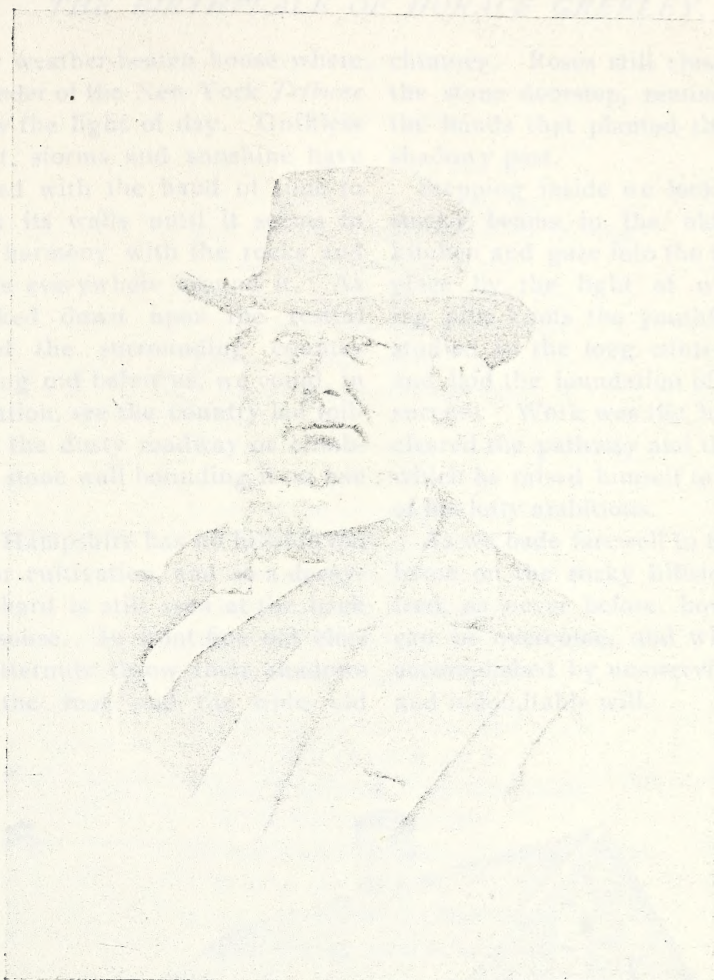
The whispering wind blows gently from the west,  
And cools the fevered wrinkles on my brow,—  
A mother's kiss which soothes her child to rest,  
And calms the heart that throbs with longings now.

The fragrance of the woods, the fields, the flowers,  
Wells up in perfume filled with languid dreams.  
The leaves of summer whisper from their bowers,  
And vanish down the autumn's lotus streams.

Yes, New Hampshire's peaks are old, old friends,  
They greet me with a welcome hale and true.  
I hear their voices, feel their charm which lends  
A love of nature years cannot subdue.



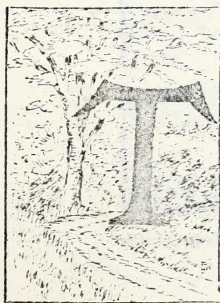




Horace Greeley.

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY.

*By Elizabeth J. Whitney.*



O a traveler in search of things historic, or to a lover of nature, a drive, from Amherst village along the highway leading to Bedford, is full of interest. We have

miles to the early home of Horace Greeley.

As we drive along and study the surrounding landscape, we do not wonder that the country has produced so many men of rugged perseverance and indomitable will. The illustrious name of Horace Greeley stands out a product of New Hampshire soil.

Careful directions given us at the hotel, and are told that it is five

Half way up a long hill, on a shelf of rock, close to the highway, stands





the low weather-beaten house where the founder of the *New York Tribune* first saw the light of day. Guiltless of paint, storms and sunshine have combined with the hand of time to blacken its walls until it seems in perfect harmony with the rocks and boulders everywhere around it. As we looked down upon the restful view of the surrounding country stretching out below us, we could, in imagination, see the country lad toiling up the dusty roadway or climbing the stone wall bounding it on one side.

New Hampshire has no hillside too steep for cultivation, and so a decaying orchard is still seen at the back of the house. In front fine old elms and butternuts throw their shadows across the roof and the wide old

chimney. Roses still cluster around the stone doorstep, reminding us of the hands that planted them in the shadowy past.

Stepping inside we look upon the smoky beams in the old-fashioned kitchen and gaze into the roomy fireplace by the light of whose blazing pine knots the youthful Horace studied in the long winter evenings and laid the foundation of his future success. Work was the hatchet that cleared the pathway and the lever by which he raised himself to the height of his lofty ambitions.

As we bade farewell to the humble home on the rocky hillside we realized, as never before, how obstacles can be overcome, and what can be accomplished by unswerving purpose and indomitable will.



*Photo., Alden Studio, Boston.*

Greeley's Birthplace, Amherst, N. H.





## MY KINDRED.

*By Eva S. Blake.*

I own a kinship with the sky,  
And earth, and air, and sea ;  
The mountain ranges are my friends,  
The lakes are dear to me,  
And near to me by nature's ties  
Are stars and moon and sun ;  
These are not " poor," my relatives,  
But millionaires each one !

The earth is friendly, Mother Earth,  
And her I dearly love ;  
I love those shining sisters too,  
The stars that gleam above ;  
While powerful ministers have I  
In water, air, and light ;  
Oh, ne'er had king at his command  
Such glory or such might.

All things on earth are like to me,  
For child of earth am I.  
There's nothing truly foreign in  
A life beneath our sky.  
So when some woodland friend I meet,  
If it be shy or wild,  
I say, " I would not hurt you dear,  
You are my mother's child."

The trees are near and dear as well  
As all the flowers that grow ;  
I sometimes think they understand  
Because I love them so.  
And I can claim relationship  
With even such as they,  
Who show us birth, and life, and growth,  
All in their own sweet way.

I feel myself a part of all  
The universal life,  
And catch a gleam of harmony  
Beneath the seeming strife,  
A principle that governs all,  
A grand and changeless plan,  
Whose wondrous beauty has begun  
To reach the mind of man.





## RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

*By C. C. Lord.*

### RAMBLE XL.

#### A SOMBER DAY.

**I**T is morning. The sky is clear. The air is gentle. There is a prospect of light and mildness till night. There is no foreboding of danger or alarm. Yet there is a suggestion of sadness in everything. As we go out for a ramble, we find our thoughts brooding in a mantle of somberness.

Man is a creature of moods. The varying phases of human consciousness compose a prominent part of life's experience. Yet the experimental life of moods is an essential element of man's success. The greatest genius in the world is the one who takes the wisest cognizance of his moods. The discoverer, the inventor, the artist, the poet, and the orator are all not only subject to moods, but they make their moods serve them to the accomplishment of ends that are triumphant in the world's acknowledgment and honor. The wise have peace with their moods, though they may betimes savor of deep depression.

It is now autumn in progressive intenser phase, though the desolation of the year is yet far from being a culmination. There was a heavy frost overspreading all the earth this early dawn. It was the first general frost of the season. There was a suggestion of frozen ground in spots,

and thin ice formed in places. The frosty aspect of the first hour of the day is followed by the drooping of the ferns that attests the incipient destruction of cold that is so soon to blight all the vernal beauty of the landscape, except that which in a limited yet happy degree resides in the evergreen products of the field and forest. There is a suggestion of culminating desolation in the partially harvested crops of the industrious farmer, who is making diligent preparation for the inevitable and pressing necessity. Where the stately, tasseled corn a few weeks ago thrived in serried and beautifully waving ranks are now only ghostly lines of harshly whispering dead plants or, perchance, only unsightly bundles of the once graceful maize gathered for future transportation to the barn. The once luxuriant potato fields are now scenes of the ragged results of recent excavation of the edible tubers. The orchards are being plucked of their winter stores of hardy fruit, which is rapidly being prepared for transportation to the storehouse and market. Nor is only man occupied with the provisions expectant of the hungry winter. The prudent squirrel is abroad and apprehensive. A nut or an acorn falls, and the provident and sprightly quadruped seizes and bears it to his den in the tree or in the ground. Just now a tiny and busy





chipmunk creeps along the roadside wall, his extended chops indicating his unmistakable mission and errand. He is on the stealthy way from the farmer's cornfield and is taking home a few precious kernels for his future gustatory and nutritive reliance when the cold and snow will house him for a prolonged and inactive period of dependence upon his previously accumulated stores of food. Then while we ramble and reflect upon the aesthetically somber scenes of the universal harvest, a sad sound salutes our ear. It is the report of the hunter's gun that testifies of the deadly harvest that brings woe and death to so many of the graceful and beautiful animal residents of our local wilds.

One of the reflective aspects of nature at this time is afforded by an impression of absence that cannot be resisted. The person accustomed to contemplate the different scenes of our local geographical life, as they exist at different seasons of the year, cannot now fail to miss accustomed forms of animal life of the thriving summer. There is a deserted condition of the earth and air that is apparent. The progressive destruction of insect life is making silence where was recently oft continuous humming and chirping. The burrowing woodchuck has gone to bed for the winter and no longer greets us upon our walks. The air, which was recently so full of birds and so vocal with their songs, is comparatively still. Just now a bluebird flitted by and sung a few soft notes that seemed only to say farewell, and then a crow cawed and apparently uttered but a hoarse good-by. Migratory birds have been flocking and departing

till now only a few are left to greet our sight and salute our ear in any reflective phase.

Yet there is a cause of compensating cheeriness on this somber morning. As we stroll this way and that, we are constantly reminded of the steadily increasing brightness of the gradually dying leaves of the orchard and wildwood. But there is a sign of happiness better than that of the autumn leaves. By the side of one winding path, the modest and beautiful blue frost-flower, or wild aster, blooms with a smile that seems like a promise of a joy that will outlast all the ravages of time. The year wears the emblems of hope as well as a symbol of despair, and haply the contemplative mind, dwelling on the aspects of the waning time, notes the dying leaf and the living blossom and resists the swell of its accumulating flood of sorrow.

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#### RAMBLE XLI.

##### THE PRIDE OF AUTUMN.

As we go out for a ramble to-day, our emotions are stirred to a peculiar fervor. This is an experience we have for some time anticipated. In the present realization of an intensity of feeling, we must be excused for a corresponding vividness of expression. Heart and language are somewhat natural companions in the highway of this checkered life.

Not since last spring, when the landscape was decked with apple-blossoms, have we felt such an æsthetic fervor in viewing the works of nature. The month of June was a kind of source of continuous joy, but its delights were both deliberative and controlled. Now, on these October





days, an exuberance of beauty of the wide world prompts the most sudden and emphatic outbursts of gratification and praise. We look forward and behind, we turn to the right or to the left, and an apparently limitless richness and radiance of beauty greets our eye. Now indeed is the pride of autumn. Once having seen it, the realization seems to demand a gift of description that partakes of all the facilities implied in the existence of the imagination.

The leaves are dying. They are dying in an exultation of beauty. Everywhere the deciduous leaves of the orchard and wildwood are assuming the most lovely tints of gold, crimson, purple, and brown. Interspersed with the evergreen verdure that outlasts the cold and frost of both autumn and winter, the iridescent hues of the dying leaves afford a variegation of beauty that gives a pleasure that borders upon a delightful enchantment. There is beauty of the distance. We stand on the summit of Mt. Putney, and the eye peers far into the soft luxuriance of the scene, which is bounded only by the circling horizon. There is a beauty of nearness. We stroll into a small, secluded glen, and there the eye meets only the evidence of the limitless prevalence of natural, visual charms. There is more yet to be told of the present triumph of nature's artistic skill. The still surface of the river and lake, like a polished mirror of exceptional clearness, reflects all the richness of color displayed upon their banks and shores. Then, at morn or at eve, when the earth and sky respond to each other in the assertion of their rarest gifts of light and color, the mirrored gleam

and glints upon the surface of the still waters present a grandeur of polychromatic effects that transcend the ordinary appearance of the world and suggest the glories of a supermundane sphere.

We need not attempt a prolonged description of the pride of autumn as it now exists. Those who have seen it with the eye of art, as well as that of sense, know it sufficiently already. We leave description and fall into reflection. We ramble on our way, and as the tints of distributive natural beauty everywhere greet us, we indulge a thoughtful speculation. We ponder on the theory of nature's artistic utilities. From æsthetic we turn to scientific contemplation. Such is a privilege of analytic minds. Beauty captivates us, and then reason tries to explain it. Fact loves to supplement fancy. The bloom of the garden, field, orchard, and forest is often superlatively rich in its assertion of beauty, but its economy is not too obscure for the scientific analogist. The hue attracts the fertilizing bee, and perhaps is instrumental in the practical modification of the sun's light in the interest of vegetable productive energy. In the presence of the bloom of spring and summer, we think and conceive ideas of the prudential scheme of nature. We revolve the quasi-bloom of autumn, and are rewarded only with our studied contemplations.

Is there a scientific use in this exhibition of the pride of autumn? If there is, we cannot define it. The leaves die in a romance of beauty and give us no reason that is the result of direct scientific testimony. For a reason, we are constrained to turn to the ideal conception of our





imagination. When we ask why the leaves die so beautifully, we are reminded that the world for ages has been explaining why men die so often with murmurs of delight upon their lips. There is something inexpressibly comforting in the thought that nature is so considerate of our tenderness of heart as not to allow the summer to wane except in the suggestion of a gleam of promise of the rewards that are to compensate all the contemplative sorrows of the dying season. Here we enter upon a province of truth that is better felt than known. No person of æsthetic reflection, in the presence of the pride of autumn, will dispute our assertion. How many throbs of sadness at the waning aspect of the dying year have been mitigated and assuaged by the aspect of the autumn leaves that seem every season to tend to supplant fear by hope, grief by joy, and tears by smiles! Truly at times it would appear as if the dull, material world were not altogether devoid of sympathy for the inevitable somber phases of the human heart and mind.

Our ramble seeks the end. We turn homeward. As we saunter along, the soft air seems to bear a sweetness like the rapture of a blissful dream.

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#### RAMBLE XLII.

##### AN OLD-FASHIONED STORM.

This is a stormy day. It is one of several stormy days. In order to secure the outdoor recreation so necessary to a person of sedentary habits, we go out in the storm. Our observation discovers that many others are out of doors to-day. In a

prolonged storm, the exigences of business require outdoor activity in spite of the weather.

Since this storm began, we have heard one of our older local residents say that this is an "old-fashioned" storm. People sometimes discuss subjects of which they know little or nothing. Our own present case affords an instance. We frankly admit that we do not know what an "old-fashioned" storm is. The words and phrases of a rural community often crystallize in permanent forms of obscure meaning, if indeed they have any technical force whatever. Since our earliest recollections we have heard people speak of "old-fashioned" storms, but the exact import of the qualifying adjective in this case is a mystery.

Still we cannot deny that the suggestion of an "old-fashioned" storm conveys by inference a certain, though somewhat indistinct, idea to our mind. There are indirect methods by which the mind arrives at conclusions of greater or less exactness, even in the absence of any direct definition of terms. In reflecting upon the subject, we cannot escape a kind of conception that "old-fashioned" storms in this region are more likely to occur in autumn. We have a faint idea that we have heard of "old-fashioned" storms in winter. It may be that they are liable to happen at every season of the year. In any assumed case, an "old-fashioned" storm is to us an inferentially dark, gloomy, and prolonged occurrence of stormy weather.

If we consult history, we find that the existence of civilized society in New Hampshire is a relatively recent fact. Old times in this region ex-





tend in reality only a short distance into the historic past. Only a few generations ago, civilized settlements in this state were new, crude, and weak. There was little comfort and much exposure to the elements. In the recent, local, "old" times, on the occurrence of a prolonged storm, there must have been much individual, domestic, and social inconvenience among the civilized inhabitants struggling for a home in a real or comparative wilderness. In the more inclement season, such a storm could hardly fail to incur considerable absolute privation and suffering. It is no wonder then if the earliest civilized inhabitants of this region became somewhat dolefully impressed by the experiences of the prolonged storms that sometimes sweep over this portion of our common country. It is not strange if, in later years of better domestic and civil accommodations, the older residents rehearsed to younger listeners the once doleful experiences encountered in the existence of a prolonged, severe, stormy period. Young ears will listen earnestly, and young hearts will throb ardently, when old lips recite the adventures and perils of by-gone times. The impressions created in plastic minds by the intensely captivating recitals of the exciting experiences of other days by the aged will not only become permanently fixed in the memory, but they will also induce forms of speech that will last till those who gave them origin have long disappeared below the western social horizon. Out of this indirect historic reflection we construct an idea of an "old-fashioned" storm.

There is a combination of aspects of a prolonged storm in autumn

that suggests gloomy and foreboding thoughts. It occurs when the mind is busy with the contemplation of the decadence of the charms of summer. Then such a storm is a potential agent in further devastating the æsthetic face of nature. It dulls the leaf, casts both leaf and fruit to the earth, makes the landscape more naked, and drenches the earth till it wears an aspect of watery desolation. More than this, vegetation no longer aspires in growth, refusing to absorb water from the soil, and the accumulation of hasty rain-drops fills the streams to overflowing till they rush seaward with clamorous voices, bearing on their breasts the fallen débris of the summer's beauty. At last the air is chill, and the wind moans with a tone that foretells all the dreariness and doom of the inhospitable winter that is so near at hand.

We do not desire to encourage too much gloominess of reflection in the presence of an "old-fashioned" storm. Thus far we have spoken as one who would fain explain a mystery. We in closing pass to a new view of thought. Personally and privately we often find pleasure in a storm. There is something inviting in its tumultuous career. This fact is particularly evident in the season that favors rambling out of doors. We remember how in boyhood we experienced a peculiar delight in facing the storm, being warmly clad and observant of the varying and captivating phases of the passing meteor. Then, as we returned to the fireside and listened to the voice of the storm outdoors, there was a charm in our reflections that only those of temperamentally æsthetic nature know. Lastly, when we re-





tired for the night, and listened to the rain on the roof and the wind around the walls, it seemed as if the ear derived music than which the world knew no sweeter. We are happy to-day in the enjoyment of the gladness of even the storm.

#### RAMBLE XLIII.

##### THE DISCLOSURES OF AUTUMN.

One of the great charms of summer resides in its luxuriance. In this remark we imply an aspect of the vegetable world. The abundance of leaf and bloom in the summer season is a special source of its pride. This is peculiarly true of the leaves of the orchard and forest, affording as they do the cool, shady retreats which are the comfort of both man and beast. There is a blessing in the foliage of summer, but how much it conceals from view! An aspect of autumn awakens this thought as we go out for a ramble to-day.

The leaves are falling. They began to fall soon after they began to attire themselves in their beautiful and brilliant autumn dresses. Because the appearance of the hues of the autumnal foliage is the earnest of progressive decay, the leaves have been falling with increasing frequency for a week or two past. The storm of last week, by its wet, cold, and violence, hastened materially the death and descent of the leaves. The influence of the storm was seen in the increased open spaces among the branches of shrubs and trees as soon as it was over. These open spaces, affording vistas to sight, have been increasing and enlarging since the storm ceased to be.

Among the leaves there are some

that seem destined by nature to fall first. In our ramble to-day, we notice that the ash trees by our path are totally bare. The wild cherries by the roadside are only in a little better condition. Some of the thrifty young maples by the way are bare or rapidly becoming so. A wandering, wild grapevine has lost all its leaves. Most of the trees of the orchard and forest still retain sufficient autumn foliage to give the landscape a lingering charm to the eye, but the æsthetic glory of the season is rapidly disappearing. The truth in respect to the leaves of the trees is also that of the diminutive shrubs that are being one after another denuded.

The leaves are a source of comfort in more senses than one. They protect animal life from both extreme heat and the vigilance of enemies. The protective function of the leaves is more apparent to us when they fall and disclose the objects they till recently have screened from view. As we strolled out of doors to-day, we noticed on a tree near our door the presence of an empty nest of the oriole, or golden robin, attached to a pendent twig of the bough of a supple branch. What a sudden revelation is this! We may have been occasionally aware during the progress of the summer that an oriole perched upon this tree, but the existence of the nest, its eggs, its growing brood, and its fledged occupants was a fact of which we entertained the blindest ignorance. How discreet the parent orioles have been the past summer! They selected a home in close proximity to that of man to avoid the approach of predaceous birds; they maintained pro-





gressive silence, suppressing the joy that craved to loose itself in a gush of song, to escape the encroachment of human beings. Here have been life, industry, and success in the career of birds, and we have been unconscious of almost the whole, never dreaming what a history the falling leaves of autumn would reflectively detail to our mind.

We pass down the highway to the east and discover a similar but more surprising fact. This time it is an empty bird's nest, but the location of it is so remarkable as to be almost startling. On a shrub by the side of the path is a tiny and delicate basket. This little receptacle is as graceful as it is small. During the summer it has been the residence of a household of tiny and sprightly yellowbirds, whose bright yellow bodies, contrasted with their very dark wings, always make them objects of admiration whenever and wherever they are seen in the maturity of their plumage. During the past summer we have now and then noticed the twittering and undulating flight of a yellowbird as we have been going or coming here and there, but the idea that we were daily passing within a few feet of a yellowbird's nest never once entered our mind. How many a time last summer we might have reached and laid our hand upon this nest, as we were passing this way, but we knew not its existence even! How many times a silent, sitting bird has peered at us from the leaves as we went by, and we knew not the bright eyes that were watching us. Verily, there is a prudence in birds that were a credit to even man himself.

The leaves are falling. The dis-

closures of autumn are multiplying. On this tree by the highway is a chippy's nest; on yonder tree in the orchard is a robin's; a little farther on is the nest of a kingbird on a ragged bough; and all these nests have been unknown to us till now. Were we a small boy, doubtless we should have gone nest-hunting the past summer and located some or all of these homes of the feathered denizens of the air, for it is the country boy's delight to know where the birds make their nests, but, as a man who is not an ornithologist, we have trusted to luck for such knowledge. Still we cannot help reflecting on the pleasure it would have given us to have realized what captivating facts of bird-life were taking place so near us. The disclosures of autumn are like the disclosures of death. When the inevitable change takes away a friend, it often reveals the worth of which we had no knowledge till the veil of sense was torn from our eyes.

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#### RAMBLE XLIV.

##### THE TIME OF RETROSPECTION.

In the course of these rambles of the rolling year, we have given evidence of the passive nature of the æsthetic mind. There is a quality in reflective life that depends upon its environment for the manifestation of its special activity. Herein we have a suggestion of the difference existing between practical and ideal life. It is the province of practical life to exhibit a kind of independence of its circumstances, while it is nature of ideal existence to wait upon the complacency of its surroundings.





In the spring of the year, it seems to be a common experience of human beings to indulge pleasant anticipation. Personally, we feel the anticipative mood as soon as the year passes the winter solstice in December. This is true because the knowledge of a daily increase of the sun's light affords us a cheerful, reflective goal to which we can constantly look forward. There is something in the prospect of a triumph of light over darkness, of warmth over cold, and of summer over winter, that, in any stage of the implied progressive season from solstice to solstice, makes the world's æsthetic minds move in a state of gratified expectancy. The year, however, illustrates the phenomenon of actual and contemplative reveries. When the autumn comes, and the light declines, the cold increases, and the beauty of the landscape fades, the æsthetic mind reacts upon itself and indulges the reflective frames that correspond to the aspect of the surrounding world of nature. As a proof of this assertion, we cite the sadder lines of the autumnal poet, who, perchance, reveals a disposition to look back upon the privileges and delights that are fast waning before the eyes of him who, in spite of any practical resolution he possesses, grieves to witness the unavoidable change.

We find ourself in a retrospective mood as we go out for a ramble to-day, and hence the introductory remarks we have indulged. We find it impossible to suppress the implied reversed tendency of our thoughts. In whatever direction we turn, we find the evidences of the decline of atmospheric clemency and the decay of mundane beauty that distinctively

mark the summer season. It is hardly necessary to assert that our contemplations are tinged with sadness at this time, though we venture a limited analysis of the incentive to our predominant retrospection.

We are inclined to think that human nature is often too intense in its ideal manifestations. It seems to us that man often anticipates too much and hence in the course of time apprehends in corresponding measure. In the spring of hope, human nature assures itself of so much that the autumn of its despair is more intense than it otherwise would be. We think in this way because we are reminded of the expectations we indulged last winter as we contemplated the advent of summer. Our mind was full of the anticipative privileges of the coming open season and, when the first rays of spring broke from the south, we hastened out into the fields and woods to catch the earliest breath of inspiration from the renewing charms of the landscape. It is not too much to say that then there was a fervor of impatience in our heart for the fuller realization of vernal warmth of the returning springtime, while we promised ourself abundance of profitable enjoyment of the rejuvenated outer world, when the wider opportunity should be manifested. We singled out the walks and retreats that would afford us both repeated and prolonged communions of soul with the æsthetically thrilling scenes of beneficent summer. But did we realize all that we anticipated? We are compelled to give a negative answer to this question.

There is a spot where our anticipations fondly clung in the early



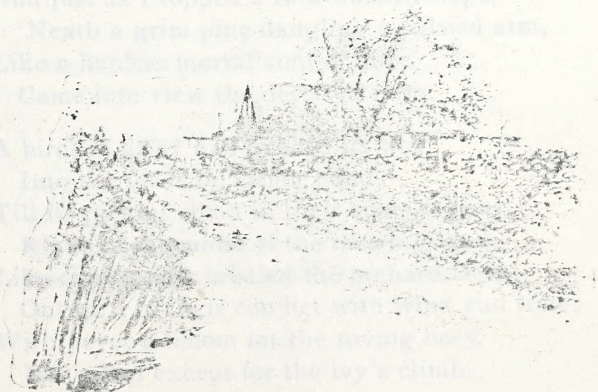


spring. It is a rural resort by a wall on a slope at the edge of a wood, and where the eye roams over a wide expanse of inviting eastern landscape. A horizontal projection of a stone in the wall, upon which we have often sat and indulged the fancies of poetry, has for a long time been an imaginative "muse's seat." Last winter this resort was the subject of many fond expectations, and in the earliest spring our visits to it were not without their rewards of rhythmic fervor, which found expression in elaborated, written verse. It were impossible for us to attempt a description of the amount of pleasure we contemplated in the privileges of the "muse's seat" ere the summer passed away. Yet to-day we are principally reminded of the neglect with which the cherished spot has been regarded during the glowing, beauteous summer. As we now visit the location, we find the verdure of the place faded, its pleasant shades ruined, and its chill air forbidding, and, while we listen to the rustle of the dead leaves, we reflect with a kind of surprise that so many of our past summer hours which might have been spent here happily were devoted to mental exer-

cises in a far less inviting and encouraging place within the walls of our humble dwelling. In such a case as this it is but natural that the æsthetic heart should heave a sigh.

Among the environs of our home, on the eastern slope of old Putney's hill, are heights, depths, vistas, and nooks. There are rocks and streams. There are the æsthetic resorts where all the imaginative delights of life's chaste reflections are every summer invited to flow in their purest fervors. We are happy to be able to say that, during the past warm season, we have not failed entirely of the aids to profitable enjoyment that these endowments of the earth have afforded. Yet on our ramble to-day, noting the decay of autumn and listening to the whisper of death that creeps over the scene of rapidly culminating desolation, we look back and reflect with sadness upon the apparently self-imposed privations of the recent summer-time.

This is the time of retrospection, but it need not be that of self-condemnation. The practical considerations of this world are always facts that rob us of our ideal privileges in spite of our plans.







## COLD SPRING ON THE BELLAMY, DOVER, N. H.

*By Arthur W. Hall.*

Perchance there are among the haunts of men  
Spots that for beauty far can this excel ;  
Places world-hallowed by the tongue and pen  
Of seer and poet who can nobly tell  
The glint and murmur of the running stream,  
The sway and motion of the forest tree,  
Enchanted are such strains, but give to me  
The gentle river that I love so well.

By its green bank on drowsy summer's day  
Find I in unison, content and peace.  
Forgetful of the city's false display  
Here do I feel the source of soul-release  
As dear to me as when but still a boy  
I knew not yet my manhood's rough alloy.

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## THE DESERTED FARM.

A PLEA FOR THE NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODS.

*By Charles Clinton Jones.*

A long, lone stretching of shadeless road,  
A bush-grown meadow and staggering fence,  
A shelving bank where the red sand glowed,  
Making the sun's heat more intense—  
And just as I topped a rain-washed slope,  
'Neath a grim pine dangling a palsied arm,  
Like a hapless mortal void of hope,  
Came into view the deserted farm.

A birchen army had pushed its way  
Into the fields on either hand,  
Till its pickets stood in their coats of gray,  
Right in the midst of the mowing land.  
Like crow's nest bristled the orchard trees,  
Outworn in their conflict with wind and time ;  
With never a bloom for the roving bees,  
Nor a leaf except for the ivy's climb.





Burdocks and beggar's-lice choked the yard  
Where once the sheep in contentment lay ;  
Beside it a dead elm evil-starred,  
Which used to shelter the children's play.  
Empty the barn and the sagging mows  
Were wet with the moisture the roof let in.  
Bereft were the stalls of the lowing cows,  
And never a morsel in crib or bin.

A weed-grown path to the blank house led,  
Another down to the toppling well.  
I reached the door with a sense of dread,  
At my push it creaked on its hinge and fell.  
For a moment I scarce could see for dust  
It started up from the lime strewn floor ;  
The very atmosphere smelled of must,  
And I thanked the wind for the breath it bore.

A bevy of bats from the ceiling hung,  
A gapnt rat scurried across the gloom,  
The loosened paper its tatters flung,  
As I ushered the breeze from room to room.  
Down in the cellar the crumbling wall  
Scarcely supported the rotting sill ;  
A place for the bugs and worms to crawl,  
Where the heedless cricket chirruped still.

Depressed in spirit I sought at last  
The freer air in the blaze outside ;  
A few scared hollyhocks as I passed  
The subtle changes of time defied.  
Long since the urchins in ruthless play  
Had shattered to fragments the window glass.  
While bricks from the battered chimney lay  
Here and there in the tangled grass.

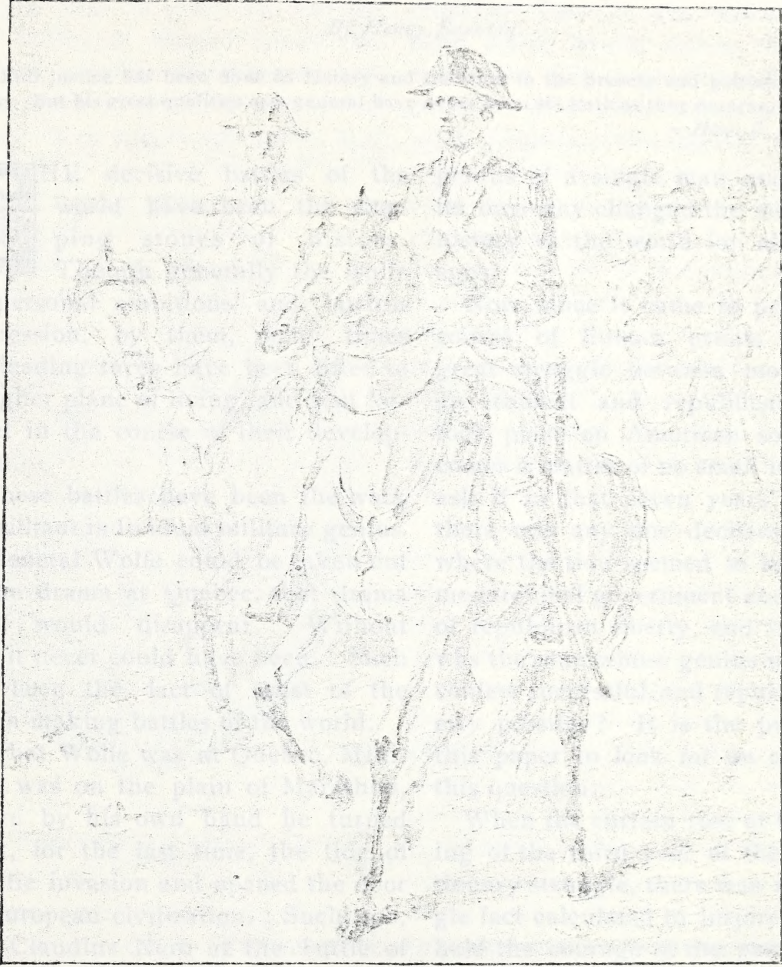
Dear old homestead where tired feet  
Crossed the threshold at day's decline ;  
Where childish prattle and laughter sweet  
Tingled the air like sparkling wine,  
Sad old homestead in swift decay,  
What, may I ask, has changed it all ?  
" My death began on the self-same day  
The grand old forests commenced to fall."







## JOHN STARK—HIS PLACE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.



STARK AT BENNINGTON.





## JOHN STARK,—HIS PLACE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

*By Henry Boynton.*

"Full justice has been done in history and tradition to the bravery and patriotism of John Stark. But his great qualities as a general have never been set forth as they deserve."

*—Hon. E. J. Phelps.*



HE decisive battles of the world have been the stepping stones of history. Though generally the fruits of personal ambitions and lawless aggression, by them, many times the leading races have been lifted to a higher plane of living, and sent forward in the course of their development.

These battles have been the work of brilliant individual military genius. If General Wolfe could be taken out of the drama at Quebec, that drama itself would disappear. Without him it never could have been. Such has been the fact of most of the epoch-making battles of the world.

What Wolfe was at Quebec, Miltiades was on the plain of Marathon, where by his own hand he turned back, for the last time, the tide of Asiatic invasion and opened the door to European civilization. Such, too, was Claudius Nero at the battle of Metaurus, where he gave the death blow to Carthaginian domination, and made Rome possible. An achievement equal to either of these in lasting results was also wrought by Charles Martel at Tours, where were laid the foundations for modern France, for Luther, and for the Reformation. These three gigantic contests were each the result of the

genius of a single man, and each in its own way changed the subsequent history of the world for all coming ages.

Now, since it came to pass in the course of human events that the great struggle between monarchical government and republican liberty took place on American soil, it becomes a matter of no small interest to ask if in that seven years' struggle there was any one decisive contest, where the tide seemed to set against monarchical government and in favor of republican liberty, and if so, who was the man whose genius made that contest successful, and republican liberty possible? It is the purpose of this paper to look for an answer to this question.

When the curtain rose at the opening of the third year of the Revolutionary struggle, there was not a single fact calculated to inspire and uphold the courage of the patriots anywhere to be seen. The second anniversary of Concord and Lexington had come and gone, and the American army had not been able to accomplish any results that could inspire the expectation that the struggle could ever be carried forward to a successful end. During the previous year two expeditions had been sent into Canada with the expectation of





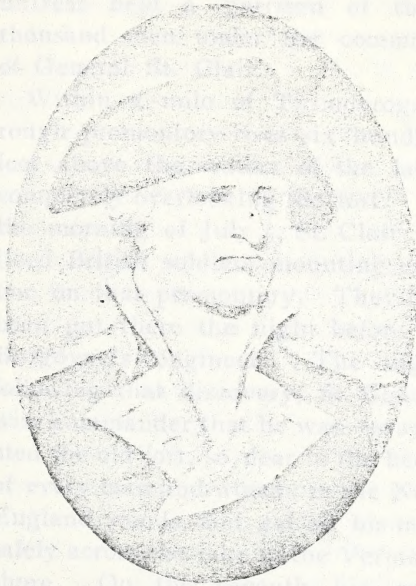
capturing Quebec and Montreal and enlisting the coöperation of the Canadians. Both had resulted disastrously. A general gloom had settled down upon the mind of every patriot, while exultant hope animated the heart of every Tory in the land. With his limited forces and his scanty supplies Washington had only been able to maintain a defensive warfare. Men would not enlist, and

another quarrel with the king of England.

To add to the intensity of the gloom of that hour, news from England told that the British government was preparing to administer a most crushing blow to the colonies,—a blow which would reduce them to immediate and unconditional subjugation. The plan contemplated a triple invasion of the country. Three armies moving on converging lines were to meet at Albany, N. Y., from whence, as a center, a line of fortified posts could be maintained from Montreal to New York, thus cutting the country in twain and leaving each half to die by itself. Under such conditions the stern patriots looked silently in each others' faces, trusted in God, and watched the gathering storm.

On the first of June, 1777, at Montreal, General Burgoyne, the ablest man the British government ever sent to this country, stood at the head of an army of ten thousand experienced and well-disciplined soldiers. Every officer under him was efficient and reliable. His engineer corps, his artillery, and his commissariat were all that could be desired. In addition to these there were three hundred Canadians and as many Indians, with a good supply of Tory spies and guides. During the whole Revolutionary struggle there never was another so complete an engine of war, as was this army under Burgoyne's command.

Another expedition was fitted out and placed under the charge of St. Leger, who was expected to reach Albany by way of Lake Ontario, Fort Stanwix, and the valley of the Mohawk. There, when the army should



Gen. John Stark.

*From U. D. Tenney's painting, after the Trumbull portrait.*

there was no money to equip and pay them if they would. It was then that men began to realize that without foreign aid their "Independence" must come to a speedy end. For months Franklin and his colleagues had been vainly striving to enlist the king of France in our behalf. Though the humiliation of having so recently lost his North American possessions was fresh upon him, he could not be persuaded to enter into





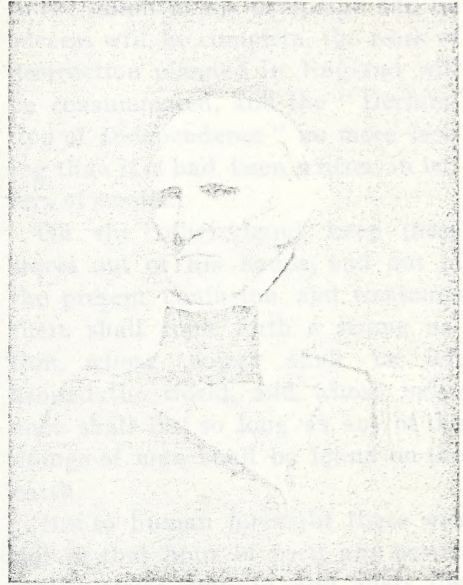
arrive, which Lord Howe was expected to send from New York, the three commanders were to meet and touch glasses over the downfall of American republicanism.

Moving quietly along the lake Burgoyne reached Ticonderoga on the first day of July. This historic fortress had, till now, been the Gibraltar of the Northern provinces. It had been looked upon by them as impregnable. At that time this fortress held a garrison of three thousand men under the command of General St. Clair.

Within a mile of Ticonderoga a rough promontory rises six hundred feet above the waters of the lake, completely overlooking the fort. On the morning of July 5, St. Clair noticed British soldiers mounting cannon on that promontory. They had been put there the night before by Burgoyne's engineer. The night following that discovery, St. Clair—wise commander that he was—evacuated the old fort, so dear to the heart of every man and woman in the New England woods, and got all his men safely across the lake to the Vermont shore. On the seventh his rear guard was overtaken at Hubbardton, by a detachment sent in pursuit, by Burgoyne, and badly cut to pieces. On July 10 the British army reached Skenesboro, now Whitehall, N. Y.

There was no force to dispute the progress of the invading army, and it moved forward like a triumphal procession. General Schuyler, the commander of the little "Northern army," was hardly able to annoy the advancing host, and retreated as fast as Burgoyne came on. He did, however, succeed in retarding his

progress, in that by tearing up all the bridges he left behind him in his retreat and felling trees in the narrow passes, he made it impossible for Burgoyne to advance more than one mile a day for twenty successive days, so that he only reached Fort Edward on the last day of July. By this time Burgoyne found his men wearied, his horses badly used up, and his provisions rapidly diminish-



Gen. John Stark.

*From a portrait by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, painted at  
Dunbarton about 1820.*

ing. The further he plunged into the wilderness, the more and more difficult it became to get subsistence for his army, from his base of supplies, hence the necessity was daily increasing, that subsistence, forage, and horses must be found somewhere else.

His Tory spies were soon able to inform him that all these good things could be had at Bennington, where an ample supply had been gathered





by the rebels and left comparatively undefended. Moreover, these stores were but little more than twenty miles away.

This good news gave the British commander much satisfaction. Now he had nothing to fear, for Schuyler had retreated west of the Hudson, and was twenty miles away. His scouts had reported no armed force in all the country round (save three or four hundred men poorly equipped at Manchester), that could interfere with his taking the coveted stores at Bennington, whenever it should suit his convenience so to do.

It was no wonder then that Burgoyne was filled with jubilant exultation. So far in the campaign he had met with no opposition, and his Tory friends made him believe that he would meet with none between there and the appointed rendezvous at Albany, because so large a majority of the inhabitants were loyal to the English king. He had now gotten clear of the swamps and dense woods around the lakes, had reached a more open country, where his army could move with comparative freedom, was already on the banks of the great river which connected him with New York, from whence help was sure to come, and Albany only a few days' march away. He would gather in the stores at Bennington, which were within easy reach, when it suited his convenience, march to Albany, send out a proclamation to the people, make ready for the end of the great American drama, and go home the greatest military hero of the age.

But this strong man was soon to pass through a very different experience from what his imagination had

pictured to him. We here come to the parting of the ways in that great drama divine Providence was working out with that primitive people, and the destinies of the country will depend upon which way the tide of events shall turn during the next few days. Let Burgoyne get possession of those stores at Bennington and as sure as the waters of the Hudson flow down to Albany he will go there too. Let him but forge this one link in the chain of his campaign and its success will be complete, the work of destruction planned in England will be consummated, and the "Declaration of Independence" no more lasting than if it had been written in letters of smoke.

On the other hand keep these stores out of his hands, and out of the present confusion and weakness there shall come forth a strong nation, whose power shall be felt around the world, and whose influence shall last so long as any of the doings of man shall be found on the earth.

But to human foresight there was not in that hour of peril any power which could step in and avert the dreaded catastrophe. To the eye of man the blackness of that hour afforded not one single ray of light.

But this was one of those times when "man's extremity is God's opportunity," and in those subtle and silent ways which always lie beyond the ken of man. He who bits the thunder and stills the ocean's roar by the aid of human instrumentalities was forging the links of a mighty cable, which should not only enable the new-born republic to outride the storm which then threatened its destruction, but to hold it to its moor-





ings till it should become the flagship of the squadrons of the world.

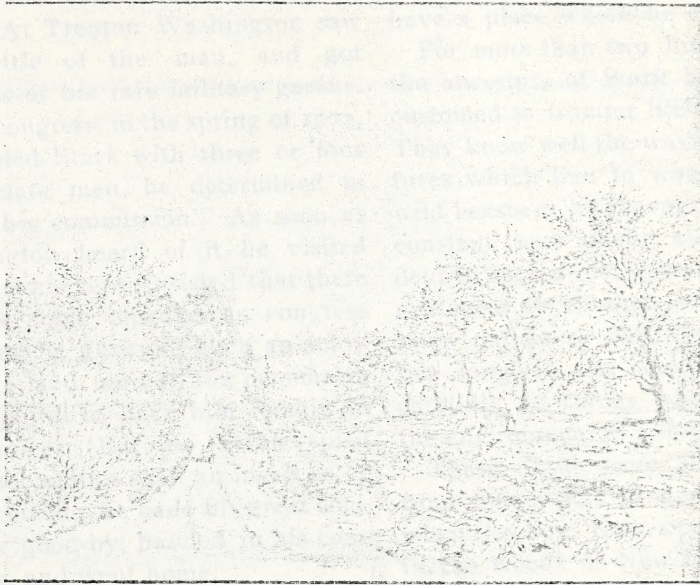
When the news of the fall of Ticonderoga spread through the woods of Vermont and New Hampshire, a wild cry of despair rang out from every home, from the Merrimack to the Hudson. There was now no longer any defense between those homes and the bayonets of the British soldiery and the tomahawk of the

was immediately sent out to the veterans of the old French war to rally for the defense of the frontier against the common enemy. Their reply was,

"Yes, we will start immediately on one condition."

"What is that?" asked the Committee.

"Give us John Stark for a leader," was the laconic answer.



Site of Stark's Birthplace, now an Orchard, in Derry.

savage. Added to this terror the sad story of the innocent and beautiful young Jenny McCrea had reached their scattered hamlets, and made the blood of every man boil with unutterable rage, and that of every matron and maid run cold with horror.

When the news of this disaster reached New Hampshire her Committee of Safety was in session devising means for the public safety, and most nobly did she respond to the call for help which reached her from the Green Mountain land. A call

When the demand of his old comrades was officially made known to Stark, like them he, too, had a condition attached to his answer. When asked what it was he replied,

"Give me an independent commission, making me responsible alone to the authorities of New Hampshire, and I am ready."

This condition was complied with, and the rallying went rapidly forward.

Previous to this Stark had been quietly sawing logs on the banks of the Merrimack at Manchester. Two





years before he had been one of those men who literally left his plough in the field, mounted his horse, and started for Boston the morning after the fight at Concord and Lexington.

He rendered most efficient service at Bunker Hill, had been very active in securing enlistments to the service, served under Washington at Princeton and Trenton, and there won the esteem and confidence of his great chief. At Trenton Washington saw the mettle of the man, and got glimpses of his rare military genius. When congress, in the spring of 1777, superseded Stark with three or four subordinate men, he determined to resign his commission. As soon as Washington heard of it he visited Stark in his tent, insisted that there must be some mistake, as congress could not be guilty of such an act of injustice, and used all the persuasion in his power to have him remain in the service. But his heroic spirit could not endure such an insult as he had received; he bade his great commander good-by, handed in his commission, and went home.

And so it came to pass that he was at home quietly attending to his farm, and his sawmill, when the call to the great mission of his life came to him. His reply was quick and sharp, and his action not less so. With a force and sagacity known only to a nature like his, he entered at once upon the great work before him.

But while these preliminaries are going forward, in order that we may understand why the call of his old comrades for his leadership was so peremptory and emphatic, and that we may learn what was his personal fitness for the work to which he had

been so suddenly summoned, let us look a moment into his history.

Some one has said that it took five generations to make Emerson. It took six to produce Stark. Some one has also said that Emerson did more thinking while he lived than any other man born this side the sea. If that be so, we may possibly find that, next to Washington, Stark did more than any other man of his time to make it possible for Emerson to have a place where he could think.

For more than two hundred years the ancestors of Stark had been accustomed to frontier life in Scotland. They knew well the ways of all creatures which live in woods, whether wild beasts or half savage men. The constant and intent alertness incident to such a life, gave an abnormal acuteness to all their senses. They knew nature as only those can who live long in the woods and study carefully all things which make up the environment of a forest life.

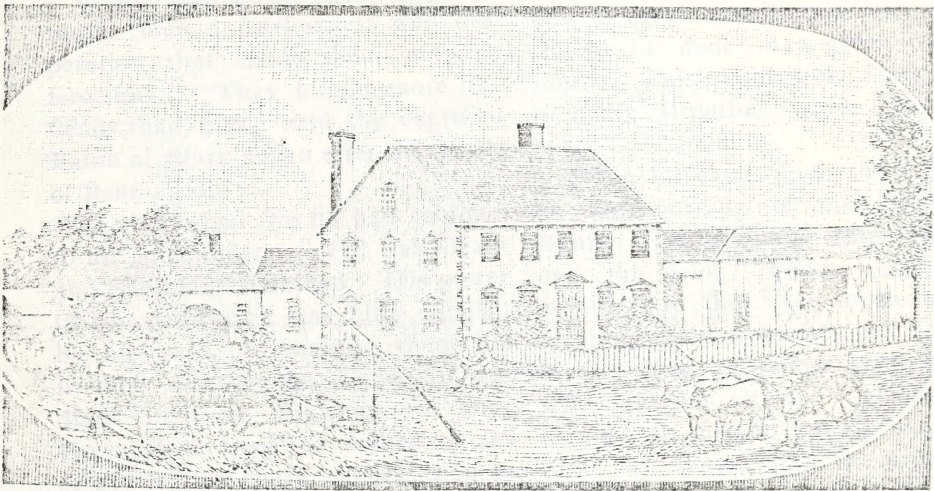
These traits were handed along from generation to generation, and when the boy, John, opened his eyes in the woods of New Hampshire, in 1728, he saw nothing new or strange. He had come home, that was all. He understood everything about him. All forest noises were familiar to his ear, and no Indian's eye could track the course of human footsteps over the dead leaves in the forest more unerringly than could his. The hidden experiences of six generations were slumbering in that boy, waiting only the conditions which should call them into activity. When he came to maturity he could see at a glance all the possibilities, whether visible or potential, which entered into any given condition.





Thus equipped by nature, he could never be surprised or put into a corner. When in captivity by the Indians in Canada and ordered to "run the gauntlet," he suddenly caught the club from the Indian standing nearest him, knocked him to the ground, and before his comrades could recover their senses, Stark had thrown the whole company into confusion, and stood defiantly master of the situation. He taught his captors a new lesson. They at once adopted

confusion that follows it. No condition ever seemed new to him, but he rose to the demands of every untried occasion with an assurance as serene and a self-confidence as perfect as though this had been his chosen field of action all his life. To whatever piece of work he gave himself, the devotion he put into it was single-hearted and sacramental. Elevated and creative energy was an instinct with him, and leadership a natural function.



The Old Stark House, Manchester.

him and made him a chief. Their friendly relations were never broken.

On the retreat from Fort William Henry, in 1757, surrounded by a force three times his own, with his two superior officers shot, threatening to shoot dead the first one of his men who attempted to run away, he held his little band of Rangers together, and kept on fighting till darkness enabled him to get all the living away in safety. Stark was then twenty-nine years old.

He probably never knew the emotion of fear, hence never knew the

But he knew men as well as he knew conditions, and could use each with equal efficiency. In the camp, on the march, and in the battle, he was at the same time comrade and commander, but the one was never merged into or lost sight of in the other. That comradeship made every one of his men a part of himself, and in action they responded to the demands of his will, as did his own hands and feet. Napoleon once said that his presence on the battlefield was half the power of his army, when in action. The same was





equally true of Stark. Peril gave him an intellectual stimulus which enabled him to see everything with instinctive clearness, every nerve, every power, being quickened by the demands of the moment. These experiences were like those moments of inspiration which come alike to all great men, whether warriors, prophets, or poets. When ready for an engagement, men who came into his presence were born again. Thereafter they never knew fear.

In the heat of battle he imparted to his men a fearlessness and desperation that made them actually ferocious. "They fought more like fiends than men," said the captured Baum of Stark's men after the battle of Bennington.

But if he had fire he had coolness to an equal degree. He was Grant and Sheridan combined. His power to command men was fully equaled by his skill in making them his friends. From the Canadian Indians in their wigwams to Lord Howe, fresh from the refined circles of the British court, not less than to all the grades of men who filled up the gap between these wide extremes, he made himself alike acceptable and his personality equally attractive. His genius comprehended all situations and read with equal clearness the characters of all men.

But not only did Stark know men and things well, best of all he knew himself. Had he been questioned he could have given no account of the latent energy that was in him. It was more a matter of consciousness than of estimation. He did not stop to calculate it any more than the eagle does the sweep of its wings or

the strength of its claws. His force was elemental, governed only by its own laws. His clubbing of the Indians, in its suddenness and power, was like a cyclone, as unexpected and as effective.

The art of war he knew by intuition. Grant that Washington's military reputation was established before the coming on of the Revolution, and without dispute Stark stands as the most brilliant military genius developed during that era. Napoleon once said, "That man is the best general who knows just what should be done in a given condition." This requisition Stark met in every situation where he was tried.

When he came upon the ground on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, giving a quick glance over the field, "There," said he, pointing to the wide open space reaching from Prescott's left to the Mystic river, "is where Lord Howe will make his attack." At once he ordered his men to put up that historic rail fence, with its stuffed-in new mown grass, and, as he predicted, the attack was made at that point. As the British began to advance, taking in his hand a stake, he went out in front of his line and drove it into the ground. "There," said he, "let not a single shot be fired till they reach that stake, then every one of you make sure of his man."

When the fight was over there were more dead bodies picked up in front of that rail fence than in any other equal portion of the battle line. At Trenton, Washington gave Stark the command of the right wing of his army. On the morning of the battle





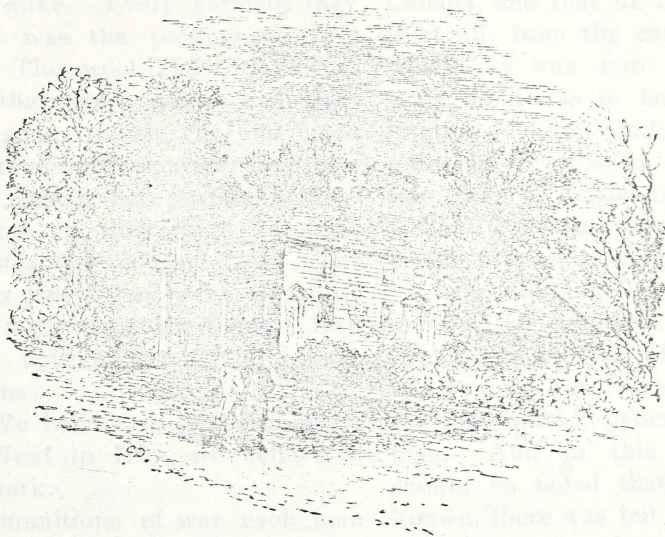
that wing had nearly captured the town, before the center and left knew that any movement was being made.

For a general to put an effective force in the rear of his enemy, without having the movement found out, has always been regarded as the most brilliant piece of strategy. It was this kind of manœuvering that gave Stonewall Jackson his great renown in our Civil War.

In speaking of this style of strategy,

Such were the personal traits in Stark's character, which made him what, in truth, he was, preëminently a leader of men. When these facts are known can it seem strange—that clamor that his comrades raised—for him to be their general?

But, in addition to all these qualifications, there was still another which he possessed and which made his special fitness for the expedition before them complete. He knew the entire coun-



Catamount Tavern, Bennington, Vt.

at the battle of Echemühl, when he knocked one hundred and twenty-five thousand of his enemy to pieces, with half that number of his own troop. Napoleon always called it, "That superb manœuver, the finest I ever made." Such achievements have generally been accomplished by forced marches and under the cover of the night, but at Bennington Stark accomplished this "superb manœuver" of Napoleon in open daylight, and in plain sight of his enemy.

try from the Merrimack valley to the Hudson, and from Montreal to Albany, as the foxes knew it. For him it was only necessary to pass over a country once, and ever after he had with him a clearly outlined mental photograph of that strip of land. When the news of Burgoyne's advance south of White Hall reached Stark he knew just what kind of a journey lay before him, and with what comparative freedom he could move, as soon as he should have cleared himself from the entangle-





ments of the brush wood and the bog lands on the borders of the lakes.

And so with one eye on Burgoyne, Stark hurried on his recruits, and in ten days from the time when the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached him he had twelve hundred men in rendezvous at Charlestown, on the bank of the Connecticut, the same day that the British general rested his army at Fort Edward. In outward appearance that was a motley group of men. No two of them were dressed alike. Every garment they had on was the product of their farms. The wool and the flax of which they were made had been carded, spun, woven, cut, and made by the hands of their wives and their mothers, but in their purpose in coming there, in their high resolves, their steadfast courage and their religious trust, they were all alike. Their creed was a short one. Had it been written out it would have read thus:

1st, We believe in God Almighty.

2d, Next to Him, we believe in John Stark.

For munitions of war each man had his gun and his powder-horn; as a common store they had two camp kettles and *one pair of bullet-moulds*. Between Burgoyne and the much-needed stores at Bennington there lay but twenty miles, and these all in a relatively smooth and open country. Between Stark and that same point there stretched more than sixty miles, and the route led over a rough and precipitous range of mountains, across many swamps and streams, and almost every rod of the way through an unbroken wilderness. Which one of the two shall reach Bennington first?

From the high mental plane along which Stark moved and which was far above that of common men, with prophetic vision he could see the slow unfoldings of the mighty drama, of which, all unconsciously, he was so conspicuous a part, as clearly as could ordinary men, after the smoke of the contest had cleared away. He knew that Burgoyne, once at Fort Edward, could no longer supply himself with the needed provisions and horses from his now distant base in Canada, and that he must get them, if at all, from the country through which he was now passing. He knew what was to be had at Bennington, and how easily they could be gathered in, while no adequate force was there to defend them. Equally well he knew that Bennington would be the first objective point that Burgoyne would make for, by the detachment which should be sent out, and, in the determination of Stark to meet and cripple him there, we recognize the far-sighted generalship of the man. And in this connection it should be noted that, so far as is known, there was but one other man in the country who saw the necessity and the availability of meeting Burgoyne's advance in the way that Stark was preparing to meet it, in order that his onward march to Albany might be thwarted, and the great object of his campaign defeated, and that man was Washington.

At the very time that Stark was urging his men forward through the woods, Washington wrote to General Schuyler, in these words, "As matters are now going on, General Burgoyne will find little difficulty in penetrating to Albany. Could we be so happy as to cut off one of his



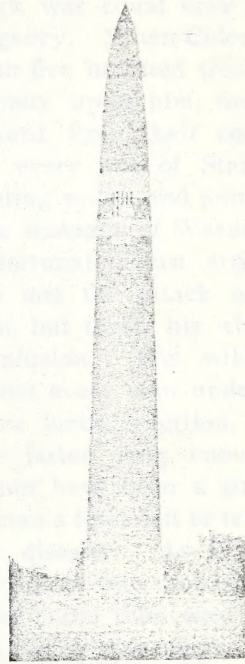


detachments, supposing it should not exceed four or six hundred men, it would inspire the people and do away with much of the present anxiety." Thus from the same mental outlook both Washington and Stark saw the true and only way of checking Burgoyne's advance, and while one was praying for its accomplishment, the other was laboring night and day to bring it about.

Stark's conviction of the importance of reaching Bennington as soon as possible was so deep and strong that he could no longer wait at Charlestown for some things that seemed absolutely indispensable on his march, but, trusting to that Providence in whom he firmly believed that these necessities would be in some way furnished, on the third of August he crossed the Connecticut with his little army and plunged into the Vermont woods. In three days he was at Peru, on the top of the mountain ridge. On the eighth he reached Manchester, and on the tenth was at Bennington, where he met the men gathered from the Hampshire grants, and that brave company from the Berkshire hills, under the command of "the Fighting Parson" of Pittsfield.

Thus in twenty days from the time he had received his orders he had gathered his men, marched more than a hundred miles through the wilderness, and with the recruits from Vermont and Massachusetts, completed his organization, and had his army well in hand and ready for action, before Burgoyne had stirred himself to gather in the rich and much needed stores which were waiting almost in sight of his tent door. Such swiftness of motion, such pre-

cision of action, with undisciplined men, and in the face of such difficulties, shows generalship of the highest order. Once on the ground, Stark soon learned from flying scouts that what he had predicted was already beginning to come to pass, in that, the very day he himself reached Manchester, Burgoyne had sent out



The Bennington Battle Monument

the first half of a detachment to gather in what could be found at Bennington. The next day another report came that a second detachment had been started out to reinforce and support the first.

Stark "girded up his loins" and had everything in readiness for the expected encounter on the thirteenth, but as no enemy came in sight, on the fourteenth he started out with his little army to welcome the invaders to the hospitality the men of





the wilderness were ready to give them. It was near the close of the day when the advancing combatants came in sight of each other and too late for active operations. The next day the rain poured in torrents all the day long, and Stark, like a caged lion, was compelled to look on and see his enemy, with skilled judgment, select an easily defended position, intrench himself and place his troops and his cannon to the best advantage. Stark had no artillery and half his men had no bayonets to their guns, and but a limited supply of ammunition. Every material advantage was on the side of his enemy, but all this could not match the adroit resources of that Scotch brain in Stark's head.

Stark knew that Colonel Baum had been told that a majority of his men were ready to desert as soon as the British forces were where it would be safe for them so to do. Accordingly during all the forenoon of the next day, from his intrenched position, which overlooked every movement of Stark's men, Colonel Baum noticed that men by twos and threes were straggling away from the American camp, and he took them for the deserters, which he had been told were ready to come into his lines, and so he felt very happy and kept very quiet. When five hundred of these "deserters" had straggled back, a part by his left flank and a part by his right, and were well in his rear, at a given signal they turned and made an attack. This, as Stark knew it would, threw Baum's whole force into confusion, while he, with the rest of his men, dashed over the breastworks in front, and the capture of the entire detach-

ment was the work of only a few moments.

But the jubilations of the conquering band were of short duration, for the rumor soon reached them that the reinforcements which Burgoyne had sent out to support Baum were already at hand. At this moment wild excitement and great confusion reigned throughout the whole camp. But Stark was equal even for such an emergency. When Colonel Breyman, with five hundred fresh troops, was already upon him, one quick, sharp word from their commander brought every one of Stark's men into fighting order, and joining them with the remnant of Warner's regiment,—fortunately just arrived,—he not only met the attack of Colonel Breyman, but threw his whole force into confusion. His wild enthusiasm fired every man under him to still more heroic exertion, and had the day lasted long enough there would not have been a single man of Breyman's force left to tell the tale of their disaster. As it was, only seventy out of one thousand picked men ever found their way back into General Burgoyne's camp.

But it is not the purpose of this paper to dwell upon the details of this memorable contest. These have long been matters of familiar history, but too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that this was a unique battle, and when its results are taken into the account, history will mark it as one of the decisive battles of the world. It was unique in this, that it was fought by a company of men accidentally gathered from their farms in the woods. The men who did that fighting were not a part of any military organiza-





tion and indeed knew nothing about military affairs as such. No governmental authority whatever stood behind that little army or gave it aid or direction.<sup>1</sup> It was made up of men of rural habits, but they were great hunters, mighty in purpose and power, who had come together to exterminate the foe which had come to invade their homes. In history this battle must rank with Thermopylae and Marathon.

The results of this important victory were immediate and far-reaching. From the Hudson to the sea, the hilltops were ablaze with signal fires which caught up and sent along from peak to peak the news of the joyful event. A great wave of confidence and courage uplifted every patriot heart in the land. Hope took the place of despair. There was no longer any fear of the invincibility of trained legions from Europe. Washington took heart and prayed "for one more such stroke." It showed the English king and his government what kind of people were living in the New England wilderness, and what sort of work they could do in the line of fighting. In France it prepared the way for successful negotiations with the king on the part of Franklin and his colleagues, and thus laid the foundations for the acknowledgment of American independence. This was the first gleam of light that broke the gloom of that long night of despair, and gave promise of a coming dawn.

Its effect upon Burgoyne himself was altogether beyond the power of words to set forth. Three days be-

fore the battle he had sent out a detachment of one thousand men. They were under the command of able and experienced officers. They took with them the best artillery in their army. As a whole it was an engine of war as perfect and polished



The Stark Statue, State House Park, Concord.

as ever commander sent out to do his bidding. It was sent into a wilderness where Burgoyne had been made to believe that most of the scattered dwellers were loyal to his king. That such a body of well-trained and experienced soldiers could have been captured or destroyed by people living in those dark forests, he could no

<sup>1</sup>With biting sarcasm, Hon. E. J. Phelps says "the vote of thanks that congress sent Stark three days after the battle was the only contribution they made to the victory that caused Burgoyne's destruction."





more believe than had he been told that they had been overtaken and eaten up by bears. And yet, at the end of three days, after the battle threescore and ten men, too much dazed with fear to give an intelligent account of the disaster which had overtaken them, stumbled back into his camp. This was the sole remnant of that brilliant detachment which went out with such conscious pride and power. Instead of returning like the spies sent out to explore the land of promise, laden with the rich fruits of their spoil, they did not even bring back what they took away, for each man had to run away to save his own life.

The effect of this disaster upon Burgoyne and his army was well given by an eye witness. "It has completely paralyzed our whole army," wrote the Baroness Riedesel on the spot. The truthfulness of these terse but graphic words Burgoyne himself proved, in that he allowed three whole weeks to go by before he undertook to make any movement whatever. That three weeks of idleness was as fatal to him as were the ten hours which Napoleon allowed to pass before he sent Grouchy to keep Blucher from joining Wellington at Waterloo. But Burgoyne was no longer that cool-headed, keen-eyed man, who stood at the head of his army at Montreal on the previous June. Had he been, even with Bennington lost, he would have at once crossed the river, and letting his men take the place of the used-up horses, would have pressed on to Albany, and there entrenched himself, where he could have bid defiance to every foe. But Bennington was his death

blow. He was too much stunned to rally, and now must drift with the tide which is sweeping him on to destruction. But what was death to him was life and ultimate victory to the patriots.

Three days after Bennington, General Gates, superseding General Schuyler, was placed in command of the Northern army to check the advance of Burgoyne. This change came at a most opportune moment, and met the wishes of the people. Volunteers now flocked to the standard of the new commander, till more than twenty thousand had gathered around him. Benedict Arnold, one of the ablest generals on a field of battle that the era produced, had gotten back from having driven St. Leger and his army into the lake, and Morgan, with his sharpshooters, was on the ground ready to do most effective work in checking the advance of the British army.

Burgoyne's three weeks of inactivity had given his enemy ample time to make such preparations for his final defeat, that it was folly for him to continue the struggle any longer, and when, finally, on the 10th of September, he made up his mind to cross the river, he felt that he was going to his doom. That most able officer, Baron Riedesel, second in command, thought the same, and told Burgoyne so on the spot. But he faced his fate like a soldier, and his subsequent fighting was only to keep a splendid name out of the dust, and maintain the honor of British traditions.

At this point, in the review of the crowded events of those memorable days, we get a clear view as regards the importance of Bennington in the

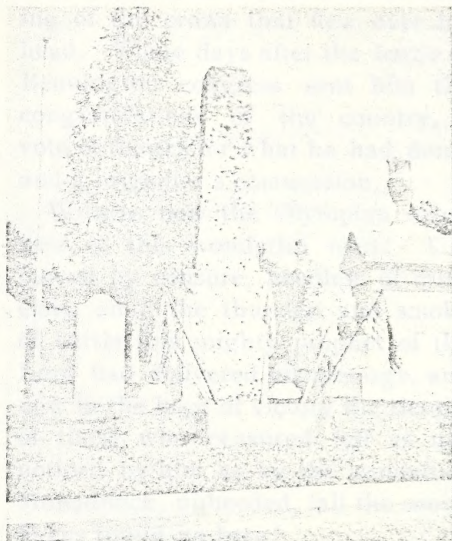




list of the battles of the Revolution. If the facts are allowed to speak for themselves, the conclusion seems both logical and uncontrovertible, that if Bennington had not been fought, or the battle had resulted adversely to the cause of the patriots, the junction of Burgoyne with Clinton could not have been prevented, there would have been no fighting west of the Hudson, and no surrender at Saratoga. Burgoyne's own statement should be allowed a voice at this point. Writing to his home government he said, "If I had succeeded there [Bennington] I should have marched to Albany." But the logic of history pushes us one step further. Had there been no Saratoga, then no recognition by France; no recognition, then no Yorktown; no Yorktown, no successful end of the Revolution. Now strike out equal terms from both members of this historic equation, and we have for a result the battle of Bennington made possible the independence of the United States!

But if Bennington alone made Saratoga possible, who or what made Bennington possible? Beyond a doubt every one who studies intelligently the chain of events from the day that the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached New Hampshire, to that memorable 16th of August, will give the same answer to this question; and that answer will be in these two words, "John Stark." And more than this, let the same careful study be extended to every one of the events in which Stark was a factor, and which filled up that whole season, from the time he gave up his commission under Washington, to the day that Burgoyne handed his sword

to Gates, and it seems not possible to escape the conclusion that at each step of Stark's course from the time he left Trenton to the hour he stood on the east bank of the Hudson to block Burgoyne's retreat, had he done other than the thing he did do, or had he in any way failed to do just what he did, the whole campaign of Burgoyne would have been changed, and Bennington and Sara-



Monument at the Grave of Stark, Manchester.

toga would have been among the things that never were.

The proud and lofty spirit that could not brook the insult given him by congress, led him to demand an independent commission from the authorities of New Hampshire when that despairing cry for help came from the West, and they called on him to answer it.

He had had long and bitter experiences in the campaigns he had passed through, in seeing how much mischief could be done by small men getting into places where only the





greatest should presume to enter. He knew that it was the way of the lion to hunt alone, and there was enough of the lion in Stark not to allow himself to be placed where he might be compelled to follow jackals. Napoleon knew the value of five minutes, the Austrians didn't, that made all the difference between him and them. Stark foresaw that the work before him demanded swiftness in motion and quickness in action. He knew that emergencies were before him which would not wait for a man to travel twenty miles to get an order, and especially if that order directed him to do something which should not be done. In war as in mathematics, Stark saw that the shortest distance between two points was in a straight line. When others thought differently, he could wait. Most men saw in those stores at Bennington, only food for a certain number of men and horses that had been gathered there, for a certain number of days. But Stark saw their potential value. To him, these were the sure means for transporting Burgoyne's army to Albany. Hence his uncontrollable activity in getting his men together, and in crowding them through the woods and across the mountains. Neither day nor night brought him any rest, for the towering walls of old Ticonderoga, now in alien hands, the pale faces and wild eyes of women peering out from every cabin, men with clenched teeth and tense muscle hurrying towards Bennington, that dark, slow-crawling monster at Fort Edward, crouching for its final spring, were all flashed out in a succession of silhouettes along that black western sky.

The same fearless courage and

cool self-reliance which brought him to Manchester, quickly disposed of the peremptory orders there received from congress, to take his little army west of the Hudson and merge it with the greater army under Gates. These orders, it will be remembered, were accompanied with a record of the vote of censure, passed by congress on Stark's conduct. To both the orders and the censure he paid no more heed than he did to the cawing of the crows that flew over his head. Three days after the battle of Bennington congress sent him the congratulations of the country, a vote of thanks for what he had done, and a brigadier's commission.

Witness now the Olympian calmness of this wonderful man! Unmoved by censure, heedless of criticism, amid the thunder and smoke of battle this mighty prophet of the Lord had delivered his message, and now in the hour of victory the thanks of those who censured fell as unnoticed by him as by the summit of Monadnock, unheeded, fall the snow-flakes round its base!

But while we have endeavored to secure merited praise for Stark, we should not forget those men who made it possible for him to do what he did. That achievement became possible for him, because he had great and noble men to help him. The brain of every one of his men was in vital connection with the brain of their great leader, that mighty battery where were generated the fire, the dash, the courage, and the unyielding tenacity, which, through them, wrought out the tremendous results of that afternoon. These men knew little or nothing of military tactics. All they knew or cared to know was





what John Stark wanted them to do. That they were sure to do. Not one man of them all was there from compulsion, not one with the faintest expectation of personal advantage or reward. Every man was there to fight for all he had on earth, and on that eventful afternoon, when their steady eyes gleamed along those rude gun-barrels which never knew a bayonet, they saw away in the hazy distance a rude cabin in the woods where were wife and children, waiting a return they might never see, and took such aim that the object aimed at never needed a second shot. Great men! Noble souls! Immortal heroes! They sleep, many of them in unknown graves, but their names are all written "in the memory of God!"

Fourteen of those mighty fighters gave up their lives in that short but terrific contest. Each priceless in itself, their full value can never be estimated till we realize that the death of those fourteen men made sure the fact that all the rest of the blood shed in the Revolutionary struggle should not have been poured out in vain.

But the genius of Stark lost none of its splendor as the drama neared its end. As one great general knows what another would do in certain conditions, he knew that Burgoyne's final effort to save himself would be by attempting a retreat to Canada. Still, in compliance with the urgent wishes of friends after the army of fresh recruits had gathered around Gates, he crossed the Hudson and joined his own small force to the much greater one of the new commander, though he did not put himself under the control of Gates. He still chose to be at liberty to do such

work as he saw most needed to be done, and especially if no one else was attending to it.

He remained there long enough to see that Arnold and Morgan were doing all the fighting, while, at a safe distance, in his tent, Gates was telling congress what splendid work was being done, though the name of neither of the men who were doing it appeared in his dispatches. He also



Case of Pistols and Powder-horn, carried by Stark during the Revolution.

saw that no matter how many men Gates had under his command, it would take so many of them to keep all harm away from him, that there would be none left to prevent the retreat of Burgoyne, should he undertake it. Stark further saw from the way Burgoyne handled his men that should he finally decide to retreat as the alternative of ultimate capture, that it was more than possible that he would in the end make his way to Canada, when once he found he could





not reach Albany. These things having been learned he quickly placed his command on the east bank of the Hudson and waited the coming of Burgoyne. And he did come. But when, across the stream, he saw the face of Stark he stood still in silent agony. Disappointed, defeated, humiliated beyond words, there was still enough of the general left not to allow him to commit the blunder of

attempting to force a river crossing, defended by the hero of Bennington. From that hour the history of the world was changed. The end had come. The work Stark had set out to do he had finished. The great dragon, which had been prepared to devour the new-born nation, he had slain, and thereby made sure the establishment of republican liberty on American soil!

## A BOG.

*By Laura Garland Carr.*

Only a bog! Yes, yes, I know,  
But there the crimson cranb'rys grow,  
And there, through every mossy rift,  
The pitcher plants their rims uplift  
Filled to the brim with waters bright  
As dancing fountains bring to sight.

There cat-flags, attentive, still,—  
All day, all night, like troops on drill—  
Manœuvering with sword and lance  
Await the order to advance.  
There meadow grasses nod and dip  
A-tremble-all from base to tip.

And in a gorgeous, flaming bed  
Marsh marigolds their wealth outspread,  
There the shy meadow larks delight  
To drop their songs while taking flight,  
And comic birds—all leg and bill  
Prod in the muck their wants to fill.

There bright-eyed lizards skulk and hide  
And tinselled beetle folk abide.  
By day, by night, the place is rife  
With moisture-loving growth and life.  
If you will listen—low but clear—  
Its hum and whir will reach your ear.


Then, when the morning tints the dale  
And mists are gathering like a veil  
In many a gauzy length and fold  
Shot through and through by darts of gold,  
In lights to higher lands denied  
The lowly bog is glorified.





## THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. ABBAS KULI.

By Bennett B. Perkins.

“E regret to announce that the condition of Dr. Abbas Kuli, who was so severely injured three weeks ago by a fall while hastening to attend a patient, shows no improvement. He still remains in a comatose state, and Dr. Jenness who is attending him says that he will probably never recover consciousness.”

It is thirteen days since the above, announcing the condition of Dr. Abbas Kuli, appeared in the *Sun*.

To-day I attended his funeral, and to-night I write, write because I cannot sleep, because the horrible affair keeps me awake and threatens to destroy my reason.

I am myself ashamed of such weakness in a man of my phlegm, a sober, hard-headed, materialistic nurse, who always believed that the sum of life was the grave or the cinerary urn.

But let me speak.

When I was called to nurse Dr. Kuli, I went with a great deal of curiosity. The “Persian Doctor,” as he was widely and familiarly known, had the reputation of being a mystic, an adept, or a rosicrucian; some said a quack, and probably he did use drugs which are not listed in the pharmacopœia; yet as his cures were many, his bill not extortionate, and his services to the poor free, he was popular.

His injury consisted of a severe concussion to the base of the brain; and he had never moved since he had been found insensible at the foot of the stairway of a house where he had but just made a visit. He was re-

moved to his rooms in the next block, and as soon as the seriousness of his injuries was ascertained, a cablegram was sent to his brother in London.

Dr. Jenness showed me the answer, and I marveled at the strangeness of it. It was:

“I know it. Come on the next steamer.

“(Signed) KULI.”

There was nothing unusual in the case so far as my professional duties were concerned. The doctor lay upon the couch apparently dead except that his face, where the black beard allowed it to be seen, was highly flushed; and his temperature, slightly below the normal, rose and fell several degrees. Keeping a record of this by means of the mouth thermometer, the application of cold compresses to the head, and hypodermic injections of brandy constituted my routine duties. The balance of the time was my own to sleep or do as I saw fit, and up to the last few hours I believe that I can truly say that I enjoyed myself in Dr. Kuli's rooms.

Blessed with the artistic sense, I found something to interest me whichever way I turned.

Beautiful rugs of Kurdistan covered the floor, and a pair of Karman shawls did duty as portières. A blue, inlaid “hooka” rested upon a low tabarette; a squat Buddha stared at a telephone upon the opposite wall, while a magnificent, tall rose-water bottle of sraffiato ware and a Shah-





Abbas vase of pierced brass flanked an American eight-day clock. Upon a table at the foot of the couch stood a Persian lamp, which I often used on account of the beautiful soft light which it gave, a skull, and one of those peculiar, green porcelain goblets called "Jachmi" which the Persians say change color or break upon contact with poison. The effect of it all was incongruous and bizarre, but was none the less pleasing to me.

Such, briefly, were my surroundings, and now I come to the main facts of my narrative.

All through the day the patient's temperature had risen gradually until, when Dr. Jenness came in the evening, it stood at an even 100. It was apparent that a change was imminent, and before he left he gave some instructions and told me to telephone at the first sign of returning consciousness.

After he had gone a strange feeling of nervousness came over me. I was like the man who has smoked too many pipes of strong tobacco. I could neither sit still nor compose my mind to any task; yet there was no reason for it in my case, that I could discern. It came upon me like a flash, and worst of all, I could not shake it off. It grew until it became a dread, then *fear*.

In the light of what happened afterwards I can see that it was a premonition, but at that time, not believing in such things (I do now), I laid it to my nerves.

I found myself imagining that *something* was behind me, or lurking in the dark corners; and I peered about in dread like a child in a dark cellar.

"Perhaps I can compose myself by reading," I thought, and glanced over

the doctor's bookcase. There were medical tomes in many languages; the works of Paracelsus, Rosenkreuz, Kant, Fludd, and others; numerous works in Persian, Firdousi, Muwaffak, Farid-uddin. I took down a volume at random and settled myself in a chair resolved to forget my fancy. Looking at my book I saw that it was a German translation of Farid-uddin's "Book of Counsels." I opened it and the first thing that caught my eye was an invocation for summoning the evil one. I threw it upon the floor and sprang to the telephone, but even as I released the book some small amount of my common sense returned to me, and I realized what I was about to do,—call Dr. Jenness. What was I afraid of? Did I not know that there was nothing unnatural in the room? I was acting like a child again.

I marched boldly about, into all the corners and out into the laboratory. "There," I said to myself, with a fine assumption of bravado, "I know now that there is nothing here of which to be afraid, so I will sit down and read a chapter in that impossible book, just to reassure myself, and then surely ——" I stopped, and I have since thought that my heart did likewise. I actually felt my hair rise upon my head. I had got back into the main room, and had seated myself in the chair when my gaze had fallen upon that Jachmi goblet. As sure as I live, it had changed from green to orange!

A cold, clammy sweat broke out all over me, and a paralysis of fear held me spellbound; then a supernatural courage, born of frenzy, came to me and I stuck my livid face fairly down into it; but the yellowish hue yet





mocked me. I tried to convince my senses that it was merely the light, an optical illusion: a figment of the imagination, but even then I knew that it was not so.

The clock striking the hour of nine aroused me to some sense of my duties, and trembling in every limb, I went to take the patient's temperature. My hand shook so much that I nearly broke the instrument against his teeth, and when I looked at the scale I could hardly believe my eyes. It registered  $80^{\circ}$ , a drop of  $20^{\circ}$ ! I hurried to the telephone and frantically called Dr. Jenness; and then, as I could do nothing else I dropped into the chair and waited, feeling that something dreadful was about to happen.

How the minutes lagged! I sat with my eyes tightly closed, and fear tugging at my heart-strings. Suddenly the lamp began to burn dim! I had neglected to refill it. I watched it for a few minutes, incapable of summoning up sufficient courage to go into the laboratory and get the jar of oil; and as I hesitated a sound from the couch drew my attention. Dr. Kuli had turned upon his back!

I started towards him, but I had not taken three steps before I stopped, rooted to the spot. I could see his face, and even as I had moved, an indescribable change came over it. The eyes stared, the mouth gaped open, a bloody froth gathered upon his distended jaws, and forth from his throat came a hoarse snarling, then a succession of sharp, quick barks such as an angry dog might make.

I turned for the lamp, and as I did so I saw the Jaehmi goblet burst into a myriad of pieces! Recoiling in wonder, but nerved to desperation, I

seized the lamp, and turning up the wick, hurried towards my patient. At that moment there came a long drawn howl, such as a dying wolf might make, then utter silence. I held the fast-dying light over his face, and never if I live to be a thousand years old will I forget the hideous sight it revealed. It follows me by day and haunts me by night. The froth still remained upon his lips, his jaws were wide open, disclosing a blackened tongue, his eyes stared; and even as I gazed, a gray pallor crept slowly upward from his neck and over his face. His cheeks fell in, and the whole body had the appearance of losing one third of its weight. Another second and Dr. Abbas Kuli was no more.

I staggered to the chair and threw myself into it. Then the light sputtered and went out.

How long I sat there in the dark I do not know, being utterly overcome, but my faculties were suddenly brought to an acute state by the feeling that there was *something* in the room. I knew that it was impossible for anyone to enter as the single door was closed, and as I now remembered, locked. Yet, by that intuition which is sometimes brought forward as proof of a sixth sense I was sure that *it* was there. I strained my ears listening for something that I yet dreaded to hear, and soon it came; a sound of a heavy panting, then a scratching, faint at first but growing louder, as of claws upon a wooden floor. It seemed to come from under the couch, but even as I thought to locate it, it changed its position and appeared to be making a circuit of the room. I turned my head, following the sound as it





moved from corner to corner, when suddenly it ceased, and for a moment there was silence.

Like a flash the conviction came that the thing was coming towards me! I felt rather than saw it, but was utterly without the power to move a muscle, and so I sat there staring straight ahead into the blackness. I thought that I caught a glimpse of two gleaming eyes; there was a swift rush, and something hairy rubbed against my hand which hung over the arm of the chair. I think that I should have fainted then, if at that instant I had not heard the familiar sound of Dr. Jenness's footsteps approaching the door. He tried it and finding it locked, called out to me to wake up and let him in. I fairly flew to the door and threw it open, and as I did so the shape rushed between us, nearly flooring the doctor, and darted down the corridor. I caught but a glimpse of it, a beast half wolf, half dog.

"Well, well, what does this mean?" sputtered the doctor. "Strange companion for a sick room. And in the dark too. Come, come, man. Where's your light."

I explained that it had just gone out, and that I had been so busy with the patient that I had not had time to refill it, but that if he would hold a match I would do so now.

While I was doing this I told him about the death of Dr. Kuli. He did not make much comment upon this, saying that he expected it, but when I had told him about the Jachmi goblet, and the thing which had come into being in the room, he laughed, and catching my wrist, made believe to take my pulse, saying as he did so that I was upset

(which I was), and that some purely natural incidents had assumed occult importance, probably originating in the peculiar surroundings. A belief of his in which he was much strengthened upon discovering the book which I had been reading. He advised me to go home and take a diaphoretic before retiring.

The next day Dr. Jenness called at my rooms with a cablegram which read as follows:

"Halifax. Steamer detained. Broken shaft. Place body in tomb. (Signed) KULI."

"What sort of a man is this?" commented Dr. Jenness, "First he knows that his brother is injured before a cable can reach him, and now he is aware of his death."

The doctor was evidently perplexed, and so was I for that matter.

So we buried him. I rode with Dr. Jenness in the last carriage, and as we turned into the cemetery, something, I know not what, moved me, under pretense of changing my seat, to look out of the rear window, and there following on behind was the shape. For a second its fiery eyes looked into mine as if *its* had been the will which had commanded my attention. I regained my seat and said nothing to the doctor, nor did I see it again until we were leaving, then glancing back surreptitiously I saw it come leaping over the graves and take up a watching position before the door of the tomb. Another thing I saw; it limped a little; and I remembered with a chill of horror that Dr. Kuli had been slightly lame, also.

I have since, by diligent search in encyclopædias and works of natural history ascertained what species of





beast the thing was. I am convinced that it was a Turkoman wolf-dog. Nothing else describes it. But Dr. Kuli never owned a dog. He abhorred them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since I have written the above certain things have happened which have a reference to the mystery.

Last evening as I sat in my room reading there came a knock upon the door. I answered it, and upon the threshold stood Dr. Abbas Kuli, the man we had buried three days before!

"Dr. Kuli!" I cried, retreating as he advanced into the room.

"At your service," he answered, with a profound bow.

What else I said I do not remember exactly, but I know that it was something about his being dead.

"Ah! You mistake," he said with a grave smile. "Dr. Kuli, yes; but not Dr. Abbas; Dr. Mizra Kuli of London."

"Oh," I answered, greatly relieved.

"You, no doubt, mistook me for my poor brother," he continued. "He was my counterpart. We were so much alike that it was necessary that we should live apart in order to avoid confusion. But even then we were not separated except in body, for we had a means by which each knew the thoughts of the other. Thus it was

that I became aware of his accident before your message reached me; also of his death the instant that it occurred, although upon the seas at the time. Now I have come to see you because Dr. Jenness says that you were alone with my brother when he died, and had some peculiar experiences. Would you mind giving me an account of them?"

Thus requested I gave him the facts as I have written them above. Dr. Kuli gave the most profound attention, and for some time after I had finished remained plunged in thought. He then arose, and having settled my bill, announced that he should leave for Persia with his brother's body as soon as the necessary legal formalities were gone through with.

"But, Dr. Kuli," I exclaimed, "will you not explain these things to me?"

He paused and slowly shook his head.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I cannot. It was a personal matter between my brother and myself, and settled an argument of long standing between us. On general principles it has to do with the 'Transmigration of the Soul,' as you call it, but there are some things which the occidental mind is not yet prepared to receive. This is one of them."

And with a quick bow he was gone.





## THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE ON THE HILL.

*By Charles N. Holmes.*

There's a little brown house on a hill,  
Where the brook and the birds ne'er are still,  
Where the black cricket's song  
And the moonlight last long,  
And the sun rises gladly at dawn.

There's a wee little boy in a swing,  
Just as free as the larks when they sing,  
Full of frolic and play  
All the whole joyous day,  
Happy years! and the little boy's gone.

There's a little old man far away,  
Where strange fancies and memories stray,  
Rich in comforts and gold  
Yet his heart's never cold,  
As he dreams of the home he was born.

There's an old little house on a hill,  
With the ivy and brown on it still,  
But the swing swings no more  
By the wide open door,  
And the sun rises sadly at morn.

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## WHITE MOUNTAINS.

*By Thomas H. Stacy.*

Abode of winds forever cool and sweet ;  
So early thou dost find the fleecy snow !  
So late thine arms unclasp to let it go !  
And source thou art of limpid streams which meet  
In river floods you whirling wheels to greet,  
From shoulder tips to sunken gorge below  
Is forest wilderness, where gardens grow  
In wanton thrift, unknown to human feet.

Thy pillars vast from temple aisles arise  
To stay the canopy of drifting clouds  
Whose shadows fleck thy verdant sides. The skies  
Whose morning wraps thee round with misty shrouds  
Bend low at night with lamps for paths untrod ;  
And silence unto silence speaks of God.





## AN OCTOBER SURPRISE.

*By L. D. Bolles.*

**A**LL the other boarders had left Brightbrook farm, but I wanted to see a New Hampshire October, and did not believe them when they said I should be lonely. With mountains, clouds, birds, and squirrels out of doors, and books, letters, and an open wood fire within, "Who's afraid?" I said to myself, and waved a cheerful handkerchief at the departing stage. Then—with the last . . . Magazine, in case I should miss the congenial friends, the dear children and their cocker spaniel who had companioned all my summer walks, I started bravely across the fields towards the lake.

The pastures seemed strangely still; not a cow was in sight, not a crow cawed, not even a chipmunk darted over the stone walls, though I had brought a handful of beechnuts for one around whose rocky doorway the children had often strewn acorns, corn, and even sunflower seeds, which always disappeared before our return. I left my offering and went on, wondering if he had grown too fat to come out of his hole, from having so little exercise in collecting his winter stores. Here and there a rheumatic grasshopper was sunning himself, or a somber black cricket glided across my path, but there was no sound, and when I had crossed the open pasture and entered the lane that led through dense spruce woods,

I felt almost intimidated by the silence.

A furtive chickadee fluttered among the balsams, but even he had no greeting to give, and no flower was to be seen save the pale yellow stars of the witch-hazel, where once the pure dalibarda, the golden jewelweed, and the bright bunch-berries had decked the way.

Reaching at last a gray moss-covered knoll, commanding a lovely view of Chocorua lakes sleeping at the feet of their king, with round-shouldered Paugus on the left, I sat down to rest and to see if quiescence would bring me companions. It was not long before three crows discovered this new spot in their landscape, and croaked curiosity and disapproval of my black hat and gray wrap. I was not quiet enough to be a dead thing; nor dangly enough to be a scarecrow, and my alpenstock was not exactly a gun; at last they gave me up and flapped away, leaving me to gaze and read and bask until my watch said "time to go home." From that moment all was changed. As if my turning eastward had broken some spell, my return was as exciting as my coming had been still. Several magnificent bluejays showed themselves, a sweet-voiced goldfinch flew over in joyous curves, calling to my Boston ears, "Cochituate, cochituate!" and as I re-entered the lane I came into a great company of robins. They flew up





from every thicket, out of every tree, and with joyous chirruping darted back and forth, before and above me, as if weaving some wonderful cat-cradle to entangle and stay me. The air seemed full of black and russet plumage, of friendly summer-like notes, if not songs.

Suddenly from an apple tree on my right flew something so snowy white that I cried out in surprise—stood staring—and then hurried to follow. *Yes, it was a white robin!* Pure, beautiful white as to head, neck, breast, and back, with the usual dark wings and tail. Six times I had a good view of the wonderful beauty as it flew from tree to tree with the flock, attracting no attention from them; unquestionably not only one of the party but one of the tribe. Thus, all in a moment, my birdless walk became the event of the month; something to make me forever thankful that I had outstayed the crowd.

When all the robins had disappeared I went happily home and wrote to a bird-loving friend of my good fortune. In her reply she told me that she had once seen a white robin, but hers, more odd, but less beautiful, than mine, was evenly divided, the whole of one side white, the other of the ordinary marking.

In making a note of my experience, I recalled several other instances when

I had enjoyed the sight of one of these white freaks of nature. While visiting in Brookline, Massachusetts, I repeatedly saw an English sparrow with one white wing, and my friends told me it had been seen there the previous winter.

Some years before, while in Providence, in June, I was fortunate enough to see a pure white bat, seen at the same moment by the friend on the doorstep beside me, so that no one could doubt it; and in the autumn of the Christopher Columbus celebration, a white downy woodpecker appeared to me on a horse-chestnut tree in West Roxbury. He looked comically like a much used penwiper I had, which began life white. I have been told of a white deer seen several successive winters on Cape Cod, but I prize my white robin above all these.

In describing it to my host on the farm, he said he had never seen one of these white freaks but once. "That was when I was a young man with a winter job getting hemlock bark on Ossipee mountain. A lot of us camped in an old deserted hut, and the first night we went in, we scared out a white hedgehog. I tell you he looked queer enough; not a black hair on him, dodging round on the beams as the boys threw stones at him; but he got away and we never saw him again."





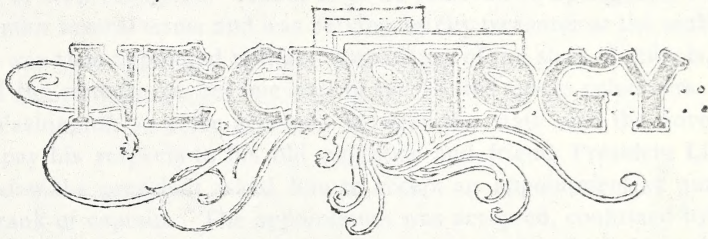
## ON THE LAKE.

*By Charles Henry Chesley.*

The evening shadows glance and fall,  
And blend in misty haze;  
The wood-thrush pipes his lonely call  
As in our lover days.

The faint perfume of distant fields  
Is borne again to me,  
But heedless of the sweet it yields  
I dream and dream of thee.

I pluck a lily-bud that fills  
The air with scents of May,  
But ah! its breath no longer thrills  
Since thou hast gone away.



### ALBERT H. SAUNDERS.

Albert Henry Saunders, born in Georgiaville, R. I., April 3, 1831, died in Nashua, September 11, 1902.

Mr. Saunders was the son of Benjamin and Elizabeth W. (Carpenter) Saunders, and was educated at Dummer academy, Byfield, Mass., Williams college, and by private tutors. After leaving school he accepted a position as paymaster of the Ocean mills at Newburyport, Mass., which his father built and operated. He remained there two years and went to California, and a little later to Central America, where he was employed for a short time on the Panama railway. Returning to Newburyport, in 1854, he made a study of architecture for a year, and in 1856 removed to Nashua and followed that calling and the occupation of a civil engineer until 1857, when he became superintendent of the mills of the Jackson company, of which his father was agent. He remained there until 1866, and during the time gave his attention at odd hours to mechanical drawing and the development of various devices and machines, which he patented and which proved profitable to him. After resigning his situation at the Jackson mills he established a machine shop of his own in Nashua and engaged in manufacturing





his inventions. He had at one time the largest experimental shop of the kind in New England. His main patent was a sizing and distribution machine for cotton mills. He also invented and manufactured a card griader, which was well known under his name, and was the inceptor of a nail setting machine, dependent upon vibratory motion, used in shoe manufactories. Subsequently he devoted himself to architecture.

Mr. Saunders was a Republican in politics. He served two years in the Nashua common council, and represented his ward in the state legislature in 1862-'64. He was prominent in Masonry, and was the oldest Knight Templar in the state. He was twice married, first to Abby W. Hatch of China, Me., who died in Nashua, and second to Caroline E. Parks of Stowe, Mass. Eleven children have been born to him, of whom seven are living, William Edwin, Alfred Whitin, Benjamin Perry, Charles Henry, Arthur Lumb, Gertrude May, and Caroline E. P. Saunders.

#### HON. ABNER J. ALLEN.

Abner Jones Allen, who died at Ottawa, Kan., August 5, 1902, was a native of Deerfield, born in 1820.

He resided in Danville several years in his youth, and later married Eliza J. Robinson of New Hampton. About 1856 he removed to Springfield, Ill., where he was alderman several terms and was serving as city treasurer at the outbreak of the war. He was then appointed military storekeeper of the state of Illinois, serving as such until the state troops became part of the United States volunteers. Making a visit to Washington to close accounts between the state and the government, he called to pay his respects to his old neighbor and friend, President Lincoln. At the interview the president asked him to accept an appointment as quartermaster with the rank of captain. The appointment was accepted, confirmed by the senate then in session, the commission made out, signed by Mr. Lincoln, and handed in person by him to Captain Allen. During the war he handled millions of dollars worth of government property and largely fitted out Sherman's army for its march to the sea. He also served on Governor Yates's staff as major.

After the war he was appointed by Andrew Johnson consul to Baden, in Germany. In 1868 he went to Kansas, and excepting a brief interval of residence in Rogers, Ark., which town he founded, and of which he was mayor two terms, he had ever since made Ottawa his home. For many years he was connected with the legal department of the M., K. & T. and the St. Louis & San Francisco railways. Always an ardent Democrat, he took a keen interest in politics, and was the Democratic nominee for lieutenant governor against P. P. Elder.

Major Allen leaves a widow and three sons, Willis C., of Kansas City, Mo., Arthur J., of Donaldsonville, La., and Harry G., of Dubuque, Ia., and one sister, Mrs. Alva B. Collins of South Danville.

#### DR. CLAUDIUS B. WEBSTER.

Claudius Buchanan Webster, M. D., A. M., born in Hampton, December 10, 1815, died in Concord, September 7, 1902.

Dr. Webster was the son of Rev. Josiah and Elizabeth (Knight) Webster.





His father graduated from Dartmouth in 1798, was pastor of the Congregational church in Ipswich, Mass., eight years, subsequently being settled over the church in Hampton, where he held the pastorate nearly thirty years, till his death, and where Claudius B. was born.

He was fitted for college in Hampton, and was graduated from Dartmouth in 1836, being subsequently honored with the degree of master of arts. Among his classmates at Hanover were the Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., ex-president of the college; Prof. Erastus Everett, LL. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; ex-Governor and ex-Senator James W. Grimes, LL. D., from Iowa; Prof. Edmund R. Peaslee, M. D., LL. D., of New York city, and Hon. John Wentworth, LL. D., member of congress from Illinois.

For a short time after graduation he was principal of the South Berwick, Me., academy. He was then, for three years, engaged as a civil engineer in railroad work at the West, subsequently returning home and engaging in the study of medicine, and graduating from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1844. He practised medicine for a time, but soon gave it up, and was for sixteen years principal of the Norwich, Conn., Female academy. In 1862 he resigned to take a position as assistant surgeon in the army. After the war he returned to Norwich, and, in 1870, he was appointed United States consul at Sheffield, Eng., holding the position till 1886, and gaining considerable wealth therein. Returning to the United States after a tour of the world, he subsequently spent his time in a leisurely way, residing generally in Concord.

October 31, 1844, Dr. Webster married Mary Elizabeth Webster of Pembroke, who died in Sheffield, forty-two years later, without children. He was always strongly interested in Dartmouth college, and was president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Concord.

#### REV. ANTHONY C. HARDY.

Anthony Colby Hardy, born in Hebron, October 13, 1828, died in Concord, September 15, 1902.

Mr. Hardy was next to the youngest of fifteen children of Daniel Hardy, who removed from Hebron to Lebanon, and was long a prominent citizen of that town. He was educated at the Lebanon Liberal Institute, subsequently studied theology, and was licensed to preach by the New Hampshire M. E. Conference in 1861, and his different pastorates were as follows: Moultonborough, 1861-'62; Croydon, 1863-'64; Manchester, 1866-'68; Hinsdale, 1869; "supply," 1870-'73; Portsmouth, 1873-'74; supply, 1875-'79; East Canaan, 1879-'80; Haverhill, 1882; Lake Village, 1883. Meanwhile he served as chaplain of the Eighteenth New Hampshire Regiment in the War of the Rebellion.

He was actively interested in educational affairs and was state superintendent of public instruction in 1870-'71. From 1875-'78 he was principal of the Normal academy at Penacook. For many years, up to its dissolution in 1898, he was secretary of the Provident Mutual Relief Association. In 1894 he severed his connection with the Methodist Episcopal church, and united with the Protestant Episcopal, in which he received deacon's orders, and supplied temporarily in various parishes.





August 30, 1848, Mr. Hardy married Eliza Martin of North Ferrisburg, Vt., who survives him with seven children,—Mrs. Abbie M. Coombs of Winchester; Rev. Lucius M., of Pomfret, Conn.; Walter D., of Concord; Mrs. Elizabeth Shepard of Barrington, R. I.; Anthony C., Jr., of Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Emma Robinson of East Concord, and Carl D., of Concord. Lunette B. died in infancy, and William H. was killed some years since in a railway accident.

#### HON. JOHN M. PARKER.

John M. Parker, born in Goffstown, September 17, 1822, died in that town, September 20, 1902.

Mr. Parker was a son of William and Hannah (Adams) Parker. He was educated in the public schools and at Hopkinton and Derry academies, and on the death of his father in 1843 succeeded him, in company with a brother, D. A. Parker, in the lumber, mercantile, and farming interests which he had long conducted, and the operations of the firm were upon a large scale till the death of D. A. Parker in 1896.

Politically Mr. Parker was a Republican and active in public life, serving in both branches of the legislature, as a county commissioner, member of the executive council, and a member of the state board of equalization from its creation in 1879 till 1900. He had also served as postmaster, and in other public positions. He was a director of the Merchants' National bank, and the Hillsborough County Savings bank of Manchester, and a charter member of the Amoskeag Veterans.

In 1854 he married Letitia C., daughter of Capt. Charles Stinson of Dunbarton, who survives, with three sons, Chas. S. and Frank A., firm of Parker Brothers, merchants, of Goffstown, and Henry W. Parker, a wholesale grocer of Manchester.

#### DR. RUFUS H. KING.

Rufus H. King, M. D., the oldest practising physician in Carroll county, died at his home in Wolfeborough, September 17.

Dr. King was a native of the town of Wakefield, born September 26, 1821. He was educated at Phillips Andover academy, at the old Tremont Medical school in Boston and Bowdoin Medical college, graduating from the latter and settling in practice at Kittery, Me., in 1847. He subsequently practised at Newton, Mass., and at Newark, N. J., but located in Wolfeborough in 1860, where he ever after remained, acquiring an extensive practice. He was a member of the Carroll County Medical society, of Morning Star Lodge, No. 17, A. F. & A. M., and Lake Council, No. 247, R. A. He was an examining surgeon under the federal government from 1868 to 1884, and was later again appointed, holding the position at the time of his death. He left a widow, two daughters, Mrs. H. E. Haines and Mrs. Sewall W. Abbott of Wolfeborough, and one son, Dr. William R. King of Lynn, Mass.





## EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

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The protection, or proper conservation, of the forests of the state will be one of the more important subjects with which the next legislature will be called upon to deal. Largely through the efforts of the "Society for the Protection of the New Hampshire Forests," of which ex-Governor Rollins is president, and which has now, and has had for some months past, a most thoughtful, intelligent, and thoroughly educated forester in its employ, in the person of Mr. Philip W. Ayers, who, after graduating from Cornell university, pursued a course of study at the New York School of Forestry, connected with that institution, a strong sentiment has been developed among the people in favor of some practical movement by the legislature in this direction; the women's clubs of the state having, by the way, in no small measure aided in strengthening this sentiment, while the State Forestry Commission, the Board of Agriculture, through its institutes, and the Grange or Patrons of Husbandry, have also contributed in the same direction.

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Precisely what action will be sought or attempted cannot, of course, now be definitely stated, though the society mentioned is urging, and to some extent already securing the adoption by Granges, institute meetings, women's clubs, and other bodies, of a resolution calling upon the legislature, at its coming session, to enact measures providing (1) for a state nursery for

the propagation and distribution at cost for use within the state of seedling trees and tree seeds, of varieties adapted to New Hampshire soil; (2) for the exemption from taxation for a term of years of all land properly planted to trees; (3) providing for a forest survey of the mountain region of the state to ascertain the extent, character, value, and ownership of the forests, with a view to a possible national forest reservation.

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The importance of the matter of scientific forestry, from the standpoint of revenue alone, is emphasized by the situation growing out of the present protracted miners' strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, producing, as it has, an unprecedented shortage in the fuel market throughout the entire eastern section of the country, and a consequent unparalleled increase in the price of fuel of all kinds. With three fourths of the present land area of the state occupied by some form of forest growth, at the present time, there ought, with proper care, to be no difficulty in providing therefrom, in the years to come, all the fuel that may be required for domestic purposes within our borders, without impairing the permanent supply, and the possibility of the constant recurrence of these mining troubles should be a powerful stimulus to the thoughtful study of forest conditions and possibilities among the people, and particularly by the land holders of the state.





Another matter of importance that will command the attention of the next legislature is the subject of "good roads," or highway improvement. At each of the last two sessions more or less comprehensive measures looking to the adoption of a general system of highway improvement were introduced, but failed to command the necessary support for their adoption. There will, unquestionably, be another attempt made in the same direction the coming winter, and the movement more persistently followed up than ever before. In this connection, also, there may properly be mentioned the movement, which will be again strongly pushed, for the construction of a state highway or boulevard up the Merrimack valley from Nashua to the White Mountains. Whatever the merits or demerits of this latter movement it has many earnest supporters in Nashua and Manchester, and will doubtless have a strong backing in the delegations from those cities.

In addition to the enjoyable autumnal excursions to the White Mountains, which have been a source of the highest pleasure to thousands of people, the Boston & Maine railroad will, during the present autumn, as heretofore, run its popular Boston excursions from all points along its lines, thus enabling the people to visit the New England metropolis at slight expense, and pass a few days in this great historic, educational, social, and business centre, at the most convenient as well as interesting season of the year. The best of all classes of entertainments will be in progress dur-

ing this period, especially notable being the great annual exhibition known as the "Mechanics' Fair," an inspection of which, in all its vast and varied departments, gives the intelligent observer practical educational advantages such as no course of reading or school attendance can insure. Great numbers of people have availed themselves of the opportunity presented by these excursions in the past, and more are likely to do so this year than ever before. The annual Boston excursions, indeed, have come to be one of the most notable features in the management of this great New England railway system.

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Fast Coaling of the Steamer  
"Empress of China."

On a recent voyage of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's steamship *Empress of China*, when owing to a delayed departure from Vancouver she was required to make a fast passage, the coaling agents at Nagasaki, Japan, were asked to make a special effort to coal the ship with despatch.

They responded so well that the ship received into her bunkers 1,210 tons of coal in 3 hours and 15 minutes, or 372 tons per hour, which is the record of the port.

As this coal was all handled from lighters to the ship by coolies—men, women and children—in small baskets, an appreciation may be had of the feat performed.

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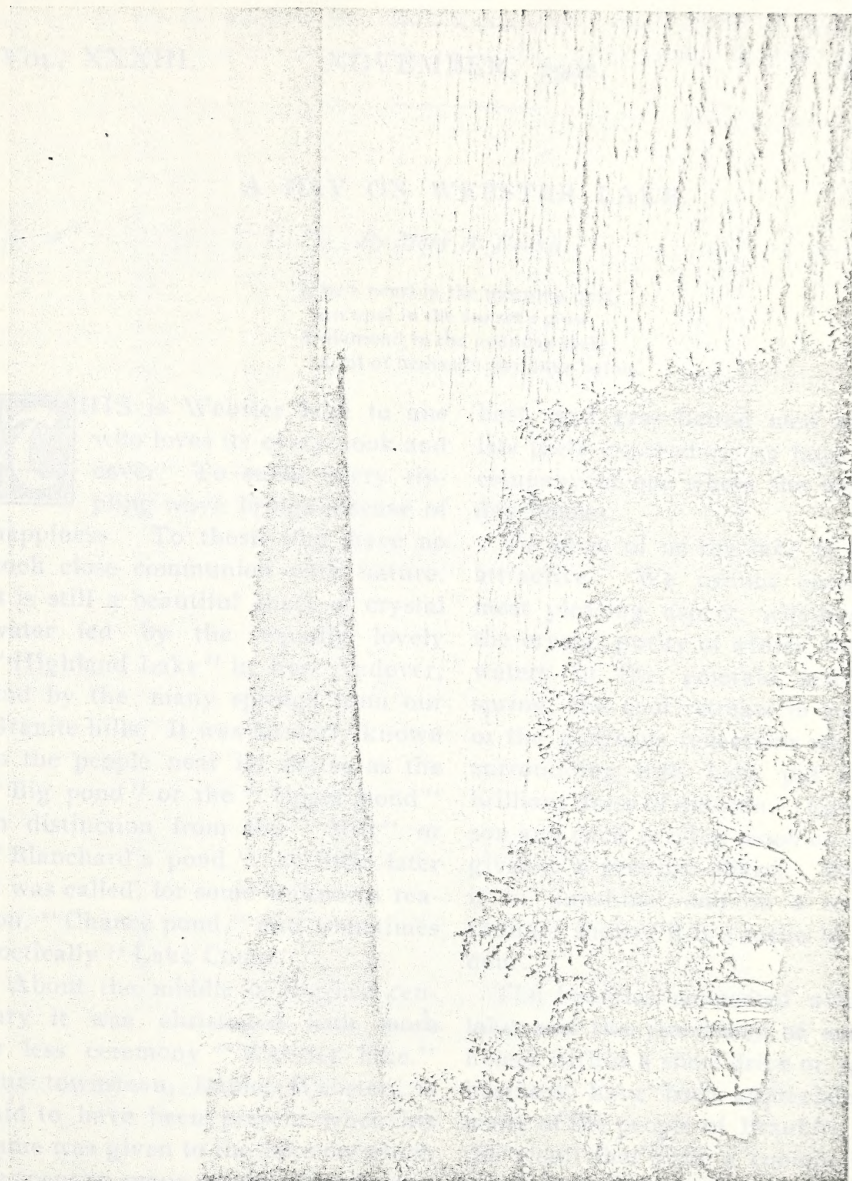
Tourists and travelers, on business or pleasure bent, proposing to visit either the Central West, Northwest, Pacific coast, or the Orient, will make no mistake in patronizing the Canadian Pacific Railway, whether comfort, convenience, or scenic beauty along the line be sought. For circulars and all necessary information, address. H. J. COLVIN, D. P. A.,

304 Washington St., Boston, Mass.





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.



THE WESTERN SHORE OF WEBSTER LAKE, FRANKLIN.

Mr. Sumner spent the "long years" and of the lake, and the lake. Many new people have come and have been settled in the chowder parties on the shore of the lake. The really place is a great lake, when the stormy states are strong, but the lake was a hospitable and genial people to accept of the





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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## A DAY ON WEBSTER LAKE.

*By Mary A. Rowell.*

Like a pearl in the morning mist,  
An opal in the sunset's glow,  
A diamond in the noonday glare,  
A bit of heaven's own blue below.

 HIS is Webster lake to one who loves its every nook and cove. To such, every rippling wave brings a sense of happiness. To those who have no such close communion with nature, it is still a beautiful sheet of crystal water fed by the equally lovely "Highland Lake" in East Andover, and by the many springs from our Granite hills. It was formerly known to the people near its shores as the "Big pond" or the "Upper pond" in distinction from the "Mill" or "Blanchard's pond." A little later it was called, for some unknown reason, "Chance pond," and sometimes poetically "Lake Como."

About the middle of the last century it was christened with more or less ceremony "Webster lake." Our townsman, Daniel Webster, is said to have been present when his name was given to the lake on which he spent so many restful days during his summer sojourn at "Elms Farm." Many now recall the picnics and chowder parties on the shores of this water when the stern-eyed statesman was a hospitable and genial

host, and gray-haired men now relate their experiences as boys in the company of one whom the world today honors.

To some of us the lake is always attractive. We cannot choose its most pleasing aspect, whether it is the crystal purity of winter, the blue waters in the emerald setting of spring, the cool retreats in summer, or the gorgeous reflections when the surrounding hills have put on the brilliant dress of autumn. Each season and each varying mood of nature gives it a peculiar charm. We love it in sunshine, and in a summer thunder shower it is a scene of grandeur.

The beauties connected with this lake and the possibility of summer homes within a short drive or spin of business, have been appreciated by many of the people of Franklin, with the result that quite a community of cottages has sprung up at the lower end of the lake, while on the other shores are scattered occasional camps. These resting places are generally very simple, but during the warm months are occupied by their owners,

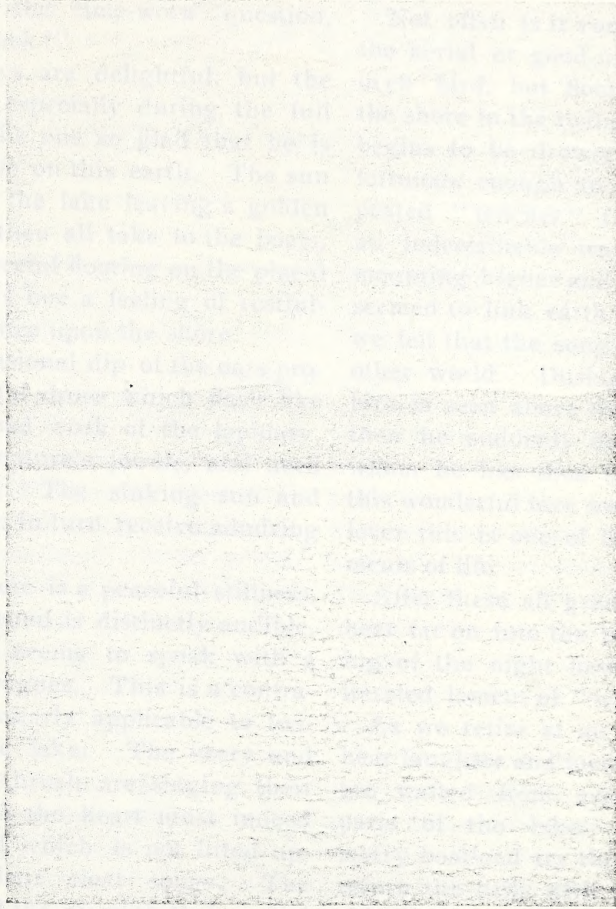




and happy is he who has a friend to extend an invitation to rest there.

To many of us it is an ideal, restful place, still near enough home to allow us to be in touch with any demands of business or social life.

can see, far out in the lake, the line where the white sand gives place to deep water. The youngest children paddle the boats here without danger. They wade about perfectly fearless, and the daily plunge in this clear,



Sunset on the Lake.

There could never be found a safer place for children, for the clean, sandy bottom of the lake recedes so very gradually that no child could accidentally get beyond his depth. Even grown people find a long walk before them if they wish to swim; and to dive, it is necessary to charter boats. Standing on the shore one

soft water is enjoyed by old and young alike.

One of the attractive features of this lake to the followers of Isaak Walton is its excellent fishing. Many fine pickerel, black bass, and nice fry of perch reward the patient fisherman. The lake has been well stocked with salmon, but





naturally they, as yet, are generally caught in anticipation only. Early morning finds the enthusiastic fisherman out before a busy day in the city, and many a cottager's breakfast is left to greet the incoming neighbor and ask the time-worn question, "What luck?"

The days are delightful, but the evenings, especially during the full moon, make one so glad that he is given a life on this earth. The sun sets across the lake leaving a golden path, and then all take to the boats, for the peaceful floating on the placid water gives one a feeling of restfulness unknown upon the shore.

The occasional dip of the oars produces crystal drops which flash like the cherished work of the lapidary. They are nature's jewels, and need no setting. The sinking sun and rising moon in turn receive admiring homage.

While there is a peaceful stillness, yet every sound is distinctly audible, and nature seems to speak with a thousand tongues. This is a contradiction peculiarly applicable to twilight on the lake. The veery and the hermit thrush are singing their vespers, and the heart must indeed be hardened which is not lifted upward by their clear songs. The swallows fill the air with their social twittering. The song and field sparrows repeat with energy the paeans of praise which they never forget to offer. The red-eyed vireo asks again and again, "Do you believe it?" "Do you hear it?" He is a preacher who surely believes in "line upon line." The king-birds, even in adding their discordant notes, give a variety to the chorus. The sandpipers are there with their "peep-peep." The king-

fisher surprises us with his loud rattle, although we were even then looking for him. Various warblers and sparrows may be recognized by the ear tuned to distinguish these vocalists.

Not often is it vouchsafed to hear the aerial or good-night song of the oven bird, but floating lazily near the shore in the twilight when nature begins to be drowsy, we have been fortunate enough to hear the oft-repeated "teacher" transformed into an indescribable wave of melody, mounting higher and higher until it seemed to link earth to heaven, and we felt that the song was that of another world. During the song the bird is seen above the tree-tops, and then he suddenly drops to her for whom he has thus burst forth into this wonderful love song. To a bird-lover this is one of the ecstatic moments of life.

After these all gradually cease we hear far on into the night the booming of the night hawk and the reiterated lament of "whip-poor-will."

As we retire at an early hour we hear laughter and merry songs which are wafted from even the distant parts of the lake. Sometimes a merry boatload try the echoes which return the calls with really remarkable distinctness.

We are lulled to sleep by the gentle lapping of the waves upon the rocks and with a peculiar peacefulness we rest like a tired child in the arms of mother nature. As we wake in the silent night our dear little friend, the chipping sparrow, is trilling a sweet lullaby.

But sometimes a different experience is ours. Tempted by the stillness of the evening we leave our







The Arch at the Outlet.

boat swinging at the moorings. A breeze comes up in the night and we wake to hear it bumping against the pier. To our distorted imagination a wreck is imminent. With a feeling of real heroism we shake off drowsy sleep, and, hastily dressing, go to the rescue of our tiny craft. We have a new experience. Everything is at rest. A light mist covers the lake, which the moon converts into a silvery sheen. Such a hush we seldom experience. It is nature's own self. We are awed by the stillness and return to our dreams amply repaid for our heroic efforts.

We wake early for we begrudge the time spent in sleep. We can do that elsewhere, but a morning on the water is not often ours. It is such a fresh world that we question if it can be the same that seemed so humdrum but yesterday. The eastern shore is still in shadow, but nature has awakened and the stillness of the night seems like a dream.

As we row from shore we watch

the bottom of the lake which is a page seldom studied. We see the path of the fresh water clam and wish we understood better the formation of the rippling sand waves. The tufts of cow-lily pads and rosettes of water lobelia seem to be in an unknown world, which the clear water reveals at this morning hour.

As we approach the outlet we watch the currents and recall the many times, before the fish screens were put in, that we have floated lazily beneath the leaning birch that has figured so conspicuously in the many pictures of the arch.

We recall the very awe, born of the quietude with which we passed through the dark arch into the stream below. We can now almost hear the echoing of the oars and feel the solemn stillness when we dared hardly breathe lest the spell be broken. A delicious baked pickerel when we are hungry scarcely compensates for this barring of the out-





let. There are other experiences that we recall when the stream was low and the sandbars treacherous, and it became necessary to discard shoes and stockings and push and pull to get up stream. We learned then, if never before, how much easier it is to go with the current.

In our morning trip we keep near the western shore, which is a panorama of beautiful scenes. The deep woods are alive with the flycatchers and the redstarts, which our Mexican friends call the "butterfly birds," as they nervously flit from one branch to another. They fairly seem like flashing gems among the leaves. The wood pewee is uttering his "pee-a-wee," which, to his mate, may indicate love and happiness, but to us it surely sounds very mournful. Here we congratulate ourselves on finding the yellow-throated vireo on her pen-sile nest, and near here the wood-cocks have been seen. The older

people tell of times when they were abundant game birds, but those days are past. A little farther on we recall that wonderful day in September when we could only stand and exclaim at the unnamable warblers that passed in review on their migrations to the south. What did n't we see? We were certain sure that every warbler described by Chapman and many others were there, but they were not accommodating enough to stand still for identification.

All along the shore the button-bush, with its pincushiony head of blossoms, acts as border for the alders and trees behind. The dangle-berry vies with it in beauty, while both are surpassed by a wealth of royal ferns. Coming to Hemlock Point and the log-cabin, every nook brings new beauties to view. We wish we were artists and poets, and then we quietly float, oblivious of everything but the restful coloring



Aiken's Grove. (X) Webster Rock.



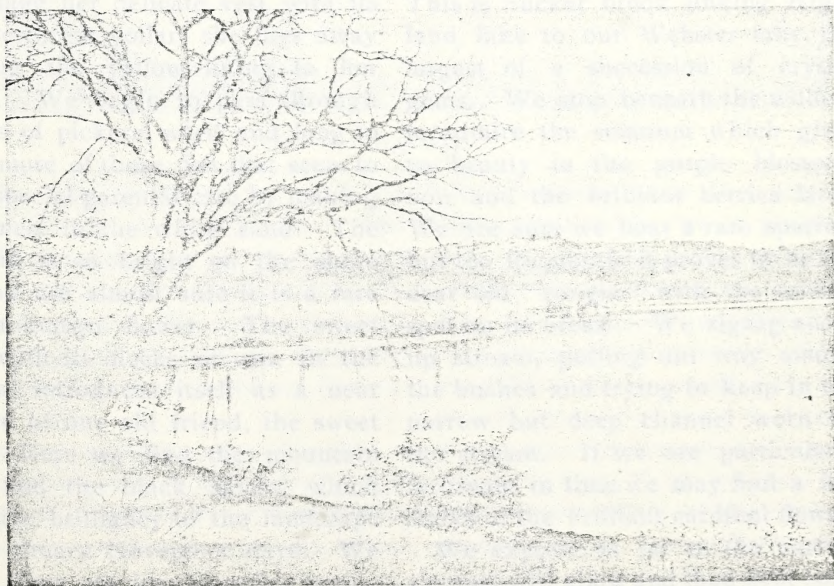


of the evergreens. But now there breaks upon the ear a peculiar cooing, and we recognize friends with whom we have but recently become acquainted, the mourning doves. We trust they may be left unmolested to please their friends with their gentleness and soft sheeny beauty.

We look with really covetous eyes at the lily bed which is marked as private property, but feel that we may share, in sentiment, at least, in the rough pile of rocks on shore, which includes one in the form of a substantial seat plainly marked "Webster." It is said that here the statesman loved to rest and look admiringly at the lake.

We see now the result of man's toil in the inviting summer house and the level grounds of Hon. J. B. Aiken, but we also see a love of nature in the carefully preserved trees which make a beautiful landscape. On the lake side we pass

"Patch Rock," which is said to be so called from "Granny Patch," who used to fish from it. The big ledge on shore has been a favorite fishing spot for generations. Now the shore becomes more marshy. The ferns become in miniature the vegetation of the tropics. Here such a chorus breaks upon our ears that we sit in rapture and wonder how one can be deaf to such music. The catbird is here and in the best of humor, so he trills in imitation of all other birds, besides his own inimitable cantabile. The goldfinches and warbling vireos make every tree vocal, while the yellow warblers flit about, adding flashes of gold to the already sunshiny aspect. In the marsh are dead trees which offer perches for the green herons, which awkwardly fly away with their long legs stretched out behind them. We long to meet their cousins, the "great blue," and the bitterns, but such acquaintance is reserved for more fortunate visitors.



The Big Elm.







The Lily Bed.

The dead trees are punctured with the holes of woodpeckers. At the sound of our voices "Mother Flicker" peeps out of a hole and after standing there long enough to show to advantage her delicate vest with its fancy crescent collar, she flies away showing the yellow lining to her wings. We begin to pass through clumps of pickerel weed and long to know more of those fish that seem to show special parental care by making their nest in the white sand. The lambkill is so bright on the shore that we are almost sure it is a rare and unknown flower. The sweet gale, with its flecks of wax in the nutlets, introduces itself as a near relative of our old friend, the sweet fern. Here we find the mountain holly and the black alders, which will give brilliancy to the landscape in the dreary November days. We know there are inexhaustible treasures in this marsh but the sun

is mounting higher and the trip around our little world is but just begun. We explore the next cove to find that it extends up through the marsh land like a silver chain. This is Sucker brook linking Highland lake to our Webster lake, the largest of a succession of crystal gems. We stop beneath the willows to admire the solanum which gives us beauty in the purple blossoms now and the brilliant berries later. We are sure we hear a rare sparrow but too frequently it proves to be the dear old "songie" with the telltale spot on its breast. We zigzag about up stream, pulling our way among the bushes and trying to keep in the narrow but deep channel worn by the stream. If we are particularly fortunate in time we may find a few stalks of the brilliant cardinal flower.

We explore as far as the narrow channel will allow and then drift back into the lake. Now the red-winged





blackbirds are sure we are on mischief bent and try to argue us into a hasty departure. Mr. Blackbird is a beauty but he looks better than he sings, although his dully streaked mate may enjoy his song.

The air is alive with swallows which almost distract us with their ceaseless darting and twittering. There are, in ordinarily low water, little beaches all along shore, and there

neglecting the mirror-like water, when we suddenly give a joyous shout—the loons are sporting on the water opposite us! We are delighted to watch them as we have long wished that Loon island might have the game as well as the name. We hope all sportsmen will remember the heavy penalty imposed now upon a person shooting loons and not cause here the indignation felt at



Gove's Grove.

in the shallow water we find the water lobelia and pipewort. The sandpipers tilt about on the sand and the dainty water thrush walks in their footsteps. We come again and again, hoping to hear his song, but that is evidently reserved for the ear of his mate.

On one of these short beaches a quartz arrowhead was found a few years ago, which is evidence that the early wanderers were not strangers to this spot. We are watching the shore so intently that we are

East Andover when the pair that had nested there for a generation were cruelly killed just before the young were hatched. In these days of Audubon societies such cruelties are not so common. We are taught that if we would have birds as our friends we must be friendly. We realize why people may be considered "loony" as we hear their peculiar cry which almost causes a shudder in its resemblance to the meaningless laugh of a maniac.

We have now reached the big elm

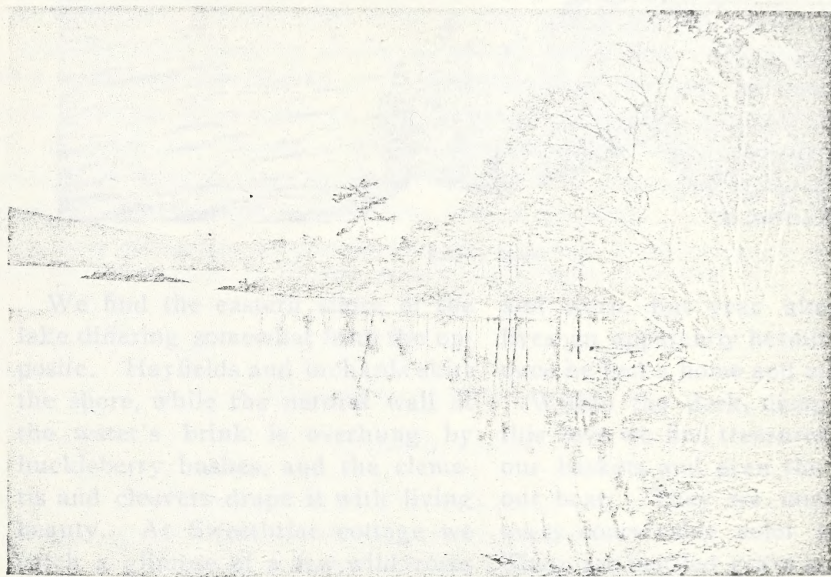




near the head of the lake, and we rest there to take in the beauty of the scene in its entirety. The hills encircling the lake are of varying character, embracing rugged crags, wooded slopes, and farm lands surrounding thrifty homes. Kearsarge and Ragged mountains look benignly upon us. We feel a thrill of praise as we realize the protective strength of our own Granite hills, and the

lily bed. Every one loves the pure and fragrant water lily. How can such purity spring from such oozy depths? It is, indeed, a delight to bare the arm and reach far down into the soft, tepid water to bring up a long-stemmed beauty.

We now begin to think that our hasty breakfast was earlier than usual, and the lunch basket invites us to rest at Gove's grove. We



Rocky Point and Loon Island.

song of our school life comes instinctively to our lips,

"Hurrah for old New England.  
And her cloud-clapped Granite hills."

Several fishing boats are scattered about, and we are sure of the presence of fish, for they have leaped from the water all around us. We try never to be incredulous at the tales of the "big fish" that wasn't caught, for we also have yarns of the most wonderful birds that escaped identification.

We surely cannot pass unheeded the

bring up our boats and open our baskets beneath the lofty pines. We are about to throw ourselves down when we find just there a fern, a rare botrychium for which we have long sought in vain.

An hour or two spent on the pine needles, watching the blue sky and the clouds in all their varying forms, striving to locate a pine warbler, who trills away in the very tops of the trees, and resting from the keen enjoyment of the morning, and we are ready to start homeward.







Eastern Shore.

We find the eastern shore of the lake differing somewhat from the opposite. Hayfields and orchards skirt the shore, while the natural wall at the water's brink is overhung by huckleberry bushes, and the clematis and cleavers drape it with living beauty. At Sweetbriar cottage we catch a glimpse of a few wild roses which are quite rare, and, to many of us, excel the unnatural monstrosities of the florists.

One deep cove always allures us and we leave our boat to explore its hidden recesses. A huge boulder covered with polypody, numerous varieties of ferns, and the sudden frightened flight of the lone eagle to the crags beyond, reward our visit. This eagle has been around the lake for years. We have a feeling of pity, mingled with admiration, for the constancy of this "king of birds" to the mate who was shot here many years ago. He looks rather battered

and worn, but year after year he lives an apparently hermit life where once he had a home and mate.

Within the dark, damp woods of this cove we find treasures which fill our baskets and even the bottom of our boat. They are mushrooms of every conceivable color and shape. There are mottled grays and brilliant yellows, bright scarlets and rich browns, clear crimsons and indigo blues, besides the greens, grays, and white ones more common. Some are balls, some caps, some feathery corals, some like beautiful shelves on fallen trees. This is such a revelation to us, who have only known the little caps of our gardens and lawns. Here we find a large company of birds who apparently live in the neighboring swamp. We are sorry to add that here we also find a large colony of mosquitoes, and we bear away our treasures for further investigation at the home camp.





Rowing now near the shore, we admire the ease with which a mink explores the crannies between the rocks, and we wonder if we shall next see him adorning and, we hope, warming some of our friends.

Loon island is a small, ledgy spot which does not attract as does the nearby shore. We recall a dinner on the point extending out towards the island, which has never been surpassed. Fish, fresh from the water, cooked over the coals by an experienced woodsman, did not need even the appetite accompanying a day's fishing to be long remembered.

After passing the island we first need a pilot to escape "Scrag Rocks," which are really a continuation of the island ledge. Here we

see those large fish which seem whales when we are without fishing tackle.

From this point to the home camp we are near the many cottages whose occupants greet us with cheery words, and we draw our boat up at the wharf with a feeling of satisfaction that not always attends a more pretentious journey.

We have seen nothing especially rare, but eye and ear have placed on the walls of memory impressions which will make life sweeter. We cannot come into this close touch with nature without feeling more trust in Him who has clothed the flowers, cared for the sparrows, and given to all His creation the protection of His love.

NOTE.—The photographs of views, used for the illustration of this article, are furnished through the courtesy of H. W. Gilchrist, amateur photographer, of Franklin.

## HEAVEN WITHIN US.

*By Amy F. Dolloff.*

I do not ask for a fairer heaven  
Than this earthly abode would be  
If only the true from the false were riven  
And our shackled souls were free.

The grandeur of dawn, the splendor of noon,  
The glory of eventide,  
The glow of the sun on mountain peaks  
When all is shade beside ;

The glints of light through foliage dense  
As they fall on autumn leaves,  
Are priceless riches given by God  
To every soul that breathes.

And I only ask for a life as pure  
As the newly fallen snow.  
Then whether here, there, or elsewhere,  
A perfect heaven I'll know.





## RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

*By C. C. Lord.*

### RAMBLE XLV.

#### AN INDIAN SUMMER.

**O**UR thoughts to-day are engrossed by the subject of an Indian summer. We do not mean by this that an Indian summer is our present enjoyment, or that it is not. There is a mild, warm aspect of the atmosphere. There is a comparative clearness of the whole sky. It is the month of November, and we go out to ramble.

Our thoughts take their present range because of a mere incident. A friend meets us, observes the weather, and asks if it is an Indian summer. Our answer is partially evasive. We have already made a statement anticipating the reason. We are in doubt of the identifying attributes of a real Indian summer, if, indeed, there is such a thing.

There are popular names that in the nomenclature of the annual times and seasons imply a natural suggestiveness. Sometimes nature and ingenuity seem to go hand in hand when a name is given to a phenomenon. We have illustrative instances in the use of the appellations "Harvest Moon" and "Hunter's Moon." A moon that contributes a special measure of light in either the harvesting or the hunting season only naturally suggests a corresponding name. But why is an unusually mild gleam of weather in late autumn called an Indian summer? We

have only a somewhat obscure tradition for an answer. It is surmised that the instance implies an ancient native Indian custom of improving the late warm weather of autumn in storing food against the inclemencies of the approaching winter.

One of the curious facts of the world is the facility people find in giving specific names and ascribing special attributes to things which have no corresponding natural distinctiveness. In the mystical calendar of a credulous populace are days and times that mean in name and ascription much more than fact has ever been able to prove for them. It may or may not be so of an Indian summer. Yet it is not a mystery that the long, graduated process of autumn in changing the face of mundane nature from summer to winter should be attended by certain alternations of atmospheric condition that are experimentally somewhat phenomenal. There are indications that the ultimate expressions of the intense natural forces are extremely oscillatory. The motion of the mighty tide of the ocean, in the flowing or in the ebbing, is not simply onward. The minor tides flow and ebb as it were every moment, alternating so rapidly that the casual observer requires a long time in order to decide which way the motion of the predominant mass of water is tending. The progress of climatic changes is less subtle in appearance,





perhaps, but now and then a day or a succession of days occurs to apparently contradict the actual astronomical assertion of the existing truth. Cold waves in spring and warm ones in autumn often seem to make the authoritative record disprove itself and turn the year back towards the goal from which it has in either case so recently departed. Nature's wonderful alternations, in both their major and their minor aspects, are somewhat mysterious, though we know enough of the law of their manifestations to prove their beneficence.

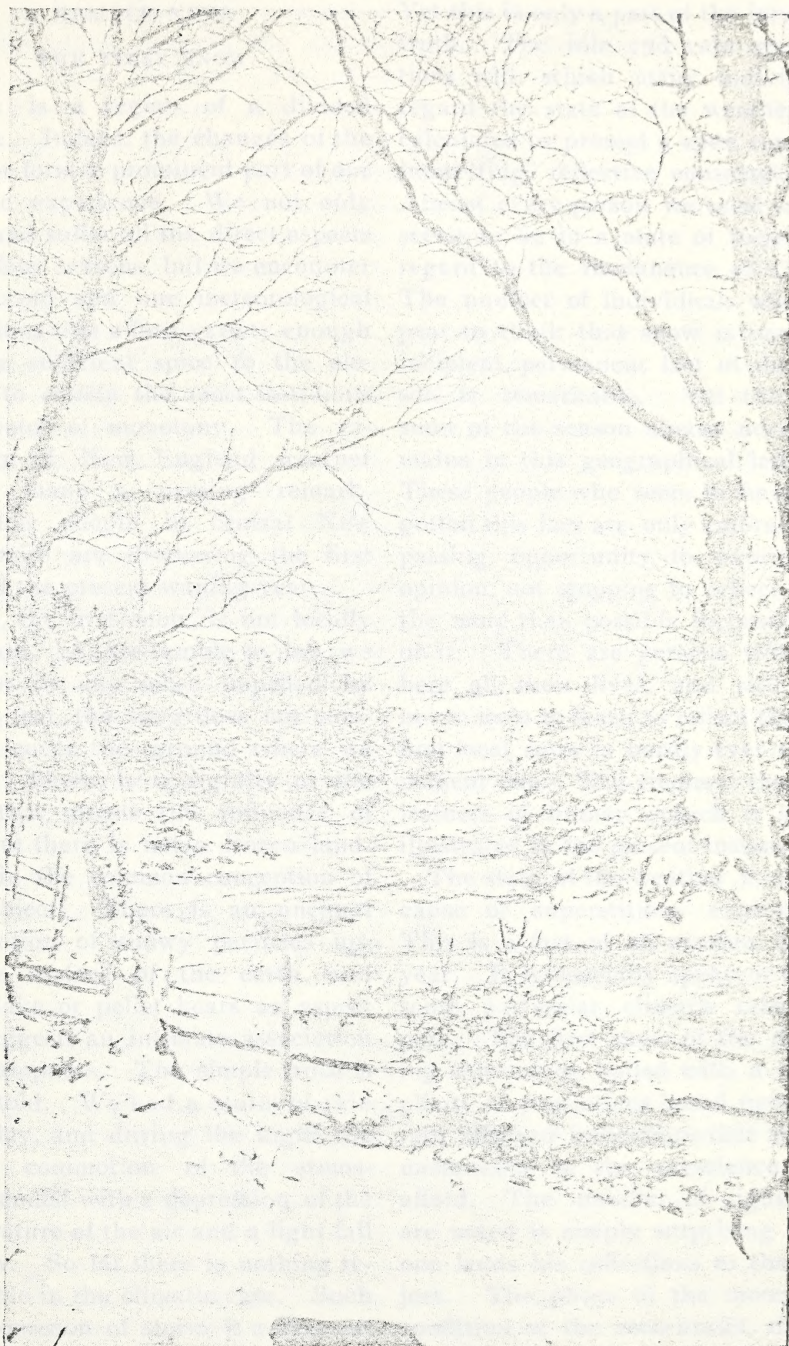
In one of our rambles of the spring of the present year, we mentioned a special cause of a phenomenally warm condition of the weather. The absence of a storm within the radius of a thousand miles incurs a stillness of the atmosphere that encourages the local accumulation of solar heat. The same circumstances may exist in autumn. Yet the resulting reflective conditions of the human mind are somewhat different. There is something weirdly composing and comforting to the imaginative soul when the dread progress to winter is for a time stayed. It is peculiarly pleasing and assuring to see the grass growing again, or in special instances to witness the opening of a wayside flower, or in extreme cases to observe a ripening berry upon the border of one's path. All these privileges are afforded to the Rambler more than once in the course of a life of a length far less than the threescore years and ten that mark the traditional limit of human existence.

However, an Indian summer, or a specially mild season in autumn, is

not necessarily marked by a stillness of the atmosphere. In New England the geographical location implies the possibility of a wind from the southwest which, traversing a dry and warm region before it reaches here, is tempered with a degree of softness that makes both day and night the expressions of mildness most inviting to both the imagination and the sense. In the event of such a wind there is a peculiar temptation to outdoor excursions in the evening, especially if the moon is shining. How captivating is the sight of the fleecy, evening clouds when they flit up from the southwest and cover the dome of the sky in the moonlight on the event of an Indian summer! How easy at such a time for the zeal of the poetic mind to ideally reenact the mythic scene of the sheep of Hermes being driven to pasture! How again a shift of the imagination makes the moon, in the mythic person of Diana, haste across the sky on her mission of huntress of the ideal, celestial field and forest! It is indeed true that an Indian summer, if one really ever occurs, can enliven many a gloom and assuage many a sorrow occurring to the impressive heart and reflective mind, in view of the approaching desolation and dread of a cruel winter. In this we witness one of the favors of an overruling Providence that anticipates all the needs of a dependent humanity. The progress of a life from summer to winter is inevitable and unavoidable, but the compensating alternations of the experimental career temper to a mere sadness the fate that might have been a sorrow too relentless to be borne.







THE FIRST SNOW.





RAMBLE XLVI.

THE FIRST SNOW.

This is a region of a divided climate. Indeed, the changes of the weather form a prominent part of our climatic experience. We not only enjoy and suffer all the direct aspects of the four seasons, but we encounter a thousand and one meteorological transitions that afford variety enough to give sufficient spice to the elements to satisfy the most fastidious depreciator of monotony. The variability of New England weather causes many a passing remark. Just now people in central New Hampshire are discussing the first snow of the present waning year.

This, the first snow, is not locally abundant. As we ramble to-day, we are not in any sense impeded by it. In fact, the snow does not completely cover the ground where we tread. There is a rigidity of the earth that attests the influence of cold, but there is not a frozen landscape in the common conception of the subject. There is an unequal distribution of snowy particles upon the surface of the earth, and each flake or pellet bears an aspect that suggests an intimate association with dampness. The simple truth is easily told. We had a storm of rain yesterday, and during the night the stormy commotion of the atmosphere ended with a depression of the temperature of the air and a light fall of snow. So far there is nothing remarkable in the climatic case. Such a phenomenon of storm is a frequent local occurrence in the passing autumn.

We have already observed that people are discussing the first snow.

Yet this is only a part of the involved truth. The idle and vain speculations with which many individuals regard the state of the weather are calculated to prompt a wide range of interesting, reflective contemplation. Almost every person we meet to-day seems to be in a state of inquiry in regard to the immanence of winter. The number of individuals who appear to think that snow is now the incipient, permanent fact of the season is remarkable. Yet the first snow of the season almost never remains in this geographical latitude. These people who seem to have forgotten this fact are only embracing a passing opportunity to express an opinion, not stopping to reflect upon the more than possible inconsistency of it. There are persons who live here all their lives, and still they never seem to learn to reflect that the first local snow is hardly ever a permanent one. The frequent thoughtlessness of human speech is amply illustrated in the present instance.

The state of the weather is often a cause of superstitious expectancy. This is a fact of all seasons of the year. It is specially apparent where some particular climatic crisis occurs. The first snow of the declining autumn is hailed with a multiplicity of predictions based upon certain affirmed indications that are unmistakable in the prescience they afford. The number of signs that are noted is simply surprising when one lends his reflections to the subject. The phase of the moon, the condition of the corn-husks, the aspect of a breast-bone of a bird, and haply many other features of the passing events of autumn have been noted and elucidated, and the first





snow is the climax of a mystical process which foretells the experience so close at hand. The snow may remain or it may not, but the signs and their resultant deductions will last forever and be recited long after we that are now living have passed into the shades of the valley of death. Such is the love of mystery, especially when thoughtless, in the human breast.

There is an aspect of the first snow that we must not overlook. We stroll upon the ridge of land that affords the elevations known as Mt. Lookout, on the north, and Mt. Putney, on the south, and discover æsthetic beauties of a most captivating nature. We look across the great valley of the Contoocook and observe the distant long range of westerly mountains and hills, Kearsarge the chief of all the eminences. What a marvelous gleam of crystal loveliness rests upon their summits, lighted by the sun of the early day! The mountains and hills tower to the higher and colder regions of the air, and the snow fell more thickly upon them. Mantled in pure white, reflectively bright in the crisp atmosphere, radiantly glorious in the sun of morning, the distant summits are not only objects of delight but inciters of fantasy. In the contemplation of the distant, western scene the impressive soul feels at once the fervor that is the earnest of the poetry of the first snow. In the æsthetic situation one recognizes the source from which the poet derives his imaginative creations, that not only make him what he is, but also permanently distinguish him from those vain and vapid forms of mentality that conceive they are poets simply be-

cause they can chop off the most prosaic sentences into regular measures of length. Our ramble turns homeward. We cannot prolong it. The first snow may remain in part, but it will not be a complete permanency. Even now the warm beams of the aspiring sun are melting the snowy pellicles that appear in our path, and the measurably congealed surface of the ground is yielding. There are shady and cooler spots where the snow may linger long, and the western mountains and hills may for days make us glad with the pure white sheen of their glorified summits.

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#### RAMBLE XLVII.

##### LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIVING GREEN.

It is a common experience of reflective people to repine at the desolating work of autumn. Reflective nature partakes of both a rational and an emotional quality. There are many facts of climatic and other life that are suggestive of rational thoughts that invite the mind to philosophic repose. Yet the ordinary life of humanity is so involved in the appearances of things that it is often hard to divest one's self of those reflections that imply the predominance only of emotion. This is the reason why most people are happier in summer than in winter. It also is the reason why they experience a revival of their happier emotions in spring and their corresponding decline in autumn. There are a very few practical philosophers in this world, while there are a great many emotionalists.

We suppose that when the world





of mankind is as thoroughly imbued as it may be with wisdom, there will be no practical doubts of the considerations of Providence for all the varied needs of humanity. We love to think that the supreme Cause of things contemplates man's æsthetic needs as well as his material ones. Else why create the sunrise and the sunset and fill the earth with a thousand and one aspects of beauty? More than this, since summer is so characteristically attractive and inviting, and winter so peculiarly unattractive and uninviting, there seems to be a goodness of the Creator in anticipating the æsthetically extreme dullness of winter by preserving some of the charms of summer all the year round. There is a pleasure in reflecting that when God made evergreen plants and trees he remembered man with an intensity of kindness that the reflective consciousness of the wise will acknowledge with gratitude through all the ages of eternity.

The reflections of this ramble are the results of the aspect of the landscape of this autumn day. Now is the time of the summer's complete desolation. There need be only a fall of snow to make the semblance of despair supplement and complete that of destruction. The verdure and bloom of summer are fled. Such is our first thought as we go out to stroll and commune with nature. But our contemplation measurably reacts upon itself. We observe a lingering and persistent beauty of the evergreens and fall into the reflections to which we have already given expression.

We ramble through the barren fields and pastures and take passing glances at the hillsides and the vales.

Here and there large patches, small dots, or long ribbons of green adorn the landscape and relieve the monotony of the autumnal barrenness and brownness. If this were all of it, the recital of our impressions were briefer. But the truth is, the autumnal evergreen of the extended landscape is not simply green. It is a beatifully variegated expression of verdure to all the eyes that have the acuteness of vision that enables the observer to detect the diverse character of the involved tints. Now is the time when it is a double misfortune to be defective in the discernment of the different degrees of the same color. There is a green in the still leafy wood that is not merely an individual hue, because the variability of its intensity from dark to light is sufficiently distinguishable to afford a permanent subject of æsthetic study. This fact is more evident where the particular cause of it is more emphasized by the direct impact of the soft rays of the autumn sun. Light, in its various degrees of daily autumnal manifestation, produces the most beautiful effects in the evergreen forests, especially when one observes them from that distance which "lends enchantment to the view." Look at this moment upon that evergreen wood on the westerly slope of Beech hill. How refined and delicate is the green where the sunlight smiles, and how rich and deep is the same green where the shadow falls in solemn silence! Now let the eye roam near and far, to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, and observe in how many aspects of unrivaled beauty the evergreen tints of the woods are displayed. Is there





not yet a loveliness of the leaves sufficient to entertain the mind that has the fortitude to forego the completely despairing suggestions that follow the contemplation of the somberly destructive features of the fall?

There is an aspect of the present subject that might be called the fringing of the green. Our evergreen trees are typically conical in form, and as their branches divide and subdivide the surfaces of the tops display most fascinating outlines of verdure, bounded as they are by the ranks of shapely terminal points of the needle-shaped leaves. In the variations of light and shade, the fringed outlines of the evergreen forests invite the most delightful contemplations of nature's artistic work.

We turn homeward. In the scenes of the coming winter we shall derive much delight from the lights and shades of living green.

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#### RAMBLE XLVIII.

##### THE FIRST SKATING.

Autumn has its glooms and its charms. The same may be said of winter. At this season of the year, when autumn and winter seem to be merging into one, a remark like that we have just made may be considered of common application to both. To-day we witness one of the charms of later November. The experience of the present charm is not wholly confined to a single class of our population. Both older and younger are occupied with the existing pleasant privilege. The enjoyment of the day is by no means less because it is the first of its kind this season. What person of exhilarating social tastes does not enjoy skating?

To-day there is a positive chill in the atmosphere. Chilly weather has prevailed of late. The footsteps of advancing winter are everywhere apparent. There is a thin carpet of snow in shady places, and the distant hills are white in their snowy mantles. The earth is solidly frozen. The northwest wind is brisk and frore. These facts, however, do not imply the pleasure afforded by the time. There is a sheet of solid, firm ice covering each of the shallow waters in this region. Even the restless river and the deeper ponds have a suggestion of ice upon portions of their surfaces. It is the presence of fields of ice—ice that will bear—ice upon which one may skate—that excites the enthusiasm of the younger and the anticipation of the older among our population who are not yet too far advanced in social sentiments to enjoy a day of play. We need not enlarge upon this fact. One who has once been a skater knows the fervor of the breast of recreation in skating time. He understands the buoyancy of heart with which the skater views the first supporting ice of autumn. Any other individual of ordinary discernment can read the lines of pleasure cast in the countenances of those who are wending their way to the skating grounds.

Personally speaking, we have had our skating days, but they are over. We shall never again skim the icy surface of the flooded meadow, or of the pond, or of the river. But as we ramble to-day we meet the skaters on their way to the frozen, glassy fields of pleasure, and we contemplate the present enjoyment and reflect upon the changes that have come over the





social aspects of skating since we first formed a distinct conception of the privilege that is coexistent with the desire for pleasure in a realm where severe frosts are ever known. How well we remember when in this region skating was a recreation sought only by boys and young men! In our childhood, we used to read books containing descriptions of foreign social customs, to learn that in far European lands skating was practised by women. With what interest we beheld the picture of a woman, clad in warm garments, her hands in a fur muff, her feet bound in skates, gliding in representation upon the smooth surface of an expansive field of ice! How strange it seemed! Yet since that time skating by girls and young women has become so common a recreation in this country as to occasion neither criticism nor remark. Indeed, in this instance we have but an illustration of a social change that is ramifying almost every department of human activity.

While we reflect upon the subject of skating, we are reminded of the intimate connection of one use with another. Not only are industrial affairs co-related one to another in this composite world, but the industrial aspects of society interfere with the phases of recreation. We think of this because we call to mind the changes that years have witnessed in the location of the resorts of skaters. In our earlier days, we sometimes went to a mill-pond to skate, but the mill-pond is now no more. Within the territory of the town of Hopkinton are numerous meadows, each once the site of a mill-pond, where, doubtless, happy skaters used to

skim to and fro in the later autumn. What does this change mean? The industrial world is substituting water-power by the harnessed force of steam, and the old-time mill-ponds are disappearing in consequence. There is now one lingering hope for the anticipative skater whose caution invites him to the safer surface of the frozen, shallower waters. The increased demand for ice in domestic uses has caused meadows to be flowed, and they incidentally become the autumnal or wintery resorts of skaters, as circumstance may indicate passing privileges according to the season. Notice the instance of Mills' meadow in this town. It was once the site of a mill-pond, but now only that of an ice-pond, but in either case the pleasurable resort of skaters. It is easy to conceive how a future change in the local demand or supply of ice for domestic purposes might seriously affect the privileges of those that skate.

There will probably always be skating in this region. The distribution of the land and water and the variation of the climate will always ensure ice some of the time each year. But without the service of the meadows, the season of skating would be deferred and more dangerous. We cannot forget that modern changes in the methods of amusements have given us the roller skate that enables the skater to utilize a wooden floor, but it is hardly probable that the fascination of skating by the later plan will entirely supersede the romance of that of the old way. The charm of skating does not wholly consist in the grace and rhythm of motion which it ex-





presses, for the landscape, the air, and the sky are all involved in the sum of its æsthetic attractions. When we think of the ideal privileges of skating, our mind irresistibly turns to the captivating exercise of the art out of doors.

It is the first skating. Let the seeker after harmless pleasures skate! As we turn homeward, we feel only a throb of benediction for those who, to-day, beguile the carking cares of life upon the smooth surface of the crystal ice.

### MOUNT BELKNAP.

*By Thomas Cogswell, Jr.*

Arise, Mount Belknap, ever let us see  
 Raised high above the gently sighing trees,  
 Raised high in God's fresh, laughter-laden breeze,  
 Signs that you still are standing, bold and free!  
 Rising so grand, each day you seem to me  
 Standing like Cæsar at his glorious ease  
 Among the Alps, so high above the seas—  
 In such a grandeur as a king should be!  
 We know you tow'r above your neighbor hills,  
 We know that you are ruler over all;  
 We know you show that majesty that thrills,  
 Moving both mind and heart! And so we call  
 With words of love which nothing ever stills,  
 "Thank God, O Mount, for you will never fall!"

### AUTUMN GRAYS.

*By Clarence E. Carr.*

Have you watched the shadows of sunset,  
 Have you seen the light of the morn,  
 When the sky was ablaze in its brightness,  
 And the beautiful spring was born?

When the glory of color was round us,  
 And the glory of light was above,  
 With the richness of God to confound us  
 With promise, and beauty, and love?

Have you heard the birds go a-singing,  
 Have you scented the leaf and the tree,  
 With the air all sur-charged and a-ringing  
 With shouting and laughter and glee?





Did you say that no light could be clearer,  
No colors in beauty like these  
That have covered the fields and the hillsides,  
And blossomed in grasses and trees?

Did you say that no world could be fairer,  
No noises be better in tune  
Than the music of birds and of children  
Some beautiful morning in June?

I beg you to stop and consider,  
Take the year as it goes on its ways  
And think of what beauties in Nature  
Can compare with her soft autumn grays.

They cover the hills and the forest,  
They shadow the meadows and streams,  
They temper the sky and the mountains  
As our life works are tempered in dreams.

They remind us of time that is fleeting,  
They 're an earnest of time that shall be,  
When the years on their wings, ever beating,  
Bring our lives to the shore of that sea

Where Infinite Life is before us,  
And Infinite Time is behind,  
With the promise of God breaking o'er us  
From the light of His Infinite mind.

Oh, the gray autumn tints are so soothing,  
They bring me such quiet and rest.  
I then can best sit down with Nature,  
And find hope on her beautiful breast!

And as the shadows grow deeper,  
And fade away in the night,  
And the stars come out of their hiding,  
And give me their marvelous light,

I look up between and beyond them  
To the Infinite Light above,  
And I know that all Nature is goodness,  
And know that all goodness is love.

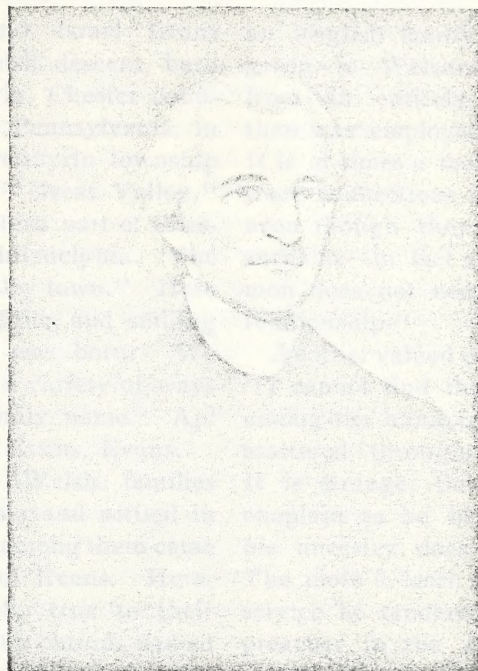
Then give me the days of October,  
With their beautiful autumn gray,  
To calm all that troubles my spirit,  
And point out the Light and the Way.





## REVEREND ISRAEL EVANS, A. M.

Chaplain of the Revolution, 1776-1783.



*Israel Evans*

REVEREND ISRAEL EVANS, A. M.

1747-1807.

*Chaplain of the Revolution, 1776-1783.*

*Concord's Second Minister, 1789-1797.*






## REVEREND ISRAEL EVANS, A. M.

Chaplain American army during the entire Revolutionary War, 1776 to 1783.  
Concord's second settled minister, 1789 to 1797.

*By John Calvin Thorne.*

HE Reverend Israel Evans was of Welsh descent, born in Tredyffrin, Chester county, state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1747. Tredffyrin township is situated in the "Great Valley," so-called, in the eastern part of Chester county, near Philadelphia. The name signifies "valley town." Here in this beautiful, fertile, and smiling region, our Israel was born. We find in the records a variety of ways for spelling his family name. Ap<sup>1</sup> Evan, Evan, Even, Eveys, Evans.

In 1701 several Welsh families came to Pennsylvania and settled in "Great Valley," and among them came those by the name of Evans. Here, this religious people, true to their custom, at once built a church, named the "Great Valley church." We know that "the father and grandfather of Israel Evans were ministers in this country, and that his great-grandfather was a minister in Wales." But a thorough search of the many records of church and state, as gathered in the city of Philadelphia, has failed to bring *positive* proof of our subject's ancestry. A correspondent, Mr. Frank Brooks Evans, of Philadelphia, writes as follows: "If you have done much in Welsh genealogical work, you probably have found that it is a very different matter from the running down of the pedigree of

an English family, as the surnames given to Welshmen were derived from an entirely different method than was employed by the English. It is at times a most difficult task to trace connections among Welshmen, even though they have a common surname—in fact a surname in common does not necessarily indicate a relationship."

Another valued correspondent says: "I cannot find the particular Israel among the hundreds of Evans names scattered throughout Pennsylvania. It is strange, that for so noted a chaplain as he became, the fact of his ancestry does not show itself. The more I learn of him and of the service he rendered as chaplain and preacher in the army, the more I wonder that so little can be found in regard to his early life."

Says another writer, "Probably no chaplain in the Revolution followed its fortunes so steadily from its commencement to its close, sharing in all its perils and hardships, yet about whom so little is known as of Reverend Israel Evans."

I hope, however, in this monograph, to add some information, gathered from many sources, in regard to his most useful life.

The United States Census Bureau, Department of the Interior, with its record of the first census, 1790, proved useless, as only the names of

<sup>1</sup>Ap signifies son of





the heads of families were recorded, the children being indicated by number. Also the Record and Pension office, War department, at Washington, has been searched without satisfactory results in this direction. Some day the names of his parents may be accidentally discovered and his earlier ancestors traced,—until then we have no positive assurance of the line of his descent. We can well rest upon the established fact, already stated, that his ancestors, in the male line, were, for three generations, ministers of the gospel. Following these noble men we see why Israel must have inherited a love for the ministerial profession, and in preparation for what he considered his life-work, he sought and gained his education at "Nassau Hall," now Princeton university, New Jersey, and graduated therefrom in the class of 1772, at the age of twenty-five years, receiving the degree of A. M. in 1775. It is noteworthy that fourteen of the twenty-two members of this class of 1772, in which Israel Evans graduated, entered the ministry. The subsequent career of the members, as far as known, has been kindly furnished me by V. Lansing Collins, Esq., librarian at Princeton, as follows :

*Isaac Alexander* became the first president of Liberty Hall academy, North Carolina.

*Moses Allen*, chaplain in the army, captured at Savannah, and for his patriotic exhortations was confined in a loathsome prison ship, from which he escaped, but was drowned before reaching shore.

*William Bradford*, of Philadelphia, became colonel in the army, studied law with Chief Justice Edward Ship-

pen, became attorney-general and judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and attorney-general of the United States under Washington.

*Aaron Burr*, lieutenant-colonel in the army, member of New York legislature, president of constitutional convention of New York, United States senator, vice-president of the United States, came within one vote of being elected president.

*Joseph Eckley*, minister of the gospel, pastor of the Old South church in Boston from 1779 to 1811, the date of his death.

*Philip Vickers Fithian*, chaplain in the army, died of camp fever in 1776. His letters and journals have recently been published by the Princeton Historical association.

*Andrew Hodge* became a member of Washington's body guard.

*Andrew Hunter*, chaplain in the army, professor and trustee of the College of New Jersey, chaplain in the United States navy.

*Robert Keith*, chaplain in the army.

*William Linn*, chaplain in the army, regent of Union seminary, New York, president of Washington college, Maryland, president of Rutgers's college, New Jersey, first chaplain of the United States house of representatives.

*William Smith Livingston*, officer in the Revolutionary army.

*Samuel E. McCorkle*, professor of moral philosophy at University of North Carolina.

*John McMillan*, founder of Jefferson college, Pennsylvania, and professor and vice-president of the college.

The class, as here briefly reviewed, was certainly composed of strong men, many of whom we see became noted





in after life, by the prominent positions to which they attained.

As Mr. Evans had thus prepared for the ministry, when the war of the Revolution broke out, and being an ardent patriot, he offered himself as a chaplain in the army. We learn from the Presbyterian library records in Philadelphia, "that he was licensed to preach by the First Philadelphia Presbytery in 1775, and by the same ordained as chaplain in 1776. He went at once to the field, and was not at another meeting of the Presbytery until 1786, when he was dismissed to take a church in Weymouth, Mass."<sup>2</sup>

On July 1, 1776, Washington writing congress, "Respecting the chaplains of the army, the need of affixing one to each regiment, with salaries competent to their support," congress immediately adopted his views, and at New York on July 9 he issued the following "general order:"

The honorable Continental congress having been pleased to allow a chaplain to each regiment, with the pay of thirty-three and one third dollars per month, the colonels, or commanding officers, of each regiment are directed to procure chaplains—persons of good character and exemplary lives—to see that all inferior officers and soldiers pay them a suitable respect; and attend carefully upon religious exercises. The blessing and protection of heaven are at all times necessary, but especially is it in

times of public distress and danger. The general hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.

Many of those who were appointed as chaplains served only for a short time and simply performed their prescribed routine of duties; others served for a longer period and became especially distinguished for their faithful labors and noble patriotism, to whom the country owes a great debt of gratitude. Says J. T. Headley, the historian, "The one who perhaps stood as prominently in history as a representative chaplain, and who with a clear head, a strong mind, and a patriotic zeal, assisted in sustaining the cause of the colonies, was the Rev. Israel Evans." He was appointed by the military authorities a chaplain in 1776, and served in that capacity throughout the entire period of the Revolutionary war—until peace was declared in 1783.

Israel Evans was appointed chaplain of the First New York Regiment of the Line, on August 3, 1775, and served until appointed to the chaplaincy of the Second New York Regiment of the Line, on November 21, 1776. Re-appointed January 13, 1777.<sup>3</sup>

I have also received the following letter from the War department, in statement of his services:

Record and Pension Office,  
WASHINGTON, April 25, 1902.

SIR: The records of this office show that one Israel Evans served as chaplain in Nicholson's Regiment of New York Troops, Revolutionary war. His name appears on a list of officers of that organization, dated at Quebec, April 15, 1776—without special mention relative to his service.

<sup>2</sup> The facts in regard to the Weymouth pastoral call are these: Says Rev. Mr. Houghton, "According to the records of the Weymouth Historical Society, the Rev. Israel Evans did receive an invitation in 1785 to become the pastor of the First Congregational Church—the church of which I have the honor to be the pastor at the present time. I send you an extract from these Historical Records, as follows: 'On the 16th of Jan., 1786, the parish made choice of Mr. Israel Evans to fill the vacancy of the pastorate. This invitation he accepted under date of 21th of March; but some unfortunate reports reaching his ear before settlement, he felt obliged to decline, which he did in a letter dated 25th Sept.' The 'unfortunate reports' above alluded to have reference to a legal trouble between the town of Weymouth and the Parish, over the parsonage property, which culminated in a suit. The parish was victorious eventually."

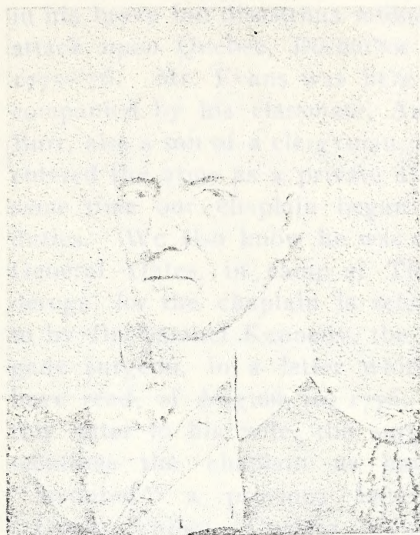
Very sincerely yours,

April 8, 1902. RALPH J. HOUGHTON  
Pastor First Cong'l Church, Weymouth.

<sup>3</sup> War Rolls of New York in the Revolution.



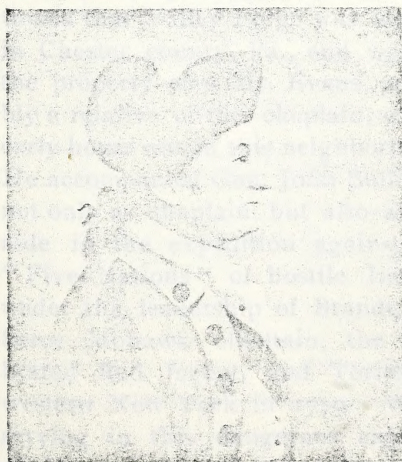




General John Stark.

*This portrait of the serious, stern, and strong face of the general is from an original likeness taken by Miss Crowinshield in 1810. She was a niece of Dr. Wm. Bently of Salem, Mass., and he was a special friend of Stark. The veteran was then 82 years of age, and died at 94, the last general of the Revolution,—"First in the field, last out of it."*

The records also show that he served as chaplain, Second New York Regiment, commanded by Colonel Philip Cortlandt, Revolutionary war. He was appointed Nov. 21, 1776, and he is reported on a pay abstract for January, 1778, with remark: "Promoted." The



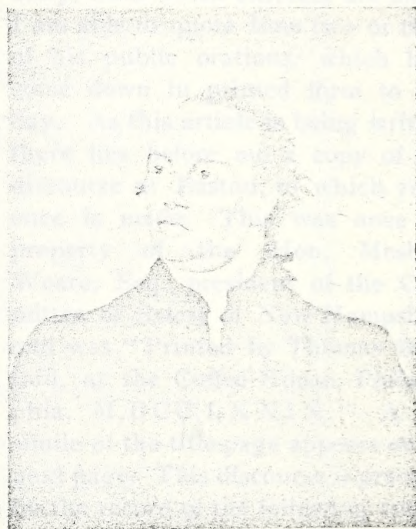
General Enoch Poor.

records further show that he served as chaplain in the 3d New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by Colonel Alexander Scammell, Revolutionary war. His name appears on the records of that organization, with remarks showing that he received different amounts, on account of depreciation of pay of that regiment.

By authority of the Secretary of War:

F. C. AINSWORTH,  
Chief, Record and Pension Office.

It is of record, in addition to the preceding, that he was made brigade chaplain of the New Hampshire troops in 1777, serving in this posi-



General John Sullivan.

tion until the close of the war, under command successively of General Enoch Poor, General John Sullivan, and General John Stark. It is said, and probably correctly, that the Reverend Israel Evans enjoyed the great distinction of being the only one holding the office of chaplain, who served continuously during the long and severe struggle of the American Revolution.

He was with the gallant Montgomery, who fell at the head of his troops,





in his brave but disastrous midnight attack upon Quebec, December 31, 1775-'76. Mr. Evans was here accompanied by his classmate, Aaron Burr, also a son of a clergyman, who entered the army as a private at the same time our chaplain began his duties. We also know he was with General Gates, in camp at Ticonderoga, for the chaplain is referred to by Dr. Samuel Kennedy, the brigade surgeon, in a letter which I have read, of August 10, 1776. In this letter to his wife, the surgeon mentions the chaplain as having "favoured" a previous letter to "Great Valley, Chester County, Pennsylvania, to be left at the Coffee House, Philadelphia." He was present, under Brigadier-General Poor, at the capture of Burgoyne, by Gates, at Saratoga, in 1777. He was with the Continental army in its winter encampment of suffering at Valley Forge, 1777-'78. Here he was enabled to do much by his ardent and patriotic spirit, to inspire the soldiers, in those darkest days of the war, with a love for liberty and country. In passing, it may be mentioned that Valley Forge was located in Chester county, Pa., and was on the property of a Mr. Evans, probably a relative of the chaplain, whose early home was in this neighborhood. He accompanied Gen. John Sullivan, not only as chaplain, but also as his aide in the expedition against the "Five Nations" of hostile Indians under the leadership of Brandt, the fierce Mohawk chieftain, the celebrated Red Jacket, and Tories, in western New York in 1779. While serving in this dangerous capacity during the different engagements, he often, by his bravery and reckless

daring, exposed his life in the preparation for and in the onset of battle. Says a historian of that time, "Chaplain Evans's imperturbable coolness in battle was proverbial, and he rather sought than shunned the post of danger." The fierce conflict resulted in either killing or dispersing the hordes of savages, and utterly destroying their fields, orchards, and villages. On their return he delivered a discourse at Easton, Pa., October 17, 1779, to the assembled victorious army, from which extracts are made. I am able to quote from two or three of his public orations, which have come down in printed form to this day. As this article is being written, there lies before me a copy of this discourse at Easton, to which reference is made. This was once the property of the Hon. Meshech Weare, Esq., president of the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire, and was "Printed by Thomas Bradford, at the Coffee-House, Philadelphia, M,DCC,LXXIX." A facsimile of the title-page appears on the next page. This discourse is preceded by the record of the following vote :

EASTON, October 18, 1779.

At a Meeting of the General and Field Officers of the Western Army, it was voted, That Brigadier General Maxwell, Colonel Courtlandt, Colonel Cilley, Lieutenant Colonel Forrest, and Major Edwards be a Committee to wait on the Reverend Mr. Evans, and return him the Thanks of the Army for his Discourse, delivered before the Troops, on the seventeenth Instant; and that they request of him a Copy for the Press; That a Number of Copies be procured and distributed amongst the several Corps of the Army gratis.

His text for this occasion was very appropriately selected from II Samuel xxii, 40, 50;—"For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle: them that rose up against





To the Hon. A. Westre

A  
DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED

AT EASTON,

ON THE 17th of OCTOBER, 1779.

TO THE

OFFICERS

AND

SOLDIERS

OF THE WESTERN ARMY.

After their Return from an EXPEDITION against  
the FIVE NATIONS of hostile Indians.

By the REVEREND ISRAEL EVANS, A. M. and  
CHAPLAIN to General Poor's BRIGADE.

Now PUBLISHED at the particular Request of the GENERAL  
and FIELD OFFICERS of that ARMY:

And to be distributed among the Soldiers. — GRATIS.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed by THOMAS BRADFORD, at the Coffee-House:

M.DCC.LXXIX.

TITLE-PAGE OF PAMPHLET

Containing Discourse, Delivered at Easton, 1779.





me hast thou subdued under me— Therefore I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen: and I will sing praises unto thy name."

He said in part: "I have been induced to make choice of a passage of the sacred writings, rather than of any other, because no other can be a rational foundation of your devotion. Many writings there are which may, indeed, teach you some excellent lessons of heroism and the love of freedom, but they cannot, like the sacred Scriptures, point out both the pure and divine duty we owe to God, and that generous and disinterested love and service which we should cheerfully render to our fellow-men. In the first place, God is the author of military skill and strength; secondly, that He ought to be praised for victory and success in war."

The following extract shows his logical reasoning: "As God is all wise and His knowledge is infinite, He must be everywhere present; and if everywhere present, must have all His works under His particular view and direction, and thus He governs the world. And since He governs the inanimate parts of creation, much more will He govern the animate, and especially the rational world, which is the noblest and most important part of this lower creation. The Supreme Being, who is a spirit, and has immediate and constant access to the mind of man, proposes motives and objects to influence their judgment and direct their will: and all this perfectly consistent with the free exercise of reason."

Again he is eloquent, as he represents America speaking to her sons in behalf of liberty. "Methinks I

hear America pathetically addressing her sons, and venting the anguish of her heart in this mournful language: Am I not the only friend to liberty on all this peopled globe? And have I not, when she was excluded from every other region of the earth, opened the arms of my protection, and received the persecuted stranger to my friendly and virtuous shores? But when the tyrant of Britain, not satisfied with expelling her from his dominion, pursued her with hostile rage, did I not rouse you, my sons, in her defense, and make you the honorable protectors of insulted liberty?"

The chaplain closes his discourse with a prophetic outlook over the region, conquered by the glory of their arms from the wild savages. "Before I close, suffer me to remind you of other happy consequences of your success. You have opened a passage into the wilderness, where the gospel has never yet been received. That extensive region, which was never before traversed, except by wild beasts, and men as wild as they, shall yet have the gospel preached. Churches shall rise there and flourish, when, perhaps, the truth of the gospel shall be neglected on these eastern shores. For it cannot be supposed that so large a part of this continent shall forever continue the haunt of savages, and the dreary abode of superstition and idolatry. As the gospel, or sun of righteousness, has already glanced on the shores of this western world, and it is predicted of it, that it shall be universally propagated, it will probably, like the sun, travel to the western extremities of this continent. And when men from other nations,





prompted by liberty and a love of the pure gospel of truth, shall cross the ocean to this extensive empire, they will here find a safe asylum from persecution and tyranny. How honorable then must your employment appear, when considered in all these points of view. How happy to have been the instruments in the hand of God, for accomplishing so great a revolution and extending the kingdom of His Son so far. Liberty and religion shall have their wide domain from the Atlantic through the great continent to the western ocean. May you all, not only be the honorable instruments of promoting the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, but may more especially be the partakers of all the benefits and happiness with which Christ will crown his faithful and dutiful subjects."

This prophecy has been most remarkably fulfilled, we must admit, when we look at the west of to-day, and recall that these words were spoken one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

He pronounced the oration at the interment of General Poor, at Hackensack, Sept. 10, 1780. The following is an extract:

The State of New Hampshire in tears will lament the loss of a brave defender of her rights! To him she may not fear to decree the title, too rarely found, of a Patriot! When prospects of amassing wealth, with disgraceful temptations, bewitched so many Americans from the service of their country, and bound them with execrable chains of mean and contemptible self-interest; then might you have seen him shine with a soul of superior make; and no charms were powerful enough to allure him from the unutterable hardships of the American war and the dangers of the field of battle! He was an unchangeable friend of the moral and social virtues. His virtues laid the solid foundation of all his other excellences to build upon! During three years service under his immediate command I never once knew

him guilty of intemperance and profaneness. From the time when he with his country, first armed in opposition to the cruelty and domination of Britain, and precious American blood was first shed in defence of our rights near Boston—from Boston to Canada, and from Canada to those important fortresses on Lake Champlain, and from thence in various encounters in toils of marches, and pain of hunger, until his troops fought the army of Burgoyne on the heights of Bemus, where in repeated battles, and in the Convention at Saratoga, he was entitled to a large share of those laurels which crowned the American arms.

Our worthy chaplain also witnessed the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, with all his troops at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19, 1781. In "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker, on the staff of his Excellency General Washington," written by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., our chaplain is mentioned at this siege of Yorktown as one "who would fain see more of the war and expose himself to greater danger than really belonged to a person in his office." In this work is told the anecdote of our brave chaplain, who standing with Washington at this siege, was somewhat disturbed for his companion, by a close striking cannon ball. This story as given by Mr. Headley, in the first instance, is as here appears:

At the battle of Yorktown, Mr. Evans was standing beside Washington when a cannon ball in full sweep struck the earth at his very feet and sent a shower of dirt over his hat. Washington glanced at the chaplain to see how he took it, but the latter was as imperturbable as himself. Without stirring from the spot, he took off his hat, and seeing it covered with sand, said quietly as he held it up, 'See here, general.' Washington smiled and replied, 'Mr. Evans, you had better take that home and show it to your wife and children.' The chaplain smiled in return, and replacing it on his head turned his attention once more to the cannonade that was shaking the field like an earthquake.

Immediately after the capitulation at Yorktown he preached a stirring





sermon to the combined French and American forces, on invitation of Washington, who ordered "Divine service to be held at the head of the regiments on account of this particular interposition of Providence in their behalf." Chaplain Evans certainly attained to high honor, when on this day of great rejoicing he was invited by General Washington, commander-in-chief of America's armies, to address his victorious soldiers upon the battle-field. On this memorable occasion the chaplain delivered a most patriotic discourse in praise of the glorious victory which had virtually brought to an end the English cause in this country.

Two sermons are ascribed to this occasion—the first one which is here given is from J. T. Headley's "The Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution," 1864. It was from the text, Psalm 115; beginning "Not unto us O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." He gives great praise to Washington, his character and ability; and he says "Oh! Americans, give glory to God for such a faithful hero." He speaks of Saratoga, describes Arnold "as a thunderbolt on that day," and closes by exhorting "to fidelity and sacrifice the lives of true Christians."

"It was a thrilling spectacle," says this writer, "to see that war-worn chaplain standing on the bloody field of Yorktown in the wreck of the fight, strewn all around him, and lifting his pæons of praise to Washington and his shout of thanksgiving to God. The soldiers burst forth in huzzas at the eulogium of their gallant leader."

Mr. Headley must be mistaken in saying the above sermon was the one given at Yorktown; it was rather the

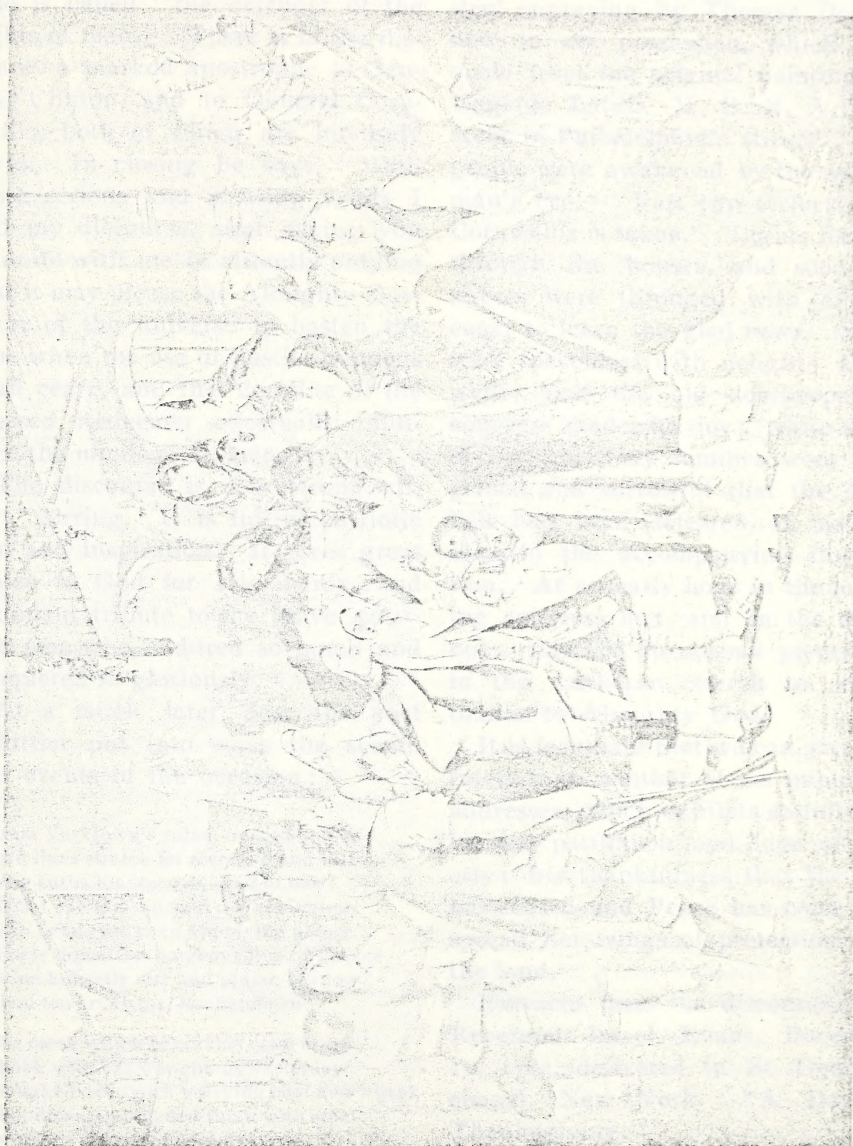
one delivered at Lancaster, Pa., on December 18, 1777, the "Day of Thanksgiving" appointed by congress. We have been able to refer to these sermons, printed at the time, to prove this. This is the correct one, on file in the Pennsylvania Historical Society's library in Philadelphia, from which we quote,—"A sermon by the Reverend Israel Evans, Preached at York, Virginia, on the Surrender of Cornwallis, October 20, 1781." Dedicated "To the honorable Major General, the Marquis de la Fayette, whose disinterested service in the cause of America proves him to be the friend of mankind, and whose well-known and amiable virtues render all panegyric needless."

Text—First Samuel 7: 12. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." He refers to the bright prospects before the people and then illustrates the meaning of the text by reference to Samuel. After emphasizing the thought that we need to feel our dependence on God, he recalls the special mercies extended to us. Then he follows the soldiers in their long years of conflict and suffering—naming the different campaigns and battles in brief outline. "Secondly, we should desire to perpetuate the memories of these extraordinary mercies to coming nations. They should not be forgotten by us or by coming time. Oh, blessed day this, which calls us to the pleasing duty of praising God, for so many mercies conferred upon us! Oh, happy day whose sun rises not to compassionate us in some deplorable exile from our habitations, or more miserable flight from our victorious enemies! Happy sun that brightly shines this day to





show the drawings of houses and the The village of the ...  
 triumphs of ... It really ...  
 some of the names to be translated, in the morning, and I am glad ...  
 and especially mentions Louis XVI, present with capital from ...



"PAST TWO O'CLOCK; AND CORNWALLIS IS TAKEN."

*Watchman's cry in the streets of Philadelphia, October 28, 1781.*

And never again a ...  
 like a ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...

I have ...  
 there is ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...





show the blessings of home and the triumphs of victory." He recalls some of the names to be remembered, and especially mentions Louis XVI, who is called "the defender of the rights of man." There is in the discourse a marked apostrophe to General Clinton, and to General Cornwallis, both of which are intensely vivid. In closing he says, "With these serious and pleasing words I end my discourse, after asking you to unite with me in ardently praying that it may please the Almighty Governor of the universe to hasten the time when the use of hostile weapons shall cease, and the doctrine of the Blessed Redeemer effectually influence the minds of all men."

The discourse is very strong, direct, stirring. It is full of patriotic zeal and inspiration. It gives great praise to God for His mercy, and abundant tribute to the brave, patriotic men who endured so much and conquered so gloriously.

At a much later day, the poet Whittier put into verse the scenes and events of the occasion :

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,  
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:  
Who curbs his steed at head of one?  
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!  
Who bends his keen approving glance  
Where down the gorgeous line of France  
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?  
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array  
Shook with the war-charge yesterday;  
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,  
Shot down and bladed thick with steel;  
October's clear and noonday sun  
Paled in the breath smoke of the gun;  
And down night's double blackness fell,  
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed; the gleaming lines  
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines:  
While through them, sullen, grim and slow,  
The conquered hosts of England go.

The tidings of the surrender reached Philadelphia at two o'clock in the morning, and I am glad to present here (copied from a large steel engraving by Thomas Doney, now in my possession, which was made from the original painting by Eugenio Latilla, M. S. B. A.) the scene in Philadelphia's streets. The people were awakened by the watchman's cry,—“Past two o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken.” Lights flashed through the houses, and soon the streets were thronged with crowds eager to learn the glad news. Some were speechless with delight; many wept; and the old doorkeeper of congress died with joy; while some of the old Tory families were chagrined and sorrowful that the English had been defeated, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration. At an early hour in the morning congress met, and in the afternoon marched in solemn procession to the Lutheran church to return thanks to Almighty God.

It is fortunate that we can give extracts from another of his published addresses, which exhibits so fully his intense patriotism and love of liberty; his thankfulness that the war has ceased and Peace has come and spread her wings of protection over the land.

Extracts from “a discourse,” by Reverend Israel Evans, December 11, 1783, delivered in St. George's chapel, New York. “A Day of Thanksgiving.”

If there is glory in the victories of justice; if there is dignity in the possession of freedom; and if there is happiness in the enjoyment of peace: Let then this assembly invoke, not only all mankind, but even the powers of Heaven to unite with us, in the warmest strains of benevolence; and rejoice, that so many of the human





race, and so large a portion of this world, are rescued from the calamities of slavery and war.

Fain would I communicate the joys of my soul, and add to your most lively devotion; but the subjects of our joy are too great for the human mind to comprehend at one view, and represent in their extensive magnitude; and yet who can be, altogether silent, when blessings so rich and exalted, invite our praise!

The spacious prospects of national happiness, crowd themselves upon our imagination! The great Continent of America, is the widely extended theatre of our contemplations and our future actions. It is now free and independent! The blood and treasure of the sons of freedom have purchased these privileges! . . .

Oh blessed day which brings us to the possession of all we have been contending for, and enables us to erect the standard, of liberty and glory, upon one of the four great divisions of the earth! Hail auspicious morning of the rising empire of this Western world! Hail arts and sciences, America is the new theatre of your improvement, and will, perhaps, be the last concluding scene of your perfection. Commerce and trade shall spread their sails and waft the riches of distant lands to this great continent. Now, without fear of an insulting enemy, the industrious husbandman shall sow his enlarged fields, and reap his rich and joyful harvests. Here the oppressed shall find a secure retreat, from all the poverty and misery of merciless tyranny. Religion and learning shall raise their drooping heads and flourish again. Now shall the brave soldier claim the honor of being a free and independent citizen of the United-States of America. The blessed soil of independence shall strive to reward him for his persevering valour. Plentiful harvests shall rise and crown his toils, and spacious fields shall offer their growing wealth in grateful tribute to the victorious Hero.

On this glad day we will not forget to be thankful for the faithful alliance and the unwearied services of the generous nation of France. She has served the cause of America, with large fleets and a gallant army. With us they have fought, with us they have bled, and with us they have conquered! This pleasing name shall call up all that is grateful within us; & we will recollect our lasting obligations to the human protector of the rights of mankind!

The names of France and America shall make the page of history glorious, and their deeds of renown shall inspire future ages with the love of national prosperity. Posterity, through the long periods of time and futurity, shall open the mighty volume of American

independence, and applaud the unexampled bravery and fortitude of the armies of the United States: Their examples of humanity and just defence, shall instruct mankind in the necessary use of war: And while their fame glides with a full strong tide, through the annals of time, nations shall be taught lessons of heroism, and grow great by our example.

These are some of the advantages we derive from that peace we have contended for, and for which we have not contended in vain. Hail blessed peace! heaven born friend to man; deign to forgive the madness of mankind, and dwell once more on earth: The humane and compassionate mind shall be thy fair seat of bliss; and Oh! forever bar from that habitation, the hostile enemies of thy happiness. May peace and love, and humane affections, be once more planted in the human mind, and there grow and flourish till time shall be no more!

Thus through this long and laborious struggle for independence did our patriotic chaplain serve in the Continental army — marching with her troops from the heights of Quebec to the complete and final overthrow of the British power in this country, on the plains of Yorktown. "Of the fierce battles he witnessed, the long marches he made, and want and privation he endured, he apparently kept no record; and hence the incidents and details of the most interesting portion of his daily life are forever lost to posterity." Occasionally he appears upon the shifting scenes of action, as the curtain rises now and then, sometimes in the lurid glare of battle; again at the head of the army preaching to the victorious soldiers in words of burning eloquence, and once again when peace comes to the country he raises his voice in prayer of thanksgiving. Much is swept away in oblivion, and this tribute is prepared to assist in preserving as full as may be a record of our hero's life-work.

The long seven years' war had come to an end, and Mr. Evans





sought new fields of endeavor. Peace had come to the land, and he bade farewell to all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." With Shakespeare's character, he could say

O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.

He now appears upon the records of the "Journal of the New Hampshire House of Representatives," December 28, 1780, as in the following:

*Voted* that Mr. Foster, Mr. Weeks and Col. Hale, with such as the Honorable Board shall join, be a Committee to consider of a letter from General Sullivan respecting some allowance to be made Mr. Evans, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Brigade, and other matters contained in the said letter, and report thereon. Sent up by Mr. Batchelder, Jan. 4, 1781.

*Voted* that the Rev. Israel Evans, Chaplain to the New Hampshire Brigade, have and receive out of the Treasury, by order of the President, one hundred pounds in Bills of the new Emission and that the same be charged to the Continent to whom he is to be accountable for the said sum. Sent up by Mr. Dame.

There was a great depreciation in Continental money during the war, which caused much deprivation and suffering among the troops. Mr. Evans, with the many others, sought relief from the state under those circumstances. The following letter from President Weare, upon the Depreciation of Currency, exhibits something of the condition of financial affairs:

State of New Hampshire,

EXETER, June 6th, 1783.

In answer to your several Queries respecting a settlement with the Army would inform you, that the State of New Hampshire in Settling with their Troops, supposed the Paymaster paid them their wages in Continental money to Jan. 1st, 1780, and that it amounted in the year 1777 to one half, in 1778, to one sixth, and in 1779 to one twentieth of the sum promised,

and accordingly made up Depreciation to the three Battalions of the New Hampshire Troops. I am &c (Mr. John Pierce, Paymaster Genl.)

M. WEARE,  
Presidt.

(R. 6—182)

(Rev. Israel Evans to President Weare)

PORTSMOUTH, Octo: 14th 1784.

Sir—The resolutions of Congress which I take the Liberty of enclosing, will inform your Excellency, that the United States in Congress assembled, have directed me to look up to the State of New Hampshire, and to request a settlement for that pay which is due for my Services as Chaplain, from the first of January 1777 to the first of August 1780,—and here I beg leave to observe, that when I made application to the Congress for the Settlement above mentioned, it was the meaning and intention of all the members of Congress with whom I conversed, and especially of those who represented this State, that, the Settlement of my account should begin & conclude with the same periods of time which were observed, when the other officers of this State were settled with—

Were I not afraid of intruding too much on the time and goodness of your Excellency, I should be induced to show that many circumstances of necessity, both in time past and at this moment, urge me to beg that my request, and the resolution of Congress, may be complied with; having been destitute of that Support, which other officers have obtained from Notes of depreciation, I found myself oftentimes not far from a very suffering condition.

The long time in which I have been destitute of that little emolument, which I so much needed, and the many hundreds of Miles, which I have traveled for the sake of it, with no small expence; The great length of time which I have waited for the present opportunity; my unwearied, and long Services, in the cause of our country, during more than eight years; these Considerations all plead for me, and give me reason to hope that the Honorable Legislature, will hear my petition and answer it favorably—

Should a Settlement take place agreeable to my desire I cannot help making one more and it is, that the Interest due, may be paid in such money as will be of immediate Service to me, on my long Journey—

A Representation from your Excellency, to the Honorable Legislature agreeably to what I have requested, will very much benefit, and oblige Your Excellency's most obedient & most humble Servant,

ISRAEL EVANS.

(His Excellency President Weare.)





In 1780 the "Depreciation" was so great that £9,000 were voted to be raised to pay the minister's salary in Concord, and not finding that sufficient the parish voted to raise £30,000 additional. In 1781 they voted to raise £50,000.

This petition was evidently forwarded to the general court, then assembled, by President Weare. For in the Journal of the House, of October 28, 1784, "The Committee on the petition and memorial of the Reverend Mr. Evans, reported as their opinion, that the request be granted so far as it respects depreciation, and that he have order therefor accordingly. Signed John Wentworth for the Com. Which report being read and considered, Voted, That it be received and accepted." The same day it was "brought up, read and concurred" in by the honorable senate.

While chaplain of the New Hampshire brigade he seems to have been reported on the rolls as particularly of the Third regiment commanded by Col. Alexander Scammell, during the years 1777-'78-'79-'80, for certain amounts are paid him on account of depreciation of the continental money.

Numerous instances are on record, in the journals of the house and senate, of votes passed allowing Mr. Evans different sums for his services as "chaplain to the general court." He served in this office for some five years, 1788-'89-'90-'91-'92.

He was invited in 1791 to deliver the "Election Sermon," so called, before the legislature. We cannot do better than to present the vote as appears upon the records.

Thursday, Feb. 1791.

*Voted*, That his Excellency the President be desired to give information to the Revd. Mr. Evans of Concord that it is the desire of the legislature that he would prepare and deliver an Election Sermon before the General Court that may assemble on the first Wednesday in June next and in case it should so happen that the Revd. Mr. Evans cannot attend, that the Revd. Mr. Morrison of Londonderry be requested to prepare for the above purpose.

Sent up by Mr. Emerson.

This sermon must have pleased the members of the legislature, to quote still further from the recorded proceedings.

Friday, June 3d, 1791.

*Voted*, That Mr. Foster, Mr. Parker & Mr. MacGregore with such of the Honbl. Senate as they may join be a Committee to present the Revd. Mr. Evans with the thanks of the General Court for his excellent discourse delivered Yesterday before the Court and request of him a Copy for the press and also desire him to attend and Officiate as Chaplain to the Legislature the present Session." Concurred in by the Senate, the same day.

Thursday, June 14, 1791.

*Voted*, that the committee appointed the third Instant to present the Revd. Mr. Evans with the thanks of the General Court &c be requested to receive from Mr. Evans the Copy therein mentioned and agree with Mr. Hough to print 250 copies of the Same.

Of the 250 copies then printed, one has come down to our day, and from it I quote :

Galatians v, i. "Stand fast, therefore, in the Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled with the yoke of Bondage."

Friends and Fellow-Citizens, Religious Liberty is a divine right, immediately derived from the Supreme Being, without the intervention of any created authority. . . . A free, willing, industrious, and virtuous people, well united and well pleased, are the strength of a nation; while the great wealth of a few luxurious, idle drones, are the great bane of Liberty. . . .

The Liberties of a people cannot be lasting without knowledge. The human mind is capable of great cultivation. Knowledge is not only useful, but it adds dignity to man. Freeman should always acquire knowledge; this is a privilege and pleasure unknown to slaves. The happiness of mankind has been much ad-





A  
S E R M O N,

DELIVERED AT CONCORD,

BEFORE

The Hon. General Court

OF THE STATE OF

NEW HAMPSHIRE,

AT THE

ANNUAL ELECTION,

HOLDEN ON THE FIRST WEDNESDAY IN JUNE,  
M.DCC.XCI.

---

BY THE REV. ISRAEL EVANS, A. M.  
PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN CONCORD.

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CONCORD:

PRINTED BY GEORGE HOUGH, FOR THE HONOUR-  
ABLE GENERAL COURT.

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M. DCC. XCI.

TITLE-PAGE OF PAMPHLET

Containing Election Sermon, Delivered at Concord, 1791.





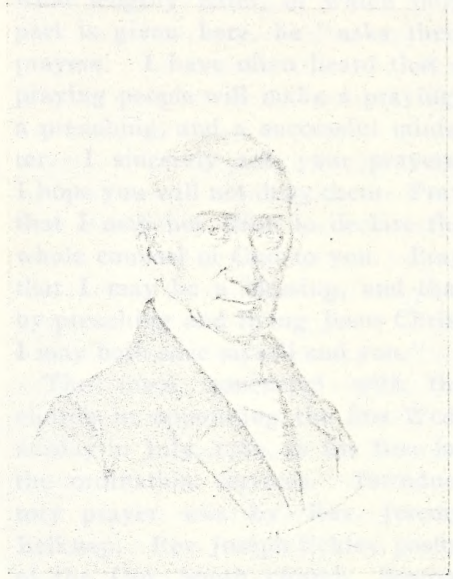
vanced by the arts and sciences; and they have flourished the most among freemen. Liberty is enlightened by knowledge; and knowledge is nurtured by Liberty. Where there is wisdom, virtue, and Liberty, then mankind are Men. . . . Ye people of North America, let the example of all nations, who have gone before you, serve for your instruction. Fear the affluence of gold; fear a too unequal distribution of riches. Secure yourselves against the spirit of conquest. The tranquility of an empire diminishes in proportion to its extension. Have arms for your defence; have none for offense. Let Liberty have an immovable foundation in the wisdom of your laws, and let it be the indestructible cement to bind your states together. May your duration, if it be possible, equal the duration of the world.

From the prominence gained by serving so long as brigade chaplain of the New Hampshire troops, Mr. Evans was often called to positions of service and honor by the state. He was chaplain of the Convention for revising the Constitution 1791-'92. He was requested at the organization of the convention by vote, September 7, 1791, "to attend and officiate as chaplain during the session." A year later, September 5, 1792, it was voted, "That the Secretary be directed to certify to his Excellency the President of the State, the number of days that the Reverend Mr. Evans attended the Convention as Chaplain, and inform him that it is the desire of the Convention that he be compensated therefor out of the Treasury of this state. The Convention then dissolved."

Chaplain Evans married Miss Huldah Kent of Charlestown, Mass., sister of Col. William A. Kent, afterwards a prominent citizen of Concord, N. H. Moody Kent says in his diary: "Huldah Kent, b. 13 (bapt. 19) June 1763, m. 1786 Rev. Israel Evans."

The Kent genealogy, p. 53, says,—  
"Huldah IV child of Ebenezer Kent

and his second wife Mary Austin, born 13 June 1763, mar. 2nd May 1786 (to Rev. Israel Evans) by Rev. Jos. Eckley, died 19 Oct. 1846 ae. 84. Eben. Kent d. at London, Eng-



Col. Wm. A. Kent.  
*Brother to Mrs. Israel Evans.*

land, 1766, and his widow, Mary d. at Concord, N. H., 1827, aet. 91." Mr. Evans had no children.

As chaplain he served his country in time of war, and as pastor his adopted state in time of peace. As a settled minister in Concord let us now consider him. It was his connection with the New Hampshire brigade and acquaintance with its officers and soldiers that undoubtedly introduced him to Concord. He had been under the command of the brave New Hampshire generals, Poor, Sullivan, and Stark. The Capital city was in need of a pastor, for on September 1, 1782, the Rev. Timothy Walker had passed away. On December 17, 1786, one Dea. Jonathan Wilkins received a





call to settle, which he declined. He says, "Taking into view your local situation with its attendant circumstances, it rather appears the encouragements you offered, are in fact, and as they are now stated, will prove deficient to the proposed end,"—that is, that the salary was inadequate. On September 1, 1788, Reverend Israel Evans was called by both the church and town to settle as its minister. In his answer of March 17, 1789, quoting from that reply, he says, "On my part, I declare my approbation of you as a people, though your written proceedings are not to my mind." His salary was stated at £90 "during his performing the work of the ministry in this town;" £15 more was added, "in lieu of settlement." The whole equal to about \$350.

This meager amount, with its conditions, was evidently quite unsatisfactory. He further frankly said, "Let me hope you will not continue to deviate from the honorable and generous customs and manners of our pious and worthy forefathers. I hope you will think it of infinitely more importance to encourage the ministers of the Gospel in their arduous work, than to give your sanction to a method of settling ministers, which, in the very entrance of their labors, does in a manner tell them that after 20, 30, 40, or even 50 years, of the most faithful service, they may be the most miserable beggars. . . . I hope when my labors cease that if it be the will of God, my life may not last long. Like a good soldier, it would be much better to die on my post." Having premised these few things, he accepts the call and agrees to be-

come their pastor. He expresses the thought "that the pastoral charge of a congregation is one of the most solemn and important charges on earth." Hence, in closing his somewhat lengthy letter, of which only part is given here, he "asks their prayers. I have often heard that a praying people will make a praying, a preaching, and a successful minister. I sincerely ask your prayers. I hope you will not deny them. Pray that I may not shun to declare the whole counsel of God to you. Pray that I may be a blessing, and that by preaching and living Jesus Christ I may both save myself and you."

The town concurred with the church in appointing the first Wednesday in July, 1789, as the time for the ordination services. Introductory prayer was by Rev. Jeremy Belknap. Rev. Joseph Eckley, pastor of the Old South church, Boston, from 1779 to 1811, the date of his death, preached Mr. Evans's installation sermon. He knew the chaplain well, as he was a classmate in Princeton college, and thus spoke of him to the people: "In consequence of the long acquaintance I have had with your pastor elect, I have the pleasure to congratulate you that we this day settle a gentleman with you, who, added to the natural gifts and improvements of his mind, has afforded every reasonable evidence of his being a sincere friend of our common Lord." The ordaining prayer was by Rev. Mr. Woodman; charge by Rev. Dr. MacClintock.

His pastorate in Concord continued for eight years; during that time we see that he served as chaplain to the general court some five years, and chaplain of the constitutional con-





vention for its session of one year. He occupied a prominent place in the community, as did the ministers of the olden time, honored by both church and town. Often called upon to serve the public, they responded to the demand. For instance, we note in *The Concord Mirrour*, November 3, 1792, the following notice:

NEW HAMPSHIRE, CONCORD, NOV. 5, 1792.

Regimental Lecture. Thursday next the Rev. Mr. Evans, with the concurrence of Colonel John Bean and other Field Officers of the Eleventh Regiment, will deliver a lecture at the Meeting House in this town—on which the attendance of the Officers of said Regiment in their Regimental Dress, is requested by the Colonel.

At the town meeting in September, 1796, held for the purpose of giving their suffrages for representatives to congress, Israel Evans received a goodly number of votes.

While pastor, and after his resignation, he held his connection with his ministerial brethren, as clerk of the Ecclesiastical Convention of the State of New Hampshire.

The family of Mr. Evans, during his life in Concord, according to the United States census of 1790, as quaintly and briefly recorded, was as is here copied literally:

Census 1790, Concord, Rockingham Co. New Hampshire, Vol. 2. Isl. Evans [9th. name p. 249] 1 Free white male of 16 yrs and upwards, 1 Free white male under 16 yrs, 2 Free white females [no ages given] Total, 4 Free white persons, including head of family.

Census 1800, Concord, Rockingham Co. N. H. Vol. 1. Israel Evans [17th name p. 338] 1 Free white male of 45 yrs. and upwards 1 Free white male of 10 yrs and under 16 yrs, 1 Free white female of 26 yrs, and under 45 yrs. Total 4 Free white persons, including head of family.

The town in its corporate capacity had provided for the maintenance of its minister since 1730 but had failed to give very liberally for that pur-

pose.<sup>4</sup> The question of the support of the minister was gaining in importance, for it was difficult for him to get even the small amount voted him. Owing to the town's delinquency in paying his predecessor's salary, in 1782, a committee of three was appointed "to request the Rev. Mr. Walker to *sue* those persons who have been delinquent in paying his salary." In 1794 Mr. Evans found equal difficulty in obtaining the small sum due him. The same question which delayed his acceptance as pastor, that of proper financial support, appeared once and again. It did not accord with his ideas and feelings as to the way ministers supposed to be supported by the town should be treated. A committee of five was appointed "to wait on Mr. Evans and inquire of him the reasons for his uneasiness with the town about the payment of his salary, and receive his answer in writing." That which he claimed was just and should have been allowed, is shown by the votes passed by the town, and they also exhibit the loose manner in which parish matters had been managed. Acted upon September 22.

*Voted*, That the Selectmen pay the whole that is due to the Rev. Israel Evans immediately, or give said Evans a note upon interest till paid.

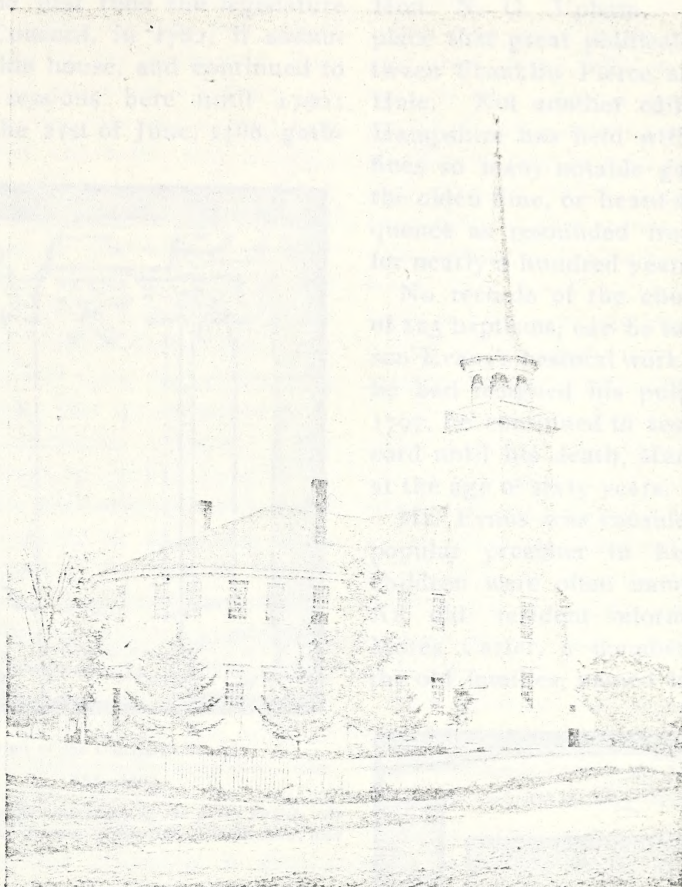
*Voted*, To accept the second proposition of the Rev. Mr. Evans, viz: the money appropriated to the use of the pulpit shall not in future be applied directly or indirectly to any other use.

*Voted*, To accept the third proposition of the Rev. Mr. Evans, viz: the collectors themselves shall pay to him, as often as can be done conveniently, all the money they collect for the use of the pulpit, and if possible within the year for which the money aforesaid was assessed.

<sup>4</sup> The town method ceased in 1825.







The Old North Church, Concord, N. H.

1751—1842.

*Parson Evans preached here from 1789 to 1797.*

These votes were, evidently, not very strongly enforced, and this was undoubtedly the cause of his bringing his pastorate to a close. April 21, 1797, Mr. Evans positively expressed his "intention of resigning to the town their pulpit and of finishing his work of the ministry in this place on the first of July next." His resignation was accepted by the town, and he was regularly dismissed by an ecclesiastical council on July 5, 1797. They stated "that in their opinion it was expedient that the

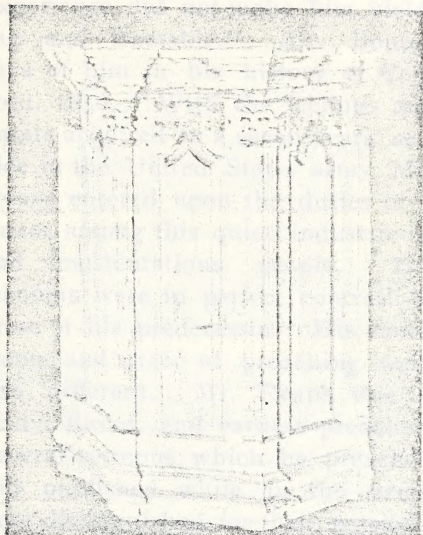
pastoral relations be dissolved." They also "recommended him to the churches, and to the work of the ministry, wherever God in his providence may open a door, and wish him divine assistance and success."

Parson Evans preached during his ministerial life in the Old North church, so prominent in New Hampshire history. It was a large structure, capable of accommodating some thousand to twelve hundred people. Here in 1778 a convention was held to form a plan of government for the





state; the first time the legislature met in Concord, in 1782, it assembled in this house, and continued to hold its sessions here until 1790; here on the 21st of June, 1788, gath-



Pulpit of the Old North Church.

1783-1842.

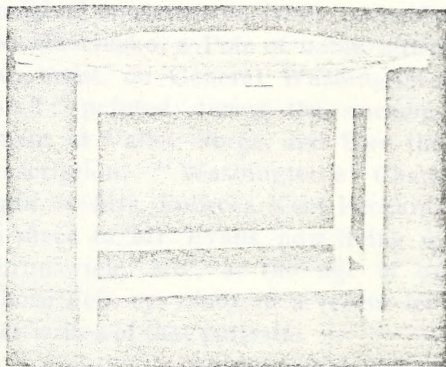
*This is only the centrepiece of the great pulpit. At this desk stood Parson Evans, Dr. McFarland, and Dr. Bouton.*

ered the state convention which ratified the Federal constitution; here, too, were held the conventions of 1791-'92 to revise the state constitution. From 1784 to 1831, thirty-nine times did the legislature march in grand procession to this meeting-house to hear the annual election sermon, which preceded its organization. From 1765-'90 all the town meetings were held in this house. In 1831 were held protracted religious meetings which resulted in a great revival. In 1834-'35 occurred the memorable trial of Abraham Prescott for murder. An eulogy on General Lafayette was delivered here before the general court in 1835, by

Hon. N. G. Upham. Here took place that great political debate between Franklin Pierce and John P. Hale. Not another edifice in New Hampshire has held within its confines so many notable gatherings of the olden time, or heard so great eloquence as resounded from its walls for nearly a hundred years.

No records of the church, except of 123 baptisms, can be found of Parson Evans's pastoral work. Although he had resigned his pulpit in July, 1797, he continued to reside in Concord until his death, March 9, 1807, at the age of sixty years.

Mr. Evans was considered a very popular preacher in his day, and children were often named for him. An old resident informs me that Moses Carter, a member of one of the old families, named his youngest



Communion Table used in the Old North Church

100 to 150 years ago.

son, born April 8, 1810, Israel Evans Carter. He became a dentist and a physician, went to New York and later to Akron, O.; was a prominent citizen, and for several years mayor of that city.

In considering Mr. Evans's character, we should say with Headley, "that he was by nature better fitted





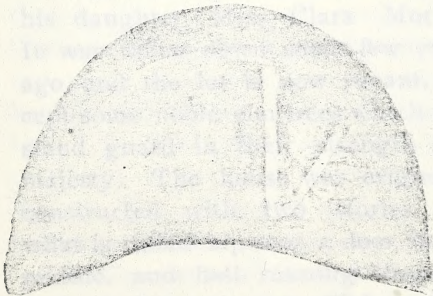
for the stern duties of a military life, its strict subordination and exact method, and for the battle-field, than for the quiet routine of a pastor's calling. Humility was not a prominent trait in his character, and military experience did not make him yielding and tractable." Dr. Bouton says of him in his history of Concord, 1856, "With the feelings and habits acquired in a seven years' service in the United States army, Mr. Evans entered upon the duties of a pastor among this quiet, industrious, and unostentatious people. His manners were in perfect contrast to those of his predecessor. His sentiments and style of preaching were also different. Mr. Evans was a ready, fluent, and earnest preacher. Several sermons which he preached and published while in the army were distinguished for their patriotic spirit, and acquired for him an honorable reputation throughout the country. The minister was a man of distinction, too, in the town, for it is related, that although a chaise [two-wheeled vehicle] was used some in Concord Mr. Evans had a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two horses, in which he rode, wearing a tri-cornered hat and wig upon public

occasions." It was said he was "fond of a good horse, good music, and good living. He was a gentleman of fine personal appearance, of dignified and martial manner." That this is true may be seen by the excellent portrait which appears at the beginning of this article. His picture portrays a highly intelligent, refined and poetic temperament—a lover of literature and music, and an orator of national fame. As you look at the fine curves which outline his features, the beaming eye and noble forehead you exclaim, "It is that of a Goethe!" This likeness of the Rev. Israel Evans is copied from an oil painting, life size, by Ulysses D. Tenney, in Representatives hall, state house, Concord, presented by George Porter, Esq., now deceased, of Pittsburg, Pa.<sup>5</sup>

The painting was copied from an original miniature on ivory, probably by Kosciusko, a Pole of noble birth, an artist, on General Washington's staff; painted during the encampment at Valley Forge, and bore the inscription, "Washington's Chaplain." Mrs. Rebecca Kent Packard, a niece of Mr. Evans, now living in Brunswick, Me., at the age of 94 (born Feb. 17, 1808), in a recent letter writes of that portrait:

From the photograph sent I recognized at once the familiar face, the same my childish eyes looked upon as it hung just under the looking glass in my Aunt Evans's parlor. It is a fine, handsome face, with a look of determination in its expression, befitting a soldier living in fellowship with George Washington. My uncle adored Washington and felt his nearness to him, through the scenes of the war, to be a crown of honor—his name was often upon his lips when dying.

<sup>5</sup>Mr. George Porter was a son of Isaac Porter, who married Mr. Evans's adopted daughter, a niece of Mrs. Evans, Mary Kent, who inherited the Evans estate. Henry Kirk Porter, son of George, now resides in Pittsburg.



Tri-cornered Hat, or "Cocked" Hat, worn in Concord in 1784.

*This one worn by Gen. Benj. Pierce from 1784 to 1829.*







Rev. Israel Evans's Home in Concord, N. H., 1789 to 1807.

When Lafayette visited Concord in 1825 he recognized the miniature at once, and immediately exclaimed, "That is our worthy chaplain!"

Mr. Evans lived in the same house, bought at his settlement, of one Stephen Kimball. The home is here pictured, copied from a photograph kindly loaned me, and was number 200 North Main street. After Mr. Evans's death his widow removed to Pleasant street to be near her brother. The old place was owned and occupied by Hon. Samuel Morrill, later and more recently by his daughter, Miss Clara Morrill. It was taken down some few years ago, and the lot is now vacant, except some noble elm trees which still stand guard in their strength and majesty. The house was originally constructed with two stories and what is called hip-roof, a door in the middle, and hall running through, with an L, one story. This style of house was called of the "third order,"—it appeared soon after the Revolu-

tionary War. This view of the place shows it as altered by changing and raising the roof. The widow, Mrs. Huldah Kent Evans, purchased the Farrington house, where she lived with her mother until her death, December 5, 1827. Later David G. Fuller owned the property. The lot is now covered by the Wonolancet Club building, corner State and Pleasant streets. She afterwards built a mansion on the opposite corner, afterwards occupied by Col. Wm. Kent. Mrs. Evans was aided by a pension from the government, in virtue of her husband's long and valuable services as chaplain of the army during the entire Revolutionary War. I am pleased to add here a letter received from Washington upon this subject.

[Copy.]

O. W. & N. Div. J. R. W.  
No. 23016-Wid. Rev. War.

Department of the Interior,  
Bureau of Pensions,

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1902.

SIR: In reply to your request for a statement of the military history of Israel Evans, a soldier





of the Revolutionary War, you will find below the desired information as contained in his widow's application for pension on file in this Bureau.

The widow stated that her late husband was ordained at Philadelphia in 1775, and in same year entered service as Chaplain and marched with N. Y. troops into Canada under Gen. Montgomery, and in 1777 was appointed Chaplain to Gen. Poors brigade N. H. Line and was at Burgoyne's surrender; in 1779 was with Gen. Sullivan on Indian Campaign in the Genesee Country and acted as Aide during the battle; in Sept. 1780 officiated as Chaplain at the grave of Gen. Poor; in 1781 was with Poor's brigade at surrender of Cornwallis; probably served until 1783.

Residence of soldier at enlistment, not stated. Date of application for pension by widow, February 1, 1831, her age at that date 68 years, and her residence, Concord, N. H.

Soldier married Huldah Kent, May 4, 1786, at Charlestown, Mass. and died March 9, 1807, at Concord, N. H. Date and place of his birth and names of his parents not stated.

Pensioned at \$600 per annum from March 4, 1831.

Very respectfully,

H. CLAY EVANS,  
Commissioner.

Mr. John C. Thorne,  
Concord, New Hampsh re.

"Mrs. Evans lived in her new home," says Dr. Bouton, "in elegant simplicity, retired yet cheerful, highly esteemed by all who knew her," until death came October 19, 1846, at the age of eighty-three.

I have before me at this time, the property of the New Hampshire Historical Society, the true legal copy of Parson Evans's last will, comprising three closely written pages of foolscap, made at Exeter, June 15, 1807, by William Walker, register of probate. To this will is appended the certificate of approval of Nathaniel Rogers, Esq., judge of probate. It begins as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. I Israel Evans, of Concord in the county of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, Clerk, do this

Eight day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and six, make and publish this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following; . . . After giving some two hundred dollars in all to his sister, Hannah Robbins of Philadelphia, her daughter and grandchildreu, and making suitable provision for his widow, he gives "all his other Estate, whether real or personal, to the Trustees of Dartmouth College, subject to the rights of his wife during her natural life, for the support of a Professor at said College to be called and known in his office by the name of the Evans Professor of Oratory and the Bellettres." He appoints his wife Huldah Evans, Executrix, and John Wheelock, William Woodward, and Philip Carrigain, Jr., Esq., executors.

John Wheelock, mentioned as executor, was undoubtedly Dr. John Wheelock, the second president of Dartmouth college, in office from 1779 to 1817. Dr. Samuel C. Bartlett, ex-president of Dartmouth, said in an address before the New Hampshire Historical Society March 20, 1895, "That the chief accession of productive funds during Dr. John Wheelock's administration of thirty-eight years, was the bequest, in 1807, by Rev. Israel Evans of Concord, of the Evans Professorship, now yielding an income of six hundred dollars."

From recent information gained by correspondence with the college authorities, we learn "that Mr. Evans left a fund of some six, to seven, thousand dollars, but that it was subject to the use of his widow. Part of it was in land in Ohio. The 'Evans Professorship of Oratory and





Belle Lettres' was established in 1838, but as far as can be ascertained no money was received until 1849, three years after the decease of Mrs. Evans. The present value of the fund is twelve thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars. The chair is occupied, Mr. Craven Laycock being the assistant professor on that fund, which has been combined with others, and is still known as the 'Evans foundation.' "

Mr. Evans was made A. M. by Dartmouth college in 1792, and served as trustee from 1793 until his death in 1807.

Many anecdotes are related of Chaplain Evans, which, says his niece, Mrs. Packard, are undoubtedly true. It is said that in one of his petitions, offered just before the army engaged in conflict, he prayed as follows :

O Lord of Hosts, lead forth thy servants of the American army to battle, and give them the victory ; or if this be not according to Thy sovereign will then we pray Thee—stand *neutral*, and let flesh and blood decide the issue.

Under the ministry of Parson Evans, who was very fond of good music, instrumental accompaniments were introduced by him to assist in the church singing. These consisted of the bass viol and the flute. "This was a great innovation," says Dr. Bouton, "and was attended with so much excitement and opposition, that according to tradition, some persons left the meeting-house rather than 'hear the profane sounds of the fiddle and the flute.' "

In his last sickness he showed his strong military spirit and love for the father of his country, even at the approach of death. Rev. Mr. McFarland, his successor in the pul-

pit, visiting and praying with him, asked, "that when he should be called from this to the other world he might sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Mr. Evans added, "and with Washington, too!" He could not bear the thought, in his great friendship and admiration for Washington, of being separated from him in the eternal world.

Rev. Israel Evans and his wife were buried in the Old Concord cemetery. "Over his grave stands the first *marble* monument erected in the old burying ground." This marble slab belongs to what is called the fourth class, succeeding the dark slate stones of a previous generation.

Upon the slabs in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Evans may be seen these inscriptions, copied *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*,

Sacred  
to the Memory of  
the Rev. Israel Evans,  
who departed this life  
March 9, 1807;  
Aged 60  
years.  
There is rest in Heaven.

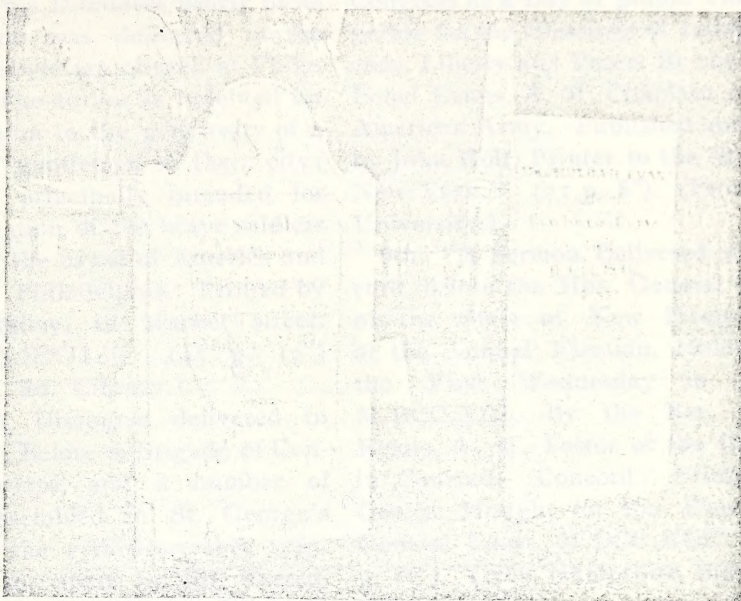
Mrs. Huldah Evans,  
wife of  
Rev. Israel Evans,  
died  
Oct. 19, 1846,  
Æ. 83.  
"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall  
see God."

Mr. Evans's publications, as far as known, in the order of their delivery, are as follows :

1st. "A Discourse, Delivered on the 18th Day of December, 1777, the day of Public Thanksgiving, Appointed by the Honorable Continental Congress, By the Reverend Israel Evans A. M. Chaplain to General







The Gravestones of Rev. Israel Evans and Wife.

Poor's Brigade, And now published at the Request of the General and Officers of the said Brigade, to be distributed among the Soldiers, Gratis. Lancaster: Printed by Francis Bailey, M,DCC,LXXVIII." (24 p. 16°) (In Library of Princeton University.)

2d. "A Discourse, Delivered at Easton, on the 17th, of October, 1779, to the Officers and Soldiers of the Western Army, After their return from an Expedition against the Five Nations of hostile Indians, By the Reverend Israel Evans A. M. and Chaplain to General Poor's Brigade, Now Published at the particular Request of the Generals and Field Officers of that Army: And to be distributed among the Soldiers—Gratis. Philadelphia, Printed by Thomas Bradford, at the Coffee-House, M,DCC,LXXIX." (40 p. 16°) (New Hampshire State Library.)

3d. "An Oration, Delivered at Hackensack, on the tenth of September, 1780, at the interment of the Honorable Brigadier Enoch Poor, General of the New Hampshire Brigade, By the Reverend Israel Evans, A. M., and Chaplain to the said brigade, Published by desire of the Officers of the New Hampshire troops, and a number of gentlemen in Exeter, Newbury Port: Printed and sold by John Mycall, MDCCCLXXXI." (36 p. 4°)

4th. "A Discourse delivered near York in Virginia, on the Memorable Occasion of the Surrender of the British Army to the Allied Forces of America and France before the Brigade of New York Troops and the Division of American Light Infantry, under the command of the Marquis de la Fayette, by Israel Evans, A M. Chaplain to the troops of New Hampshire. On the 13th day of December, the day of General Thanks-





giving. This Discourse nearly in its present form was delivered in the second Presbyterian church at Philadelphia. The author is indebted for its publication to the generosity of a number of gentlemen in their city; and it is principally intended for the gratification of the brave soldiers fighting in the cause of America and mankind. Philadelphia: Printed by Francis Bailey, in Market street. M,DCC,LXXXII." (45 p. 12°) (Pa. Hist. So. Library.)

5th. "A Discourse delivered in New York, Before a Brigade of Continental troops, and a number of citizens assembled in St. George's chapel on the 11th December 1783. The Day set apart by the Recommendation of the United States in

Congress as a Day of public Thanksgiving for the Blessings of Independence, Liberty and Peace, By the Rev. Israel Evans, A. M. Chaplain in the American Army. Published and sold by John Holt, Printer to the State of New York." (23 p. 8°) (Princeton University.)

6th. "A Sermon, Delivered at Concord, before the Hon. General Court of the State of New Hampshire, at the Annual Election, Holden on the First Wednesday in June, M,DCC,XCI, By the Rev. Israel Evans, A. M. Pastor of the Church in Concord. Concord: Printed by George Hough, for the Honorable General Court, M,DCC,XCI." (35 p. 16°) (New Hampshire State Library.)

## AN OLD MAN'S COMFORT.

*By Bela Chapin.*

An old man sits by his warm winter fire,  
And he watches its bright embers glow,  
While the cold north wind sweeps along in its ire,  
And the fields are all covered with snow;  
But he dwells in the past, for his thoughts never tire  
To rove in the loved long ago.

And he wanders in thought to the beautiful land,  
To the regions of unending day;  
There mingles in joy with the numerous band  
Of kindred and friends gone away,  
And hopes at the last in that kingdom to stand  
And abide there in glory for aye.

In the evening of life so he sits in his chair,  
And delights in past seasons to roam;  
While he firmly relies on the promises fair  
That are found in the most holy tome.  
Ere long he will pass from this lifetime of care  
To the bliss of an unchanging home.





## THE OLD DINNER HORN.

*By Dr. H. G. Leslie.*

Down by the long furrow that time hath ploughed  
In the field of the years that have past,  
I seem to hear the old dinner horn's call  
With its tremulous quavering blast.

My mother still stands by the farmhouse door,  
Looking over the field's waving green ;  
Her hair is gray and her shoulders are bent  
But her eye is still watchful and keen.

And never a day does the shadow pass  
The noon-time mark on the window sill,  
And ever the blast at the midday hour  
Would the hills with its sweet echo's fill.

How dear was its call to the hungry boy  
Who had wrought through the long morning hours,  
And Beethoven's strain or Mendelssohn's art  
Had none of its soul stirring powers.

It's long since I heard the old dinner horn  
On the farm of my dear mountain home,  
And many a day when weary with care  
Have I longed for its sweet plaintive tone.

My dear mother sleeps 'neath a grassy mound  
In a quiet and undisturbed rest,  
And somewhere mayhap in a world of light  
*Sing* the lips that that dinner horn pressed.

Could I catch that note it would call me still  
From the fields that are furrowed with care,  
To a table spread by Eternal Love  
In the land of that Paradise fair.

---

## A MEMORY.

*By J. B. M. Wright.*

It stands beyond the busy town,  
The home of long ago,  
Where leafy boughs are bending down,  
And summer blossoms grow.

Within its garden day by day  
Are rose leaves softly falling,  
And children shout in merry play  
Their eager comrades calling.





And standing there as loiterers will,  
 Again my heart rejoices,  
 While memory brings with magic skill  
 The tones of olden voices.

They ring adown the winding lane,  
 Through sunshine and in shadow,  
 They echo from the fields of grain  
 And from the grassy meadow.

I see my olden comrades roam,  
 Where shyest flowers are hiding,  
 Or cull the lilies from their home,  
 By rippling streams abiding.

## THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ABSENTEE.

A REVERIE.

*By Mrs. O. S. Baketel.*

Where the lights and shadows glow,  
 And o'er the hills and valleys lie,  
 'Tis there I long to make my home,  
 "Some sweet day, by and by."

Where the pines are ever green,  
 Amid the mountains rising high;  
 Divinely fine to catch the gleam,  
 "Some sweet day, by and by."

The sunsets and afterglow,  
 Are not surpassed by mortal eye;  
 So exquisite as I shall know,  
 "Some sweet day, by and by."

The flocks grazing on hillsides,  
 Lambkins and lowing herds nearby;  
 What a picture for an artist,  
 "Some sweet day, by and by."

Moon and stars in their beauty,  
 The babbling brook and cascade nigh;  
 All this majesty will be mine,  
 "Some sweet day, by and by."

When the years have come and gone,  
 Quick to the Granite state I'll hie;  
 Where hope and love and joy I'll find,  
 "Some sweet day, by and by."





Hail, New England's rugged shores!  
 Turbulent old ocean's grandeur vie!  
 Lakes, harbors, rivers I'll enjoy,  
 "Some sweet day, by and by."

## THE LAD IN GRAY.

*By Frank H. Meloon, Jr.*

**H**E was only a lad, lying face to the frowning sky of yellow, and moaning softly as the sudden spasms of pain crushed down the barriers of his endurance. Around him in endless confusion were strewn the countless tokens of battle and the very air was big with the drifting reek of powder.

He was alone for he had fallen on the very edge of the fierce maelstrom that had sucked into its deadly whirl the thousand victims of the lurid day. His hand gripped in fervid clasp the tattered remnant of the banner of his devotion, and perchance had a Union soldier passed him by it would have been with a muttered execration, for the flag was that of the Southern Confederacy and his suit was of the nondescript makeup to which the rigors of the war had compelled the followers of Lee.

The coming of night with its staring stars and ghastly moon had robbed him of the hope of day, but his thoughts in the intervals of relief between the griping agonies of his wound ran sweet and soft and solemn.

He had read of soldiers who died with the picture of a sweetheart pressed to fevered lips, but no face of woman was to cheer his last moments. To some, he thought, the fond memory of a mother might allay

the final pains, but of a mother he had no recollection. The only woman who had entered into his life was the black mammy whose régime had ceased with the advent of his sixth year.

Above, the stars had ceased their glitter and a drizzly, cooling rain began to fall. A few drops touched his heated brow and parched tongue, only serving to accentuate the fierce anguish of the thirst that consumed and of the fever that seared itself into every cell of his tortured brain. To die for one's country, that, indeed, was a glorious thing, and he set his teeth handsomely to repress the rising moan that forced itself almost to his lips.

True, his name would not go down on the scrolls of history in blazoned letters as of one who had died at the head of a charging column, but there was in him the consciousness of service well done. His grandsire at Saratoga, his father at Buena Vista, had met death on the red-stained couch of the universal mother, and the honor of the family had been safely left to his keeping.

His was not the nature to crave the blatant adulation of the multitude. He was sustained solidly above it by the firm foundation of cold, reasoning thoughts. He had fought to the bitter end the usurpations of the invading power and his





native state would never languish in the bondage of the North for lack of his most loyal support.

The bonnie blue flag that should float over a free South would be, in part, his legacy to the generations of the future, and whether or not they should understand this fact he cared not a whit.

He had not the consolation of religion in this last extremity for his great soul craved no power to uphold beyond its own. Feebly his hand sought to brush the death damp from his brow and he started in weak amazement at his own lack of strength. The red pool at his side was thick and clotted but the soil was free. He had heard with joyous shudder the wild yell of the ragged host that fought for hearth and home as it advanced to victory, and in his elation had risen to heights where wounds and pains are not and where

the pangs of this world are mere supernumeraries and things forgotten of a realm beyond.

Faint lights began to flicker before his eyes, and the trembling dawn sprang roseate from the restraining arms of the sea. Out of the stillness something began to shape itself, which, though he knew it not, was death.

Death, he had heard, was hard and cruel; this was soft and kind. The former he might meet unflinchingly, but this touched him to the heart. He wept.

The tender hands pressed his forehead compassionately and his soul leaped forth as a star springs into space from the confines of its narrow orbit.

The glory of this world passes away but the spirit of the patriot, born somewhere, lives on to immortality.

### REASON'S REPLY.

*By George W. Parker.*

Oh, would I were back in the heyday of youth,  
When life was so happy, so careless, and free,  
With joy unrestrained, and in pleasure abounding,  
And naught but the beauty in all things to see.

Cease now this cavil and querulous moaning,  
Awake in young manhood a purpose in life,  
Seize rich opportunities 'round thee thick lying,  
And, rising from doubt, go forth to the strife.

To snatch the Promethean fire from Heaven,  
To wake latent powers that ne'er will increase,  
To see beyond reach the prize of one's calling  
Is worse than to linger in Lotus land ease.

Leave self in the background, the world place before thee,  
And do what thou canst where'er there is need;  
If thou hast true worth, the world will demand it,  
And if thou contribute then rich is thy meed.





# NECROLOGY

## HON. FRANK JONES.

Frank Jones, born in Barrington, September 15, 1832, died at Portsmouth, October 2, 1902.

The name of Frank Jones, for a third of a century, has been a familiar one in the state of New Hampshire, and has been synonymous with pluck, energy, and success. The fifth of seven children of Thomas Jones, a thrifty farmer of Barrington, himself the son of a Welsh immigrant—Capt. Peletiah Jones—he started out for himself early in life, leaving home on foot for Portsmouth at seventeen years of age, with his clothing in a bundle, and his hopes running high. He entered the service of his brother, Hiram, who was then engaged in the tin and stove business, and after three years, during most of which time he was on the road as a peddler, became a partner in the business, and a year later, when he was twenty-one years of age, his brother disposed of his interest to him on account of ill health, and he became sole proprietor, conducting the business with success until 1861, when he sold out so as to be able to devote his entire energies to the management of a brewery in which he had purchased an interest three years before and which had finally come into his possession.

Putting all his great energies into the work, the business developed with wonderful rapidity and became a source of great profit, the plant being rebuilt and greatly enlarged from time to time. He also acquired, later, an extensive interest in the same line in South Boston, which was managed with similar profit, until, finally, some ten years ago or more, his entire brewing property was disposed of to an English syndicate, he retaining a large share in the stock and directing the management.

Meanwhile he had acquired large interests in various business enterprises, particularly in railroads. He was a moving spirit in the construction of the Portsmouth & Dover road, of which he was president. He also became interested in the old Eastern, and finally very largely in the Boston & Maine, with which that was consolidated, being for some time president of the latter, and a leader in the contest which resulted in the practical absorption of the Concord & Montreal by the latter. He was also the proprietor of the famous Rockingham House at Portsmouth, and of the Wentworth at Newcastle, which he built, and had large interests in many business enterprises in different parts of the state and country.





Mr. Jones was the prime mover in the adoption of the "valued policy" law, as applied to insurance matters in this state, and was also largely instrumental in the organization of home insurance companies, when the foreign companies in resentment left the state. He was president of the Granite State Company of Portsmouth, from its organization, and largely interested in other companies.

Mr. Jones was active in politics, as a Democrat, all through his active life. He served two years as mayor of Portsmouth, represented the First district in the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth congresses; was subsequently his party's candidate for governor, served as a member of the Democratic National committee, and as a delegate from New Hampshire in several national conventions of that party—the last in 1896, when, dissatisfied with the action of the majority, he bolted the convention and soon allied himself with the Republicans, who made him one of their own delegates in 1900.

Mr. Jones had a large farm at "Gravelly Ridge," two or three miles out from Portsmouth—one of the largest and best in New England, where he generally made his home, and for pastime carried on extensive operations. His racing stable and his greenhouses were specially noted.

Mr. Jones was united in marriage September 15, 1861, with the widow of his brother, Hiram Jones, who had died in July of the year previous, leaving a daughter, Emma L. Jones, whom he cared for as his own, and who subsequently became the wife of the late Col. Charles A. Sinclair. Mrs. Jones, who was originally Martha S. Leavitt, daughter of William B. Leavitt of Springfield, Mass., survives.

#### CHARLES M. LAMPREY.

Charles M. Lamprey, born in Hampton, January 29, 1833, died in that town, September 27, 1902.

He was the son of Hon. Uri and Sarah (Marston) Lamprey. His father was a prominent citizen and a leading Democrat. His mother, who is still living, in her ninety-second year, is a lineal descendant in the seventh generation from Rev. Stephen Bachiler, the founder of Hampton, and a daughter of Jonathan Marston, a Revolutionary soldier.

In early manhood Mr. Lamprey went South, where he was engaged in a prosperous mercantile business, at Milledgeville, Ga., when the Rebellion broke out compelling his return home. He then took up the study of the law in the office of General Marston of Exeter, and was subsequently admitted to the bar and established himself in practice in Hampton, where he also served many years as a police justice.

In politics Judge Lamprey was a staunch Democrat, and had been his party's nominee for county solicitor and councilor, and a member of its state committee. He served Hampton as recruiting officer in the Civil War and on important committees, among them that which organized the academy and high school. He was president of the day at the town's 250th anniversary celebration. He was instrumental in promoting the Exeter & Hampton Street railway and drove its first spike. He was also an incorporator and director of the Hampton water-works.

He took a deep interest in historical matters, in which few men in the state were better versed, and was strong in the conviction that Hampton was the Vin-





land of Icelandic Sagas, and that the Norse chieftain, Thorwald, is buried at a picturesque spot on his estate, a stone marked with three crosses his monument. In support of this theory he had written and spoken much.

While resident in Georgia, he married Miss Catherine Osborne Bachellotte, of St. Mary's, that state, a granddaughter of Dr. Richard Bachellotte, a surgeon in the French army who served in our Revolution, who survives him, with a daughter, Mrs. Richard W. Shea of Malden, Mass., and two sons, Howell M. and Uri.

#### HON. EMMONS B. PHILBRICK.

Emmons B. Philbrick, born in Rye, November 14, 1833, died in that town October 16, 1902.

Mr. Philbrick was a son of Joseph W. and Sarah A. (Brown) Philbrick. He was educated in the public schools and Hampton academy, and planned to pursue the vocation of a civil engineer, for which he was fitting when the death of a brother necessitated his return home to carry on the farm and care for his parents, though for ten successive winters he taught school in the vicinity. Acquiring an additional farm he became an extensive and very successful farmer, and always manifested a deep interest in all matters pertaining to agricultural progress.

In politics he was a firm Republican, but held many public offices in Rye, though a Democratic town, and was a member of the state senate in 1878, 1879, and 1880. Shortly before his death he had been appointed a member of the State Board of Agriculture in place of the late Hon. John D. Lyman.

Mr. Philbrick was a trustee of the Piscataqua Savings bank of Portsmouth, was the first president of the Rye Beach railroad, and a director in various other corporations. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, and an active member of Rye grange.

In 1859 he was united in marriage to Miss Vinanna M. Dalton of North Hampton, two sons being born to them. Mrs. Philbrick died in 1869. Six years thereafter he married Miss Mary C. Seavey of Rye, by whom he had a son and a daughter. His wife, a son, and a daughter survive.

#### BENJAMIN F. COFRAN.

Benjamin F. Cofran, a leading citizen of Northfield, died in that town September 27. He was born on Bean Hill in Northfield, December 7, 1819, being the son of James and Ruth (Hersey) Cofran.

Mr. Cofran was a drover for many years and handled large numbers of cattle. His well-known integrity and business ability caused him to be repeatedly chosen to serve on the board of selectmen and he represented his town in the state legislature in 1873 and 1874, serving as chairman of the agricultural committee the latter year. He was a justice of the peace many years and in this capacity settled a large number of estates and transacted much other legal business. He was a trustee of the Iona savings bank of Tilton, and filled many positions of trust. In politics he was a Democrat, and an earnest worker in his party cause.

In 1850 Mr. Cofran was married to Priscilla Clark Chase of Northfield, with whom he lived a happy wedded life for more than half a century, her departure occurring in June of the present year.





## CHARLES H. HAM.

Charles H. Ham, born in Canterbury seventy-one years ago, died at his home in Montclair, N. J., October 16.

He went to Chicago at the age of twenty-five years, where, in 1860, he was admitted to the bar. He was for five years a law partner of Melville W. Fuller, now justice of the United States Supreme Court. Subsequently he engaged in journalism and was a member of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

In 1871 President Grant appointed him appraiser of the port of Chicago, which office he held until Mr. Cleveland's accession to the presidency. Later he became assistant treasurer of Cook county. He was made president of the board of United States general appraisers in 1897. He resigned last June owing to ill health.

## JACOB R. DODGE.

Jacob R. Dodge, born in New Boston, September 28, 1823, died at Woburn, Mass., September 30, 1902.

Mr. Dodge, who had long been known as a statistician and agricultural writer, was a special commissioner for the United States at the Vienna exposition of 1873, and also for the study of foreign statistical methods, and for many years compiled the statistics of the department of agriculture at Washington, retiring in 1893, to devote himself to writing on agricultural topics. He had received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth college.

## CHARLES G. SMITH.

Charles G. Smith, long a well-known citizen of Haverhill, died in that town, September 25, at the age of eighty years. He was a native of Washington, Vt., but engaged in hotel keeping in the town of Wentworth in early life, where he was engaged about twenty years, removing then to Haverhill, where he was in the same business about thirty years. He was an active Democrat. He represented Haverhill in the legislature in 1866 and 1867, served many years as a selectman, and was a county commissioner six years.

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## EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

The city of Concord is especially favored in that its people enjoy the benefit of a free lecture course or courses, each season, provision being made therefor in the Timothy and Abigail Walker fund, whose annual income amounts to something like \$1,800. This is better in some respects than a free public library, which most places now enjoy, and in any event admirably supplements the latter. If some of the wealthy sons of New Hampshire abroad, who care to do something handsome for their native towns, would provide funds for the maintenance of free lecture courses therein, under competent direction, they might well rest assured of having most effectually accomplished their object.

That a strong effort will be made in the legislature at the coming session to amend or materially change the statutes relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors is not to be doubted, in view of the declarations in the platforms of the two leading political parties, and the general trend of public sentiment in relation to the matter. That the law as it stands has proved ineffectual in restraining the improper use of intoxicants is not to be denied; it is, indeed, almost universally admitted. Just what shall be done to insure or promote the desired result is the question, and to its solution the wisdom and judgment of the incoming legislature is invoked. The danger is that there will be no agreement upon any specific plan which shall result in positive action. There will be numerous propositions introduced, each having tenacious supporters, and a great deal of concession and compromise will be necessary in order to insure for any particular measure the

support of a majority of both branches of the legislature.

It was suggested last month that there would, undoubtedly, be an effort made, at the coming session of the legislature, to secure an appropriation toward the construction of the proposed "boulevard," or state highway, up the valley of the Merrimack from the state line in Nashua, which project received legislative sanction four years ago, when an appropriation was made for a survey of the route from Nashua to Manchester. That such will, undoubtedly, be the case was pretty strongly demonstrated at the recent "Good Roads" meeting of the State Board of Trade at Nashua, where some two hundred and fifty active business men were assembled at the banquet, after a trip over the proposed route from the present terminus of the Massachusetts state highway in Tyngsboro to that city, and where the addresses of several notable speakers, all favoring the project, were cheered to the echo. It was also made apparent, from the remarks of those who had given the subject most thought, that, with a view to even-handed justice, any measure looking to the furtherance of this object must come in conjunction with, or be embraced in, a general system of highway improvement operative throughout the state, and benefiting the public at large, rather than the people of a limited section, however important that section may be.

Among the corporate enterprises whose work, designed to meet a public demand in the line of better accommodations for travel, has been carried to completion in this state during the





present season, is the Concord & Manchester Electric branch of the Boston & Maine railroad, connecting the cities of Concord and Manchester, through the villages of Pembroke, Suncook, and Hooksett. This line, which gives regular half hourly service each way between the two most important cities of the state, traversing a pleasant and populous intermediate section, marks a material advance in the business life of central New Hampshire. That the advantage which it brings is fully appreciated is thoroughly evidenced by the liberal patronage which the line has commanded since its opening some three months since. There was fear in some quarters that, after the first few weeks had passed and the novelty of the matter had worn away, the patronage would drop off to such extent as to render the enterprise a distinctly unprofitable one from a financial point of view. Such has not been the case, however. Travel over the line continues in a most encouraging degree, and there is every prospect that this branch will prove a valuable asset of the corporation of whose vast system it forms an integral part. It may properly be added that the equipment and service provided on this line are first-class in every particular, the cars and all the appliances being thoroughly "up to date," and surpassed nowhere in the country.

A convention to revise the constitution of the state and submit to the people for their approval such amendments to the fundamental law as may be deemed advisable, is to assemble at the state house on the first Tuesday of December, the delegates being chosen by the people of the several towns and wards at the biennial election the pres-

ent month. The convention is to contain many of the ablest men in the state, a few notable instances of non-partizanship having been developed in the selection of delegates, both parties, for instance, having united in the nomination of such men as Judge Aldrich of Littleton, Col. Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, Ex-Chief Justice Blodgett of Franklin, John M. Mitchell, Frank S. Streeter, James O. Lyford, and William E. Chandler of Concord, and True L. Norris of Portsmouth. It is only to be regretted that there was not a more general obliteration of party lines in this matter throughout the state; yet there is no probability that any action of a partisan nature, or of any partisan bearing, will be attempted in the convention, the impossibility of its ratification being manifest. The main object of the convention, doubtless, will be the submission of an amendment providing for a reduction in the membership of the house of representatives. The subject is one which has evoked much discussion for years. The necessity for reduction is generally conceded, but the extent to which it should be carried and the plan to be adopted to effect it are matters requiring careful consideration.

Another direction in which there is likely to be something of an effort to amend the constitution is in reference to the qualification for suffrage, the advocates of woman suffrage having indicated their purpose to ask for the excision of the word "male" from that clause in the constitution limiting the suffrage qualification. This amendment will come when it is apparent that a majority of the women of the state desire it.



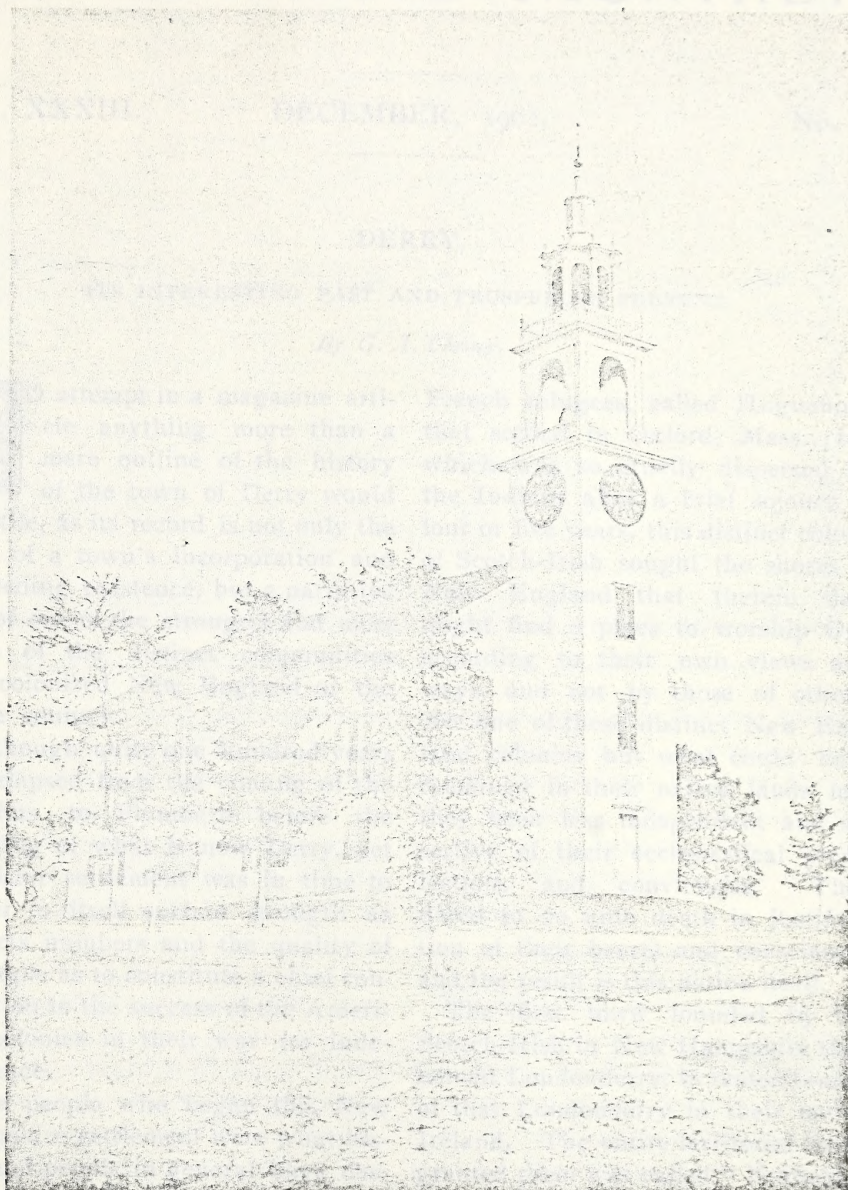


# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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No. 6.



FIRST CHURCH IN OLD NUTFIELD.

*Cradle of Presbyterianism in New England.*





# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXIII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 6.

## DERRY.

ITS INTERESTING PAST AND PROSPEROUS PRESENT.

*By G. A. Cheney.*



TO attempt in a magazine article anything more than a mere outline of the history of the town of Derry would be futile, as its record is not only the story of a town's incorporation and succeeding existence, but a narrative also of one of the strongest and most virile of the distinct communities that colonized New England or the entire country.

Although quite one hundred years had elapsed from the coming of the Pilgrims to Plymouth before the founding of what is now Derry, yet this later settlement was in time to gather to itself such a strength as respects numbers and the quality of its people as to constitute a chief contribution to the success of the American colonies in their war for independence.

The people who began this New Hampshire settlement were what history and people in general have designated as "Scotch-Irish," and, as such, were magnificently representative of what was then, as it is to-day, the national church of Scotland,—the Presbyterian. Like the parent colonies at Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, and the little band of

French refugees, called Huguenots, that settled in Oxford, Mass., but which was so cruelly dispersed by the Indians after a brief sojourn of four or five years, this distinct colony of Scotch-Irish sought the shores of New England that therein they might find a place to worship God according to their own views and ways, and not by those of others. Not one of these distinct New England colonies but what could have remained in their native lands had they been less independent and assertive of their ecclesiastical predilections and convictions. They dared to do unto death in justification of their hearts and consciences and the result is this nation itself.

The first town founded by the Scotch-Irish in New Hampshire they named Londonderry, in remembrance of that Londonderry in their native Ireland. The entire territorial limits granted them was called "Nutfield," and included, at least, the present towns of Londonderry, Derry, Windham, and a larger part of the city of Manchester. As the first settlement of the town of Londonderry or Nutfield was made in what is now Derry, and as here was gathered the first







Majestic Elms, wide-spreading Oaks, and stately Maples line the Highways of the Forefathers.

church and the first meeting-house built, for convenience's sake, in the production of this article, no other than the present allusion will be made to the subsequent setting apart of Derry from Londonderry, but the subject matter will be treated as though Derry was originally so-called.

Anticipating somewhat the continuity of this writing it may be well to first state that the Derry of to-day includes three villages, designated as the East, Centre, and West villages. The geographical centre of the town is the East village, while the West village abuts the Londonderry line.

If the visitor in Derry be one interested in its vast fund of historic wealth he should first go to that spot, one and a half miles south of Derry Centre, on Westrunning brook, where

first encamped the sixteen families who constituted the advanced guard of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in New England. The particular field is to-day a mowing, and erected upon it is a sign-board, with the inscription,

"NUTFIELD 1719."

Tradition has it that the first service of prayer and praise was held on this spot. In the immediate neighborhood are several ancestral estates. One of these old homesteads, occupied by the Misses Cate, was built somewhere about 1750, and neither its interior nor exterior is much changed from the original. The doors still retain the latch-strings of old; there are the huge fireplaces, the "H" and "L" hinges on the doors, and quaint examples of wains-





coting. A visit to this house is a look at a home as it was in Colonial times, antedating by a generation the inauguration of Washington as first president of the country.

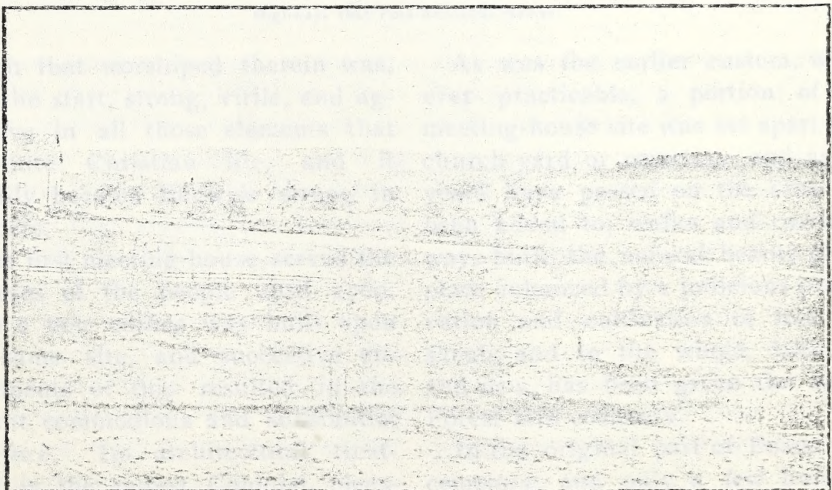
Almost within a stone's throw of the Cate house is the Humphrey homestead, which has sheltered generations of the name. In going to the Humphrey place from the Cate house one passes a tall, towering elm, on which is nailed a board bearing the date "1755," the year in which it was planted. A weather-vane on one of the Humphrey barns is a ram which one of the first settlers whittled out of a piece of wood, a jack-knife his sole implement. It is far from being the crude creation one might imagine it to be, but, on the contrary, is well proportioned and skilfully carved. As it has done for a century or more, it still shows the direction of the wind with all the fidelity of old.

Quite naturally the next point of interest, by reason of a succession of events, is the place where was preached the first sermon to the lit-

tle flock. This took place on the shore of what was for long known as Beaver pond, but now called Tsien-neto lake. (Call the first syllable "shen" and its pronunciation will be sufficiently correct for all practical purposes.) A pile of stones has been reared to mark the spot where this first sermon was preached by the first pastor, Rev. James McGregore, or McGregor as it now is spelled. The McGregor family has ever been most prominent and honored in the annals of New Hampshire, and the McGregor place in East Derry is one of the most beautiful and extensive Colonial homes extant in all New England.

The church thus gathered in Derry in 1719 was the first Presbyterian church organized in New England, and it is still in existence although the Congregational form of worship has been adopted.

The organization of the church meant, of course, the building of a meeting-house, and the site selected for this was the most commanding and comprehensive in the entire



The "English Range," famed for Beauty and Fertility





town. The ascent of the elevation on which the meeting-house was built is extremely gradual and high only by comparison, for the whole region is of the nature of a plain and radically unlike that of most sections of central and northern New England.

This first meeting-house has a deep and exclusive historic interest, in that it was the cradle of Presbyterianism in New England, and the

dignity, and warmth. Through all these generations the old church has been as a beacon unto the feet of the faithful, and a landmark in the country far and wide. Far and away the stately and artistic tower can be seen standing, sentinel-like, over the people of ancient Nutfield. The history of this first church in Derry is a vast and rich fund of ecclesiastical lore that it would be difficult to surpass in interest.



Highways that Pass Ancestral Homes.

church that worshiped therein was, from the start, strong, virile, and aggressive in all those elements that constitute Christian life, and it speedily became likewise strong in numbers.

The first meeting-house served the purposes of the people until 1769, when a new edifice was built upon the same site, and successive enlargements of this resulted in the present commodious and substantial structure. Its architectural treatment is the purest Colonial, pleasingly proportioned, and full of cheer,

As was the earlier custom, wherever practicable, a portion of the meeting-house site was set apart as a church yard or cemetery, and as the years have passed on the area has been added to, walks and carriage-ways built, the natural beauty of the place enhanced by a judicious preservation and cultivation of tree and shrub, and to the whole, both old and new, has been given the name, Forest Hill cemetery.

In the original part of Forest Hill cemetery, and only a few hundred feet from the site of the houses in





which they worshiped, sleep a majority of the founders and early settlers of the town. The visitor in Derry can pass days of unflagging interest in the old churchyard, for if he will he can study and learn what manner of men started and nurtured that great factor in American civilization, the Scotch-Irish emigration in the first half of the seventeenth century.

As a single work accomplished of

of the dead are absent in these inscriptions, but many perpetually enjoin the living to a life that is in Christ. In the building of these memorials to their dead the early settlers were lavish in the employment of emblems of mortality and immortality—of the Alpha and the Omega. These emblems they sculptured on the borders and top of even the smallest stones, and the skill with which they fashioned the cross and crown, cof-



A Derry Street in Winter.

tentimes remains to speak to the succeeding generations of the life, character, ability, and training of the man who accomplished it, so it is that this old cemetery in Derry is as a mirror that reveals the dominant traits and characteristics of the forefathers of the town. The grave-stones and monuments are in themselves proofs of their ability with hammer and chisel and their trained and artistic taste. The inscriptions first of all disclose the deep and fervent religious life of the community. Fulsome and far-fetched eulogiums

fin, cross bones, faces, and other designs, is a marvel at this day. They took a slab from common field stone, and, with the crude implements they must have possessed, encircled the nicely cut inscription with allegorical characters. Stage by stage one can note by these memorials to the dead the growth of the colony in material wealth. Huge recumbent stones of brownstone became of frequent use. Many of these rest upon pedestals carved in a manner to do credit to one of the guild to-day, while others rest upon a solid granite







The Road to Chester.

underpinning. These great redstone slabs, or monuments, have moulded and beaded edges, to produce which must have required a deal of time and patience. In them one sees, as it were, those traits of application, keenness of intellect, and patience so typical of Scotch character. Then, too, the language of the inscriptions show scholarship of a high order. There is a somewhat profuse use of Latin, and the memorial that does not have inscribed across its top the legend "*Memento Mori*" is the exception and not the rule. The original of the cemetery is Scotch, and it is interesting to observe, even in this place of the dead, the merging of the Scotch into that new national life and character called American.

Not the least of the many points of interest in this old cemetery are the names of those first families, many of which have since become familiar throughout New England and the country. Pioneers and associates

they were in life, toiling together to build for themselves homes in a new land and founding a community destined to have a triumphant existence and glorious history. Here lie, after their life-work, the McGregors, McMurphys, McKeens, Reids, Thorntons, McDuffees, Morrisons, Nesmiths, Starks, Adamases, Orrs, Vances, Davidsons, Karrs, Clarks, Smiths, Todds, Holmeses, Parks, Thompsons, Reynoldses, Logans, Mortons, Crombies, Cochrans, Boyds, Craigs, Cargills, Montgomerys, Rolles, Shutes, Alexanders, Moores, Wilsons, Greggs, McNeals, and scores of others.

Here, also, in Forest Hill cemetery, lie buried many men of another and eventful generation, and their graves are known by markers, the like of which none can have but them, for it tells that they were soldiers of the Revolution.

Leaving the cemetery for a ramble about the rural neighborhoods of the





town one need lose no time in making a selection of route, for, go in whatever direction he may, the walk or drive is sure to be one of unrivaled beauty and interest. There are no steep hills to climb nor dreary stretches of uninviting landscape to pass, for there is ever in sight some grand old ancestral home. These old-time homesteads can be detected, or rather located, long before the house appears to view, by the presence of one or more towering elms planted in the long ago by the earlier comers. Look in any direction one may and these old ancestral elms, with their spacious and graceful canopy tops, are seen, and the sight is a certain sign that beneath their shade is or was an 'old-time home. The Scotch-Irish and their descendants of near one hundred years in Derry pursued the one occupation of farming, and, as a matter of course, their success was of the true Scotch measure, simply phenomenal. They reared for themselves resi-

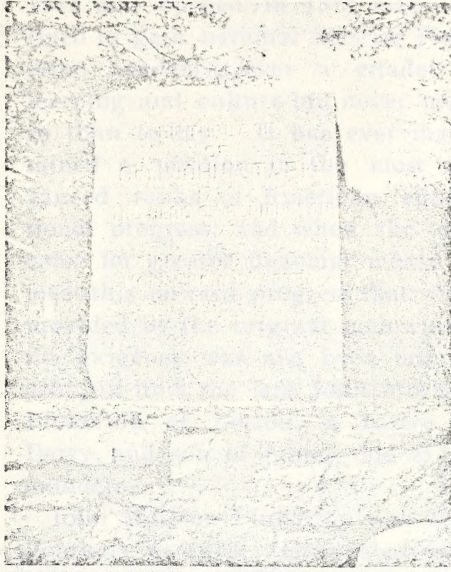
dences, the like of which for number and elegance is probably without equal in all New England. While most New England towns of the earlier times have their fine old Colonial mansions, old-time Derry has practically nothing else. The wealth of the town must have been from the start quite evenly distributed and so remained for two or three generations. The original township was very large, and the population grew rapidly, and the size and number of Derry's Colonial homes indicate a large and continued prosperity. Hard work, courage, and intelligence are fundamental traits in the Scotch character, and as these win everywhere, they naturally would in a rich agricultural region like Derry. It was upon one of these early settled estates that John Stark, the hero of Bunker Hill and of Bennington, was born, and the local chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution has marked the spot by a tasteful monument. The part that



"Jenny Dickie Brook."







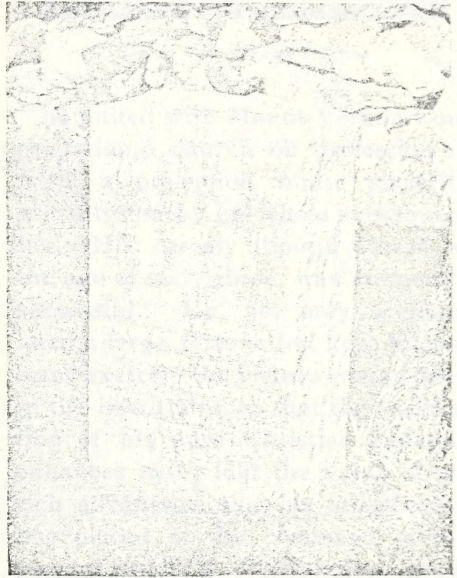
Memorial at the Birthplace of Gen. John Stark.

Derry men took in the Colonial wars and the Revolution was most conspicuous and honorable. Matthew Thornton, a New Hampshire signer of the Declaration of Independence, once lived in Derry. The house he built and lived in is still intact, as of old. It is a mansion of true Colonial type, and the Derry chapter, D. A. R., have in contemplation its early designation by some form of memorial.

Reference has been made to the walks and drives within the limits of Derry. These are, without exception, beautiful and replete with interest and abound in every section of the town. In the neighborhoods of Tsienneto lake and Island pond nature is seen indeed in rare perfection, and already both places are favorite haunts of the multitude. Attractive homes and richly developed farms abound everywhere and add to the general interest of the whole.

That the Scotch-Irish who settled

Derry were people of unusual intellectual attainment as well as of an all round natural ability and discernment has been noted. This predisposition to learning and mental progress so innate in the Scotch character was nurtured and advanced regardless of all obstacles in the new colony. Conspicuous among the men in the new settlement, because of a love of learning, was John Pinkerton, who came over from London-



Memorial at the Birthplace of Molly Reid.

derry, Ireland, in 1724, six years after the founding of the new Londonderry. He reared two sons, John and James, whom he taught above all else to be liberty-loving, God-fearing men. These sons fulfilling the law that "the good men do live after them," founded and endowed, in their native Derry, a school with the avowed purpose of securing to their descendants and other youth the privileges of religious and liberal culture. The school thus founded in





1814 and opened in 1815 was destined to gain national fame as Pinkerton academy, ever a citadel of learning and culture but never more so than to-day. It has ever maintained a position in the most advanced ranks of American educational progress, and when the day came for greater financial means to meet this onward progress than were provided by the original endowment the exigency was met by a munificent gift from the late John Morison Pinkerton of Boston, a native of Derry, and son of James, one of the founders.

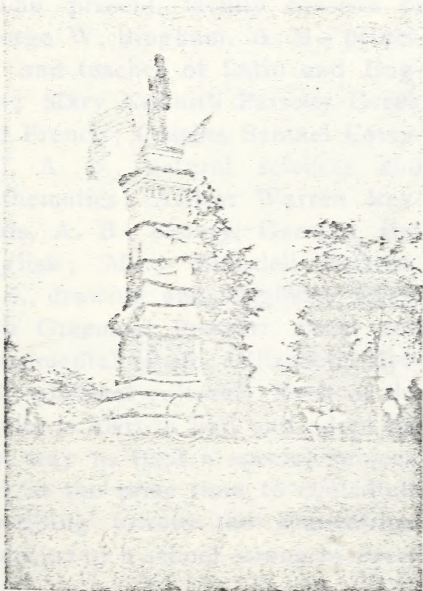
John Morison Pinkerton was born February 6, 1818. Graduated from Yale in 1841. Taught school in Pennsylvania. Graduated from the Harvard Law school and was admitted to the bar in 1846, and began practice in Boston. "In the same year," writes Principal George W. Bingham of Pinkerton academy,



Elm on F. J. Shepard's Estate.

"he united with Mount Vernon Congregational church on profession of faith, a profession whose sincerity was attested by his whole subsequent life. His career, though closed at the age of sixty-three, was eminently successful. He not only accumulated a large fortune but kept in constant exercise the virtues commended in the beatitudes, so that the inspiration of his pure Christian example enhances many fold the value of the rich advantages that his munificence has placed at the command of the present students of Pinkerton academy."

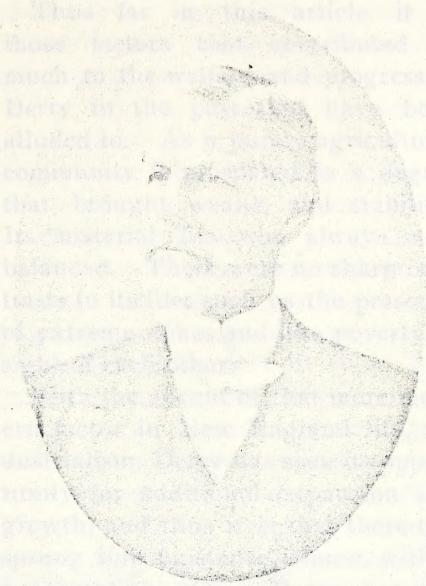
Since Mr. Pinkerton's gift became available the scope and efficiency of the academy have constantly advanced. With a tuition that is merely nominal it affords a practical training for the business of life or a thorough preparation for any college in the land. The success of its graduates in institutions of higher learning, in the teacher's chair, and in general affairs has won a wide recognition of the excellence of its work. Its certificate admits to every college from which the certificate



Soldiers' Monument.







George W. Bingham.

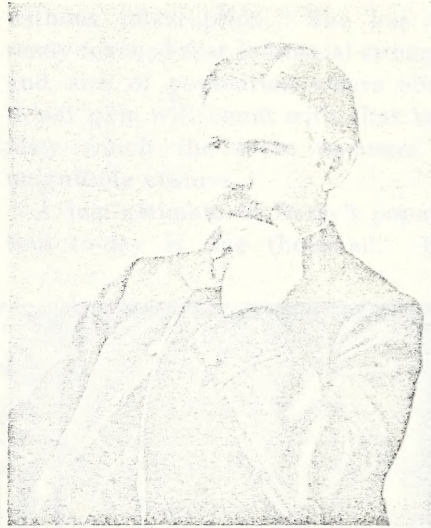
privilege has been asked, and it is represented in the student body, or recent alumni, of nearly every New England college, and in several instances Pinkerton graduates are leaders in their respective college classes.

The present faculty consists of George W. Bingham, A. M., principal and teacher of Latin and English; Mary Nesmith Parsons, Greek and French; Cassius Samuel Campbell, A. B., natural sciences and mathematics; Arthur Warren Reynolds, A. B., history, German, and English; Mary Blaisdell Bartlett, B. S., drawing and English; Elizabeth Greenleaf Prescott, vocal and instrumental music; Elizabeth Herrick, physical culture. Each of the faculty is alert to find and adopt the best way to treat a special subject, and, at the same time, to contribute something toward the symmetrical evolution of a school strong in every point.

The administration of the fund and

direction of the general policy of the school are in the hands of the following trustees: Rev. Robert W. Haskins, Reading, Mass.; Nathan B. Prescott, Derry; Rev. John P. Newell, Litchfield; George L. Clark, Worcester, Mass.; John C. Chase, Derry; Hon. Frank N. Parsons, Franklin; Greenleaf K. Bartlett, Derry; Perley N. Horne, A. M., South Byfield, Mass.

The following are the officers of



Cassius S. Campbell.

the board: Rev. John P. Newell, president; John C. Chase, secretary; Frederick J. Shepard, treasurer.

Each of these respective trustees and officers contributes an unpaid service of keen business ability and a thorough knowledge of the needs of a well-appointed, progressive school.

But the student body and the alumni of Pinkerton academy are not alone the beneficiaries of its good work for the entire town has ever felt its influence as a factor in the up-building and uplifting of the community.





Thus far in this article it is those factors that contributed so much to the welfare and progress of Derry in the past that have been alluded to. As a purely agricultural community it prospered to a degree that brought wealth and stability. Its material life was always well balanced. There were no sharp contrasts in its life, such as the presence of extreme riches and like poverty in sight of each other.

With the advent of that more modern factor in New England life, industrialism, Derry has seen its opportunity for additional expansion and growth, and thus it is that there has sprung into existence, almost within a generation, a new Derry, but the new has in no manner overgrown the old nor encroached upon it in the

slightest manner. The East, Centre, and West villages still retain their respective individualities but between each there is the closest sort of a community of interest. It is in fact all "Derry."

The claim is set forth that Derry is the most prosperous and fastest growing town in New Hampshire, and, better still, this prosperity rests upon so secure a foundation that there is every reason to justify the belief that her growth will proceed without interruption. She has already reached that industrial strength and size of population where additional gain will count with that rapidity which the mere vastness of magnitude ensures.

A just estimate of Derry's population to-day is five thousand. Be-



*Photo. by Will L. Joyce, West Derry.*

*Hotel Fenton.*





tween 1870 and 1880 the increase was eighteen per cent.; from 1880 to 1890 it was twenty-two per cent.; from 1890 to 1900, thirty-two per cent.; while it is conservatively estimated that the gain in the number of its inhabitants since the last census is fifteen hundred.

The town is filled with new-comers and the strenuous life is everywhere apparent. No man, woman, or child seeks labor or business in vain. Real estate is appreciating in value, not only on the business thoroughfares but in every locality. Look in whatever direction one may a new dwelling, in some stage of construction, is seen. New streets are being opened here, there, and everywhere. The measure of the town's growth in the current year finds a most pertinent and significant illustration in the fact that no less than ninety-three new houses and tenements have been built or are nearing completion. These new dwellings and business houses are without exception a credit to their builders, owners, and the town. Derry, either new or old, has no shanty as the abode of a human being, but its people of all classes are admirably and exceptionally well housed, indeed one must search far and wide to find a community in which the homes are of such an uniformly high order as are those of Derry.

The construction of so many houses in a single season in a town the size of Derry is indicative of a tremendously active and expanding industrial field, and such is the case.

Derry's chief industry is shoe manufacturing, but its general industries are well diversified and becoming

more so. The shoe factories alone disburse monthly \$60,000 in wages, and labor in all fields is well requited. That labor in Derry has always been well paid is shown by the fact that many of the employees in the factories own their homes, and further, by the exceptionally large number among the business men of the town who were once workers at the bench.

Derry as an industrial town is the creation of its own citizens, the grand result of their skill, efforts, and discernment; and, now that it has been given such a start upon so solid a foundation, it should not be long in doubling its present population, a statement that is amply justified by the history of many another industrial town in New England. The business men of Derry are alert to its opportunities, or rather those opportunities which they themselves have made. They are, practically, a unit in work for the advancement of the town along all desirable lines; and, after all, it is men that make a town, state, or nation.

In the industrial development of Derry, its townspeople are agreed that the chief meed of praise should be accorded Col. William Staughton Pillsbury, who was practically the founder and the real builder of the town's present great shoe manufacturing industry. He has been instant, in season and out of season, in fostering and furthering along all commercial and industrial enterprises. Born in the town of Sutton, he represents a family famous in the annals of state and nation, and especially for what they accomplished in American industrial life. The Pillsburys of flour fame were his



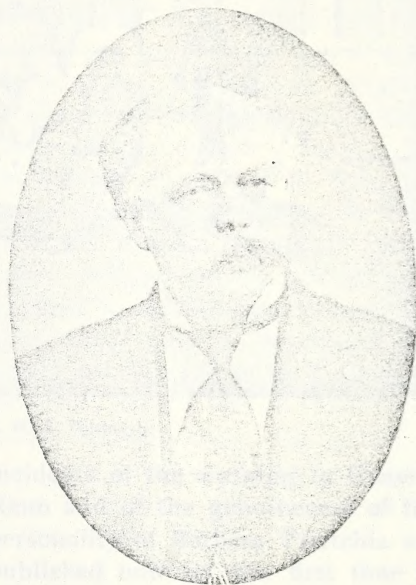


kinsmen, while his own immediate family was conspicuous likewise in the ecclesiastical, political, and educational life of New Hampshire. His father was the Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, whose pastorates in Sutton, Dunbarton, and Londonderry covered a period of thirty-five years. Colonel Pillsbury's mother was born Lavinia Hobart, and throughout her life of seventy-six years was esteemed for the nobility of her character, as an exemplar of the Christian life, and for her intellectual accomplishments. Colonel Pillsbury was born in Londonderry, and this is his present place of residence. The family homestead is a short two miles from his office and factories in Derry.

Colonel Pillsbury has a most honorable war record, which began with service as first lieutenant in the Fourth New Hampshire regiment. Later he was commissioned first lieutenant in the Ninth New Hampshire, serving in the same company of which his brother, Leonard Hobart, was the captain, a circumstance which indicates with what esteem the then boys were held in the community and state. With his company he participated in the battle of South Mountain, and in this he distinguished himself by the discovery of a movement by the Confederates in time to save his company from a probable terrible loss. Just as Lieutenant Pillsbury had safely led his command from the ambush in which it had nearly fallen Major-General Jesse Reno, commander of the Union forces, rode along the line and in the direction of the Confederate position in which they were supported by a

battery. Lieutenant Pillsbury pointing out the location of the enemy warned Reno of his danger, but the warning was unheeded, and scarcely three minutes later General Reno was killed, and in his death the Union cause lost one of its ablest commanders.

Another incident in the army career of Colonel Pillsbury has a dis-



Col. William S. Pillsbury.

tingent and highly important bearing on the much discussed question whether Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of Whittier's poem, was a real or fictitious personage. Colonel Pillsbury is emphatic in asserting that she was not a creation of the gifted poet's imagination, and his testimony as to the genuineness of her existence, and that she did wave the Stars and Stripes as Stonewall Jackson and his army marched "all day long through Frederick town," is to the point and convincing. Colonel Pillsbury says that as his regiment,







A Family Reunion at Col. W. S. Pillsbury's.

as part of the Union army, followed Jackson and the Confederates through Frederick, a resident of the town pointed out to him a house with the remark that only the day before an aged Unionist woman had waved from its window the Stars and Stripes as the Confederates marched on. Whittier had not then, in all probability, heard of the incident, much less penned the words that thrilled the whole North with patriotism, and renewed its faith in the cause of the perpetuity of the Union. The resident of Frederick spoke to Lieutenant Pillsbury, as his company made a temporary halt, and there is not the slightest ground for presuming that Barbara Frietchie and her flag were a mental creation of this citizen of Frederick. These

incidents of the warning to General Reno and of the genuineness of the personality of Barbara Frietchie are published now for the first time in a personal narrative of Colonel Pillsbury.

At the conclusion of the war between the states, Lieutenant Pillsbury returned home and at once reëngaged in shoe manufacturing, a business he had learned in all its many details prior to his service in the army. He at first engaged in the making of shoes in his native Londonderry, but ere long began manufacturing in Derry, where his business life has since been passed.

At the time of his going to Derry to engage in business, the West or Depot village, as it was then called, was a mere hamlet of a few scattered

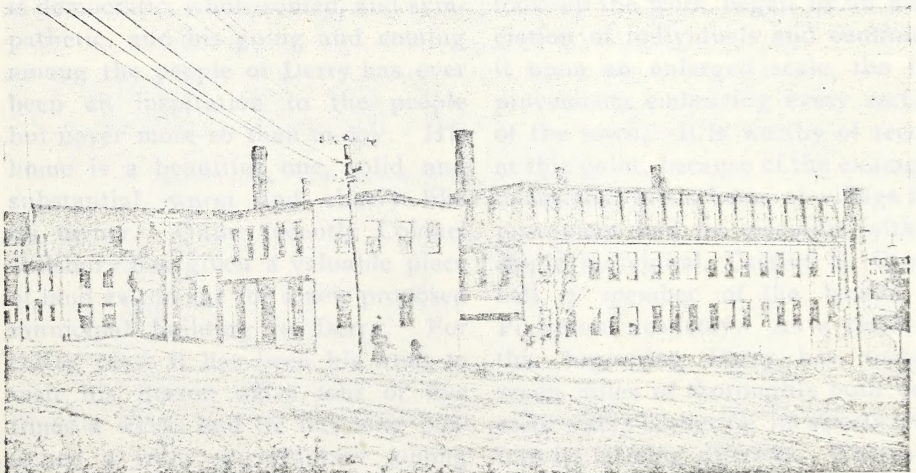




houses, and the building that served the utmost purpose of his factory was no larger than an ordinary dwelling. Step by step the little plant has grown until to-day it has a capacity that gives employment to some six hundred employees, and is equipped throughout with the latest devised machinery. In course of time he admitted into partnership, in his shoe manufacturing enterprise, a son, Rosecrans W., under the firm name of W. S. & R. W. Pillsbury. This house ranks with the most progressive and prosperous business interests in the state. Continuous growth has been the law of the plant, and this expansion from the little beginning is significantly portrayed in the engraved letter head of the firm. In the illustration is the original factory and near to it the present great plant, the whole silently yet most effectively setting forth the history of the grand success of the enterprise. It is regretted that no photograph that would adequately show the plant as it is, could be secured.

Colonel Pillsbury is a man not

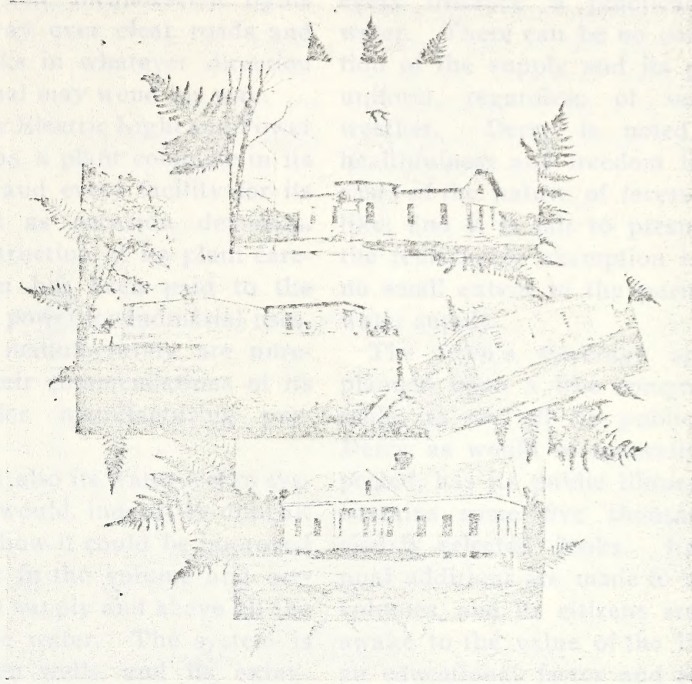
only of great courage and energy, but one who knows the value of method and system. He possesses to a marked degree that faculty known as the initiative and the skill, the persistency, and insistency to carry out that which he originates. He likes business for its own sake and is ever ready to do that which will add to the advantage of Derry and his own home town, Londonderry. He has been much in political life. Away back in 1868 he was a commissioner for Rockingham county. As a county commissioner he proved a most efficient official. In 1877 he was an aide on the staff of Governor Prescott and from that date has borne the title of "colonel." As a "good citizen" he has actively participated in Londonderry's town affairs. For near a generation he served as moderator, as trustee of the public library, and on committees almost without end. He served a term as a member of the legislature many years ago, and is a member of the present senate, his term expiring with the year. His church



The Pillsbury Shoe Shops, West Derry.







Schools.

home is the Congregational. He is a Mason, and member of various business and social organizations. He has always been a liberal contributor in both Londonderry and Derry. He is democratic, whole-souled, and sympathetic, and his going and coming among the people of Derry has ever been an inspiration to the people but never more so than to-day. His home is a beautiful one, solid and substantial, warm and cheery like its owner. Quite recently Colonel Pillsbury has given a valuable piece of land as the site for a new proposed municipal building in Derry. For thirty years it has been his wont to visit his Boston office four or five times a week, and he has long possessed a wide acquaintance among the shoe trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Derry has had its village improvement society, and so excellent was the work it initiated and carried to completion that ere many years elapsed the town in its corporate capacity took up the work began by an association of individuals and continued it upon an enlarged scale, the improvements embracing every section of the town. It is worthy of record at this point, because of the example, to say that this scheme of village improvement had its inception with a single individual, Cassius S. Campbell, a member of the faculty of Pinkerton academy. As a result of this beginning Derry has, to-day, seven miles of thoroughly built concrete walks bordering its streets clear into its farming districts. The same is the fact as respects the lighting of the streets and highways by electric-





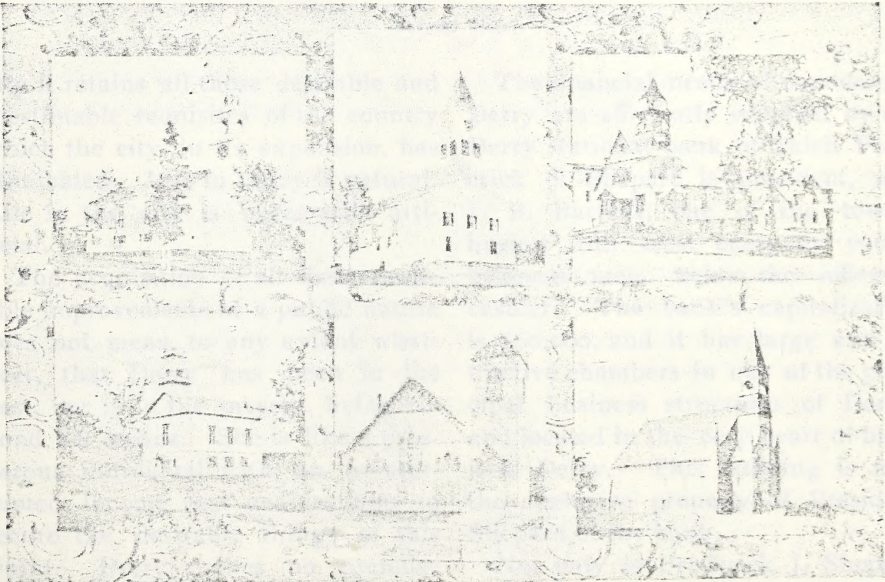
ity. Arc and incandescent lights show the way over clear roads and smooth walks in whatever direction the individual may wend his way.

The Derry Electric Light and Power Company has a plant complete in its equipment, and every facility for its enlargement as occasion demands. In the construction of its plant careful attention has been paid to the provision of power for industrial uses, and Derry manufacturers are unre-served in their commendations of its efficiency for manufacturing purposes.

Derry has also its water-works system, and it would, indeed, be difficult to conceive how it could be improved upon, either in the volume and certainty of the supply and above all the purity of the water. The system is one of driven wells, and its extension from time to time can easily be accomplished. Chemical analyses repeatedly made, have shown in

every instance a practically pure water. There can be no contamination of the supply and its purity is uniform, regardless of season or weather. Derry is noted for its healthfulness and freedom from diseases of the nature of fevers and the like, and it is fair to presume that the remarkable exemption is due to no small extent to the purity of the water supply.

The town's sewerage system is planned upon a like comprehensive scale, as are all its public works. Derry, as would so naturally be expected, has its public library, and it contains some five thousand judiciously selected books. Large annual additions are made to its list of volumes, and its citizens are keenly awake to the value of the library as an educational factor and source of intellectual recreation. There is also a library of still another five thousand volumes in Pinkerton academy for



Churches.

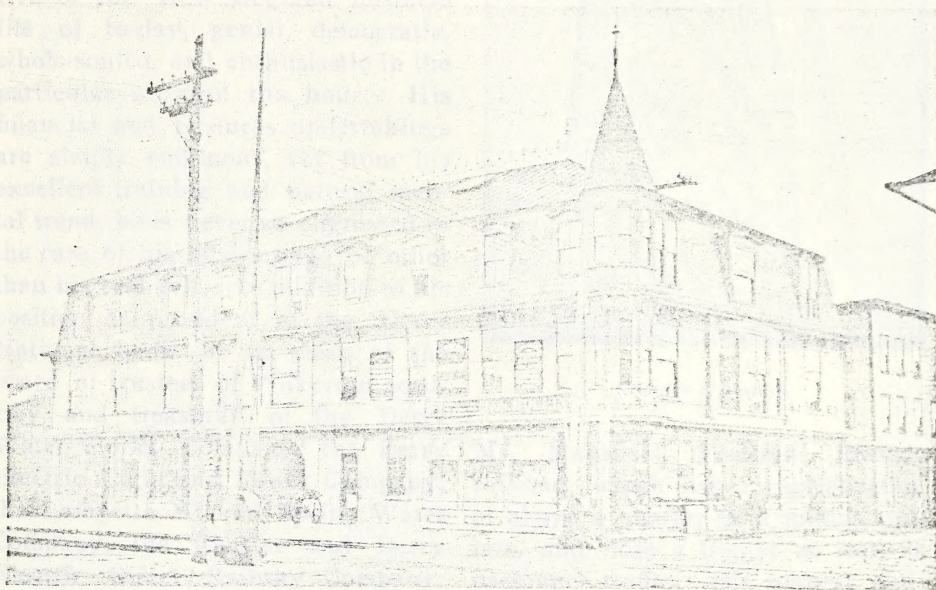




the more special use of its faculty and student body.

Taken, therefore, as a whole, Derry actually possesses every material advantage and improvement which any city contains, but along with the material advantages of the

possess. She is building new houses and factories and opening new streets in every part of the town, and this means an increased valuation list, and in Derry's case it is so marked as to justify this liberal expenditure of public moneys.



Shepard Block.

city it retains all those desirable and inestimable requisites of the country which the city, in its expansion, has eliminated. Life in Derry is natural. Life in the city is necessarily artificial.

The acquisition of all these desirable improvements of a public nature does not mean, to any extent whatever, that Derry has been in the past, nor is in the present, living beyond her means. She is like a prosperous individual with an uninterrupted income that enables him to secure the desirable things of this world. Derry makes no pretense to wealth or income she does not

The financial needs of commercial Derry are efficiently supplied by the Derry National bank of which Frederick J. Shepard is president, and J. B. Bartlett, one of the town's busiest and most energetic young business men, holds the office of cashier. The bank's capitalization is \$60,000, and it has large and attractive chambers in one of the principal business structures of Derry, and located in the very heart of business Derry. This building is now the exclusive property of President Shepard of the bank.

Not only is Frederick J. Shepard one of the most prominent men in

the more special use of its facilities and student body. Taken together, as a whole, Berry actually possesses every material advantage and opportunity which any city contains that stands with the material advantage of the

position. She is building new houses and factories and opening new streets in every part of the town and this means an increased taxation for and in Berry's case it is an increase in her ability to meet the demand for public money.

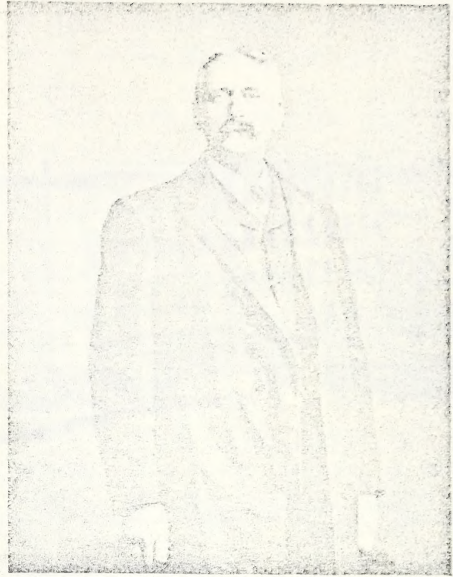


city it retains all those desirable and inestimable qualities of the country which the city in its expansion has eliminated. Life in Berry is natural. Life in the city is necessarily artificial. The acquisition of all these desirable improvements of a people means does not mean, to any extent whatever, that Berry has been in the past, nor is in the present, living beyond her means. She is like a person individual with an unimpaired income that enables him to secure the desirable things of this world. Berry wastes no part of her wealth or income she does not

the financial back of commercial life. She is abundantly supplied by the Berry National Bank of which Berry is the largest in the state. Berry is the largest one of the state's banks and most energetic young business men hold the office of cashier. The bank's capitalization is \$100,000 and it has paid out \$1,000,000 in loans to the farmers of the state. The building is now and located in the very heart of the city. The building is now the exclusive property of Berry and is the largest of the state.



the general affairs of Derry but throughout New Hampshire he is widely known and as highly esteemed for the part he takes in its business and social interests. He is one of those men that present the finest type of all that is representative of the New England business life of to-day, genial, democratic, whole-souled, and enthusiastic in the particular work of the hour. His financial and business undertakings are simply enormous, yet from his excellent training and natural mental trend, he is never so engrossed in the care of his affairs as to be other than his real self. In addition to his position as president of the Derry National bank he is clerk of the board of trustees of Pinkerton academy and treasurer of the Derry Water-Works Company, the Derry Electric Light and Power Company, the Lafayette Mineral Spring Water Company, the Chester and Derry Electric Street Railway Company, the Derry Citizens' Building and Loan Association, and still of other local business interests. He is the treasurer and general manager of the



Frederick J. Shepard.

Mt. Mansfield, Vermont, Electric railroad, which has a capitalization of above a quarter of a million dollars, and does a freight as well as passenger traffic. His natural aptitude for business enables him to attend to all his varied interests, as said, without apparent perplexity.

Mr. Shepard is only fifty-one, having been born in Framingham, Mass., August 16, 1851. His parents were William H. and Rosina (Johnson) Shepard. As a retired woolen manufacturer the father removed from Framingham to Derry, which has ever since been the family home. Young Shepard attended the public schools of Derry, and, in time, graduated from Pinkerton academy. In 1881 he became cashier of the Derry National bank, continuing as such until the current year, when he became its president.

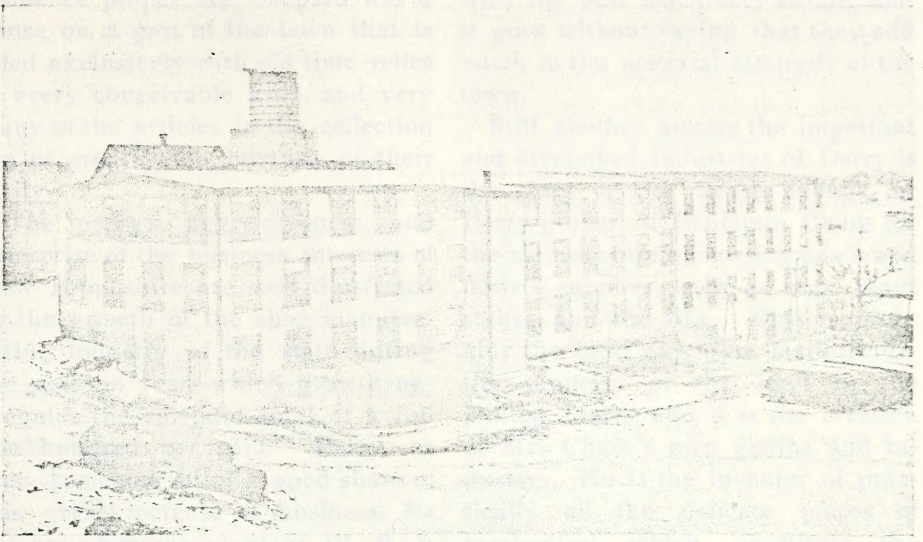
Mr. Shepard is active and conspicuous in the Masonic fraternity.



Residence of Frederick J. Shepard.







Shoe Shop of Perkins, Hardy & Co., West Derry.

He is a past master of St. Mark's Lodge, and present high priest of Bell Chapter, Derry. He is a member of Trinity Commandery, Manchester, and of the Manchester Consistory, Scottish Rite, and is a Mason of the Thirty-second degree.

The residence of Mr. Shepard is in the East village, and, with its one hundred acres, is one of the most pretentious homesteads in New Hampshire. Not only is the residence a spacious one, but its construction is in the finest of materials throughout. It is in his home life that Mr. Shepard is seen at his best, for he is, in spite of his multifarious affairs, a genuine home body. The latch-string of the home is always out, and the warmest hospitality pervades its every nook. Here, in the companionship of his wife and three boys, Mr. Shepard welcomes the neighbor and stranger. Mrs. Shepard was born Annie E. Bartlett. Her native town was Nottingham.

She is a granddaughter of Joseph Cilley, once a United States senator from this state. On her paternal side she descends from Judge Bartlett, so prominent in the legal annals of New Hampshire. Mrs. Shepard is active in the religious, educational, and social life of Derry. She was a leading spirit in the formation of Molly Reid Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Derry, and its first regent. She is a member of the Derry Woman's club, an organization for the study of literature and current events.

An added interest of the Shepard home are attic rooms stored with relics of Colonial homes and times. Included among these is the original McMurphy musket, that did service in the days of Indians and wild animals. This musket is a ponderous affair. It is seven feet long and one of a make the weight of which necessitated its resting on a standard when fired. Besides the relics kept in the



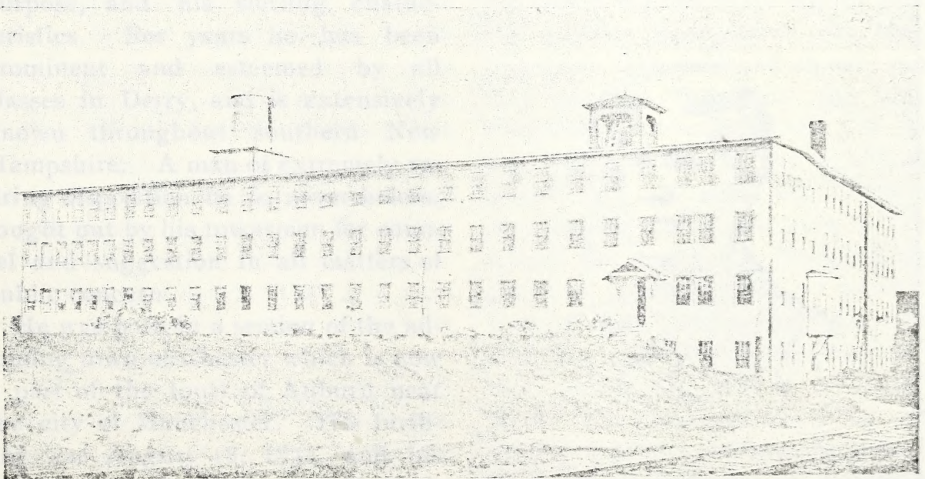


residence proper Mr. Shepard has a house on a part of the lawn that is filled exclusively with old time relics of every conceivable kind, and very many of the articles in the collection are of great value because of their rarity.

The energy, aggressiveness, and enterprise of the business interests of New Hampshire are well illustrated by the growth of the shoe manufacturing industry of the state during the past ten years which growth aggregates the splendid total of a full one hundred per cent. Derry, as seen, has come in for a good share of this great increase of business, for not only has the plant of W. S. & R. W. Pillsbury been greatly enlarged in that time, the new factory of F. M. Hodgdon built, but the current season has seen completed an addition of ten thousand square feet to one of the two factories of Perkins, Hardy & Co. in Derry. Both of these plants are in the West village, and together they employ some seven hundred people. Both factories are equipped to their utmost

with the best machinery extant, and it goes without saying that they add much to the material strength of the town.

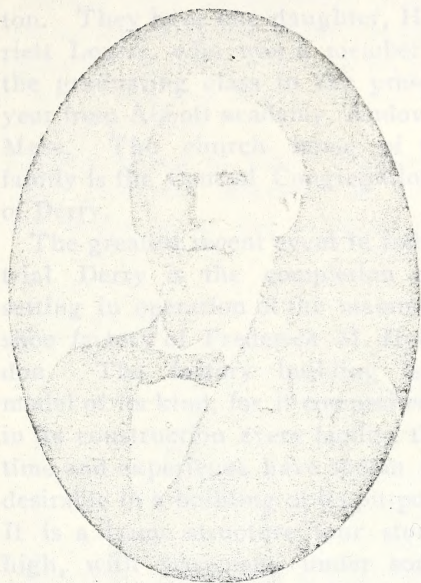
Still another among the important and diversified industries of Derry is the plant in the Centre village, or Derry proper, of Benjamin Chase for the manufacture of nurserymen's and florists supplies, such as tags, plant stakes, and the like. This is probably the most extensive manufacturing property of the kind in the United States, and it is the creation of Mr. Chase's own genius and industry. He is the inventor of practically all the delicate pieces of mechanism which constitute the plant's installation, and the quality of the product has ever been the admiration of the trade. Tree and plant labels are produced literally by the million, and are furnished plain or printed. Plant tags and stakes likewise are turned out by the carload. All these products are made from the choicest quality of white pine. The trade in every part of the country is supplied by Mr. Chase.



Lower Factory, Perkins, Hardy & Co. West Derry.







Benjamin Chase.

Aside from the special products for the nursery and florist there are made in this factory a number of other specialties.

Of Benjamin Chase, personally it can be said without exaggeration that he would be a man of note in any community because of his varied abilities, his works in every good purpose, and his sterling characteristics. For years he has been prominent and esteemed by all classes in Derry, and is extensively known throughout southern New Hampshire. A man of extremely retiring disposition he is, nevertheless, sought out by his townsmen for counsel and suggestion in all matters of public concern.

He was born in a section of the adjoining town of Chester which is now a part of the town of Auburn near the city of Manchester. His birthday was August 18, 1832, and his parents were Benjamin and Hannah (Hall) Chase. The senior Mr.

Chase, aside from a prominence in general affairs, was the author of a history of the town of Chester. The younger Mr. Chase attended the public schools of Chester, and later pursued his studies under a private tutor. A sea voyage as a sailor before the mast was an incident of his early manhood years, but since his return he has shown no intimation for a roving career. The Chase residence in Derry proper is one of the finest and largest in the town. In its construction Mr. Chase was his own architect, a fact that illustrates the exceptional versatility of his mechanical genius. The proportions of the mansion, for such it is, are such as would do credit to a professional. On the first floor all principal rooms, including the reception hall and staircase, are finished in the choicest selected black walnut. The grounds of the house are spacious and neatly kept.

Mr. Chase married, on June 17, 1875, Harriett D. Fuller of Dunbar-



Mrs. Harriett Fuller Chase.



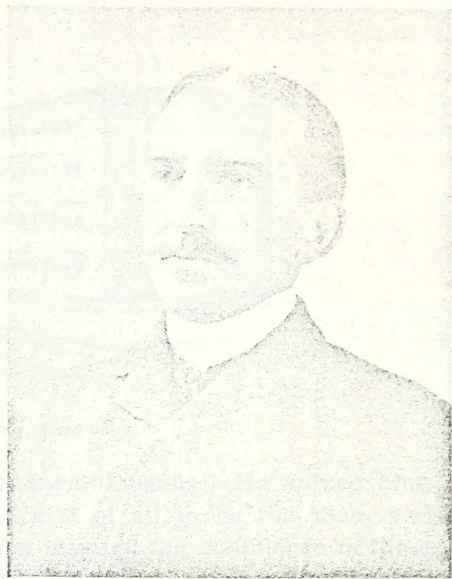


ton. They have one daughter, Harriett Louise, who was a member of the graduating class in the present year from Abbott academy, Andover, Mass. The church home of the family is the Central Congregational of Derry.

The greatest recent event in industrial Derry is the completion and setting in operation of the mammoth shoe factory of Frederick M. Hodgdon. The factory building is a model of its kind, for it comprehends in its construction every facility that time and experience have shown are desirable in a building of its purpose. It is a frame structure four stories high, with basement under something more than half of it, and includes a total of nearly seventy thousand superficial feet of floor space. The building is heated by steam, the pipes running near the ceiling of each room instead of near the floor as was for so long the practice in factory buildings. It is equipped with automatic sprinklers, is thoroughly ventilated, and gets the light of day from all sides. The machinery is of the latest accepted make, and the plan of the interior arrangements of the building is such that when once raw material is started on its way to be transformed into the finished shoe the successive operations are continuous. The machinery is operated by electricity supplied by the Derry Electric Light and Power Company. Mr. Hodgdon speaks highly of electricity as a motive power, especially noting its evenness.

Not only does Derry appreciate the completion in its midst of this splendid industrial plant, but likewise the addition to the town of Mr. Hodgdon and family. He possesses to a

fine degree those powers and characteristics that constitute the most desirable type of citizenship. Singularly enough his coming to Derry from Haverhill, Mass., is but a return to his native New Hampshire, for he was born in the town of Farm-



Frederick M. Hodgdon.

ington, June 17, 1864, and thus has but just completed his thirty-eighth year. His parents were James and Mary Elizabeth (Brooks) Hodgdon, and they gave to their son the name Frederick Milton. When the son was but a year old the family removed to Livermore, Me. After a comparatively brief residence in Livermore the senior Mr. Hodgdon engaged in contract work on shoes at Natick, Mass., and a few years later with two other brothers established a shoe contracting firm at Haverhill, Mass. The childhood life of the son, Frederick Milton, was passed in Haverhill. He attended the public schools of the town, passing from one grade

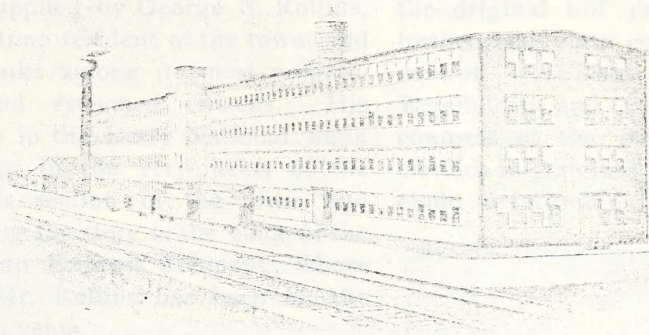




to another until his sixteenth year, when his school life came to an abrupt termination, a result of the death of his father, who was fatally injured in a railroad accident.

As the oldest of three children young Hodgdon became, on the death of his father, the mainstay of

business office of another shoe manufacturing firm. In this he gained an insight into all the details incident to shoe manufacturing. The work was congenial, and into it he threw his whole energy and enthusiasm. He displayed an individuality that piqued the attention of employers



F. M. Hodgdon's Shoe Shop, West Derry.

the family, and right manfully did he discharge the sacred trust imposed upon him. He went directly from the school-room to the employ of the shoe manufacturing firm of Gardner Bros., in Haverhill, as errand boy at four dollars a week. From the time of that first start upon an industrial life his career has been a continuous upward trend. Progress has been the very essence of his life, but each onward step has been the result of proficiency in the one below. His record in the shoe manufacturing industry is the story of passing through each successive department step by step, finally working into the position of salesman.

At the end of his first six months he was earning six dollars a week, and from errand boy he became one of the packing-room force, eventually passing from this into the general

and men of means. He trained himself first of all to be the man, and thus inspired the confidence of those with whom he came in contact. From his sixteenth to twenty-fourth year his earnings went to the support of his mother, brother, and sister, he faithfully discharging the charge which became his upon the death of his father.

As early as 1888 Mr. Hodgdon made his first venture as a shoe manufacturer, forming a co-partnership that continued until 1895, since which year he has conducted business on his own account and that with signal success. In 1890 he married Miss Abigail Shackford Bennett of Newmarket. Mr. Hodgdon is a Mason, with membership in Saggahue Lodge, Pentucket Chapter, and Haverhill Commandery, Knights Templar, all of Haverhill.



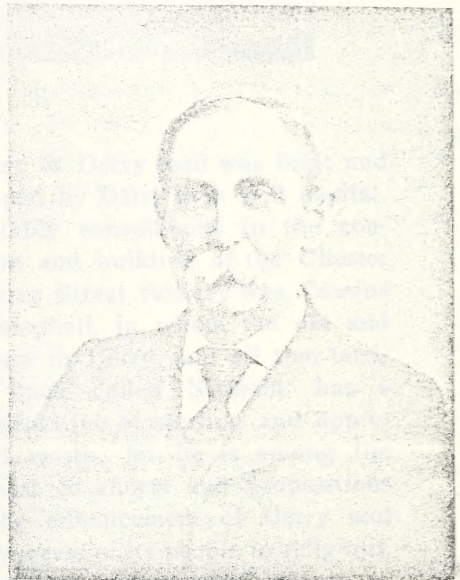


He is a member of Pentucket Social club, Monday Evening Literary club, both of Haverhill, and of the Boston Shoe and Leather club. It is hardly essential to add that he is looked upon by the people of Derry as a potent acquisition to the town.

The needs of Derry and its adjacent territory as regards a news and stationery store are amply and popularly supplied by George S. Rollins, a long-time resident of the town, and who ranks among its most progressive and esteemed citizens. His store is in the Derry National Bank building, in the very heart of the business section of the town, and adjoining the store is the office of the American Express Company, whose agent Mr. Rollins has been for the past ten years.

Mr. Rollins is New Hampshire born and bred. His natal town was Deerfield, and the record of his life began August 10, 1835. His parents were Captain Sewall P. and Sophronia C. (Lang) Rollins. His boyhood life was passed on the homestead farm and in attending the public schools of Deerfield. In early manhood he worked at shoe making. In the exciting and eventful year of 1860 he went to Lowell, Mass., working first in the spindle city as a house painter. In the earlier days of the Civil War he took charge of the shoe factory, then operated by Elbridge Dearborn, and this position he held till the close of the war, when he became a traveling salesman for the wholesale boot and shoe house of Hapgood Wright, with the state of New Hampshire as his special territory. He continued as a traveling salesman for twelve years, obtaining in these years a valued business train-

ing and experience. In 1875 he left the road and located in Derry, buying a general store in the West village. While never an office seeker he has filled the office of supervisor for six years, and was a member of the legislature of 1899, in which he served on the committee on public health. It was Mr. Rollins, who, as a member of the house, introduced the original bill providing for the forthcoming state constitutional convention. He has been a lifelong Republican and prominent in the counsels of the party. His associations in fraternal organizations include membership in the Odd Fel-

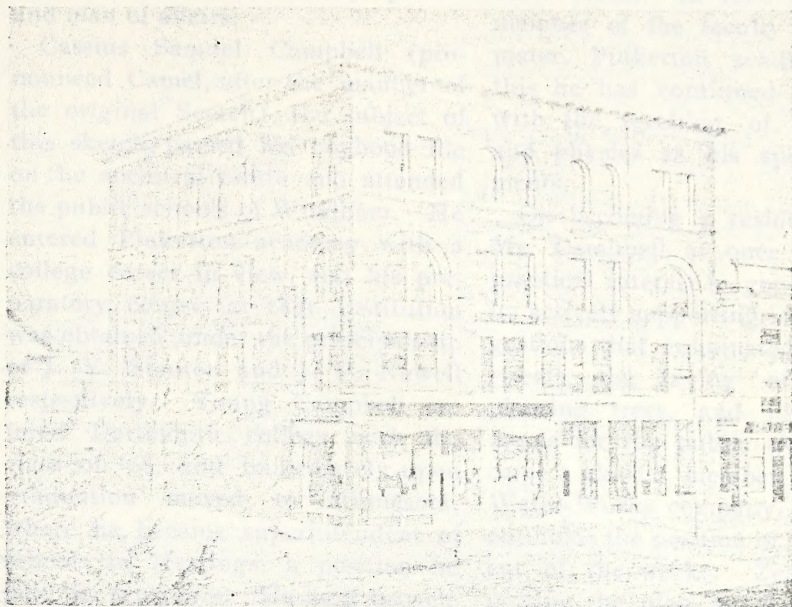


George S. Rollins.

lows, the Patrons of Husbandry, and the Golden Cross. In the building up of Derry's material interests he has been very active, having constructed a half dozen or more substantial dwellings. He married, January 1, 1857, Miss Rosina Hayward of Topsham, Vt. One child,







Odd Fellows' Block.

George F., was born to them February 16, 1868. He died February 18, 1890, aged twenty-two years. The family home is on the corner of Franklin and Rollins streets, and is among the best residences in the town. The church home of the family is the Protestant Episcopal.

The enterprise and discernment of factors calculated to promote the welfare of the town displayed by the people of Derry is forcibly illustrated in the construction of the Chester & Derry Electric Street railway. Ere many cities and larger towns in New England had built a mile of trolley line, the Chester and Derry road, seven miles in length, was a fact. Not only is the line for passenger traffic but freight as well, and thus the stores, factories, and dwellings in all the villages of the town have their freight taken from or delivered at their very doors as it were. The

Chester & Derry road was built and equipped by Derry men and capital.

Notably conspicuous in the conception and building of the Chester & Derry Street railway was Cassius S. Campbell, in whom the old and the new in Derry, and all that territory once called Nutfield, has a representative of sterling and appreciated worth, for he is among the foremost in efforts and propositions for the advancement of Derry and the progress of its people in religious, educational, and material matters.

He was born in the adjoining town of Windham, originally a part of Londonderry, November 19, 1845. His parents were Samuel and Lydia (Crowell) Campbell. His first ancestor on the paternal side in America was that Henry Campbell who emigrated from Londonderry, Ire., in 1733, settling in the New Hampshire town of the same name, and in time



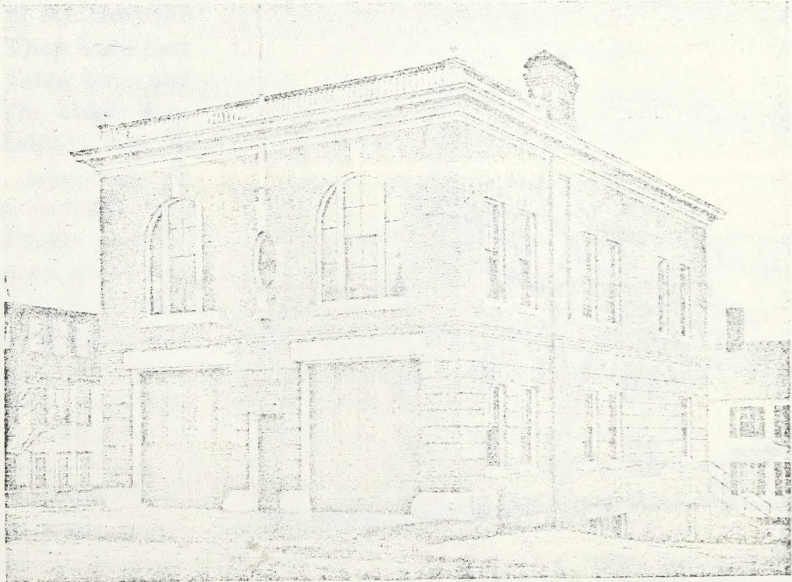


becoming a large landed proprietor and man of affairs.

Cassius Samuel Campbell (pronounced Camel, after the manner of the original Scotch), the subject of this sketch, passed his boyhood life on the ancestral estate and attended the public schools of Windham. He entered Pinkerton academy with a college career in view, and his preparatory course at that institution was obtained under the principalship of J. Y. Stanton and J. P. Newell respectively. Young Campbell entered Dartmouth college with the class of '68, and immediately upon graduation moved to Minnesota, where he became superintendent of schools in Hastings, a position he held for ten years. He next became principal of the high school in the city of St. Paul, holding the same for five years, when he resigned and returned to his native New Hampshire to teach in the McCollom Institute,

Mt. Vernon. In 1888 he became a member of the faculty of his alma mater, Pinkerton academy, and in this he has continued to this day, with the teaching of mathematics and physics as his special departments.

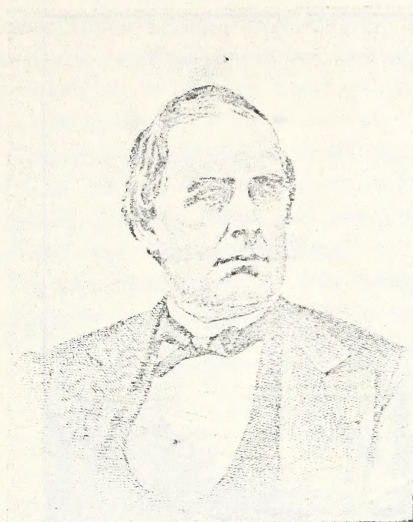
On becoming a resident of Derry Mr. Campbell at once displayed a practical interest in good citizenship by actively supporting ideas and suggestions that culminated in lighting streets, the laying of sidewalks, planting trees, and like improvements for the public weal. He became a charter member of the Derry Water-Works company, and at present holds the position of superintendent of the works. Zealously supporting the plan for the Chester & Derry Electric Street railway he gave to the scheme his best effort, and is to-day president of the enterprise. He has never held political office, though opportunity to do so has been



Engine House, West Derry.







John M. Pinkerton.

presented him repeatedly by his fellow-townsmen. His church home is the Central Congregational of Derry, and in this he is an earnest and valued worker. He married, in 1869, Miss Lydia Lorane Ashley of Northampton, Mass., a graduate of Mt. Holyoke college. They have four children, three boys and a girl. The eldest son, George Ashley, has, in his early manhood, attained an enviable and most creditable position in his chosen profession and in general scholarship. He obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, that of A. B., A. M., and Ph. D. from Harvard university, and in addition he studied for three years in leading universities of

Europe. He is at present electrical engineer with the American Bell Telephone Company, Boston. The second son, Arthur Forward, is a graduate of Dartmouth and at present a teacher in the Quincy, Mass., high school. The daughter, Francina Louise, is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke college, and is librarian of the engineering library in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The youngest son is in the telephone business in New York city.

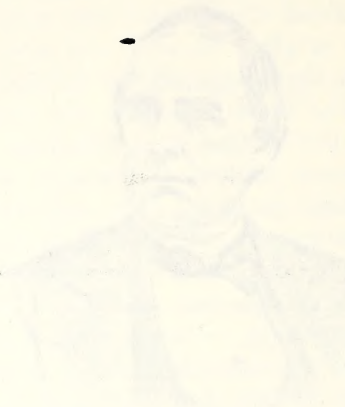
As already intimated Derry's greatest factor is its splendid citizenship, the men who go to make the manner of town it is and assure its present and future progress and solidity. A fine example of the kind of men that make Derry the well nigh ideal community is found in George W. Bingham, A. M., now in the eighteenth year of service as principal of Pinkerton academy. He is, moreover, a sterling product of those New Eng-



Old Pinkerton Academy.

Europe. He is at present located in  
 about with the American Bell Tel-  
 phone Company, Boston. The central  
 was Arthur Brown, a graduate of  
 Dartmouth and at present a teacher  
 in the Oyster, Mass. high school.  
 The daughter, Fanning Brown, a  
 graduate of Mt. Holyoke college,  
 and is likewise of the engineering  
 library in the Massachusetts Insti-  
 tute of Technology. The youngest  
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 many a man in George W. Berry,  
 born A. M. now in the eighth  
 year of service as principal of Public  
 in New England. He is, moreover, a  
 sterling product of these New Eng-



George W. Berry

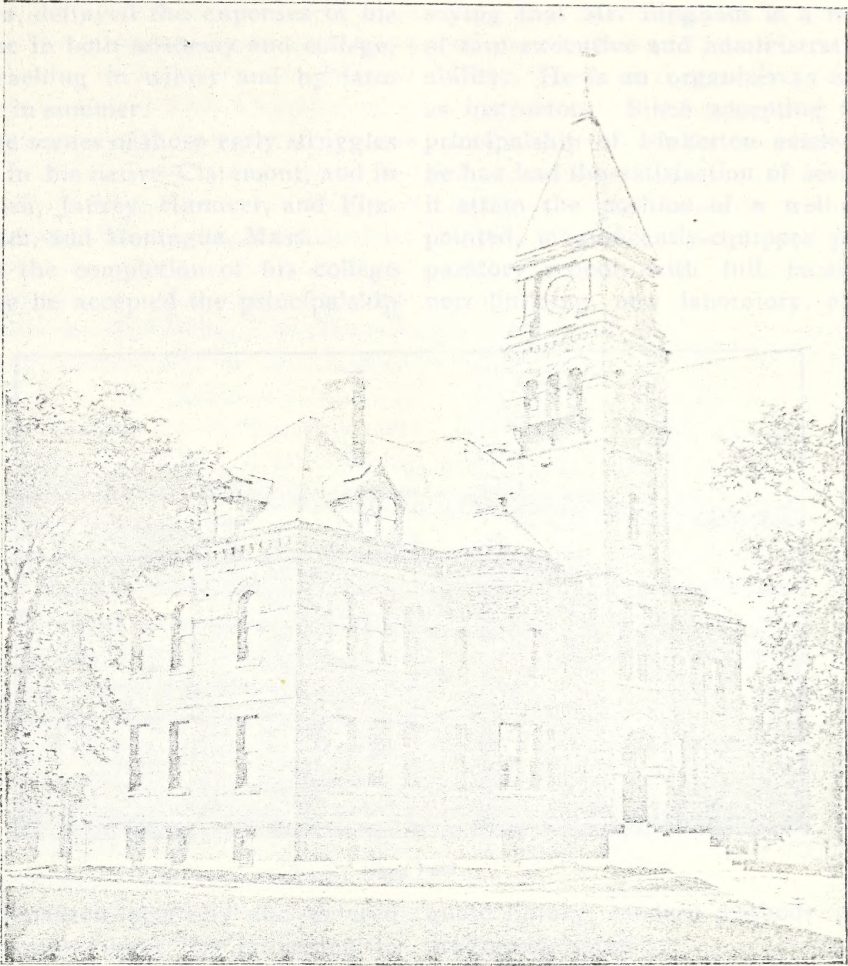
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 from Harvard University,  
 and in addition he stud-  
 ied for three years in  
 leading universities of



Ed. Robinson, architect





Pinkerton Academy.

land institutions and ideas planted and nurtured by the early settlers. He is fifth in descent from that Thomas Bingham of Sheffield, Eng., who came to America in season to become, in 1659, one of the thirty original proprietors of Norwich, Conn. He is cousin to Mrs. William M. Evarts of New York city and Windsor, Vt., and related by blood to John Thornton Kirkland, early in the last century president of Harvard college. His maternal an-

cestors came from France in the time of Huguenot persecution. He was born in Claremont, and reared among the rugged and character-building activities of farm life. He prepared for college at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, and graduated from Dartmouth, class of 1863. At graduation he became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society, and in due course of time received the degree of Master of Arts.

Self-reliant, resourceful, and above



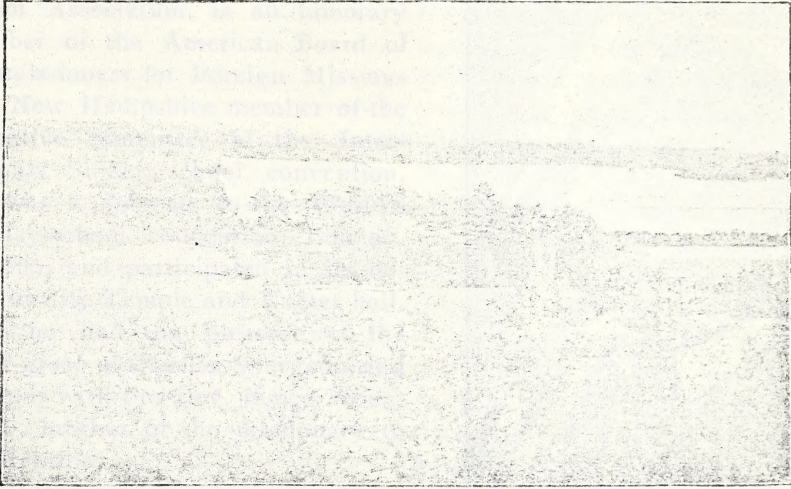


all courageous, he, from the age of fifteen, defrayed the expenses of his course in both academy and college, by teaching in winter and by farm labor in summer.

The scenes of those early struggles were in his native Claremont, and in Cornish, Jaffrey, Hanover, and Fitzwilliam, and Montague, Mass.

On the completion of his college course he accepted the principalship

Of course it goes almost without saying that Mr. Bingham is a man of rare executive and administrative ability. He is an organizer as well as instructor. Since accepting the principalship of Pinkerton academy he has had the satisfaction of seeing it attain the position of a well-appointed, magnificently-equipped preparatory school, with full faculty, new building, new laboratory, ade-



Island Pond.

of Gilmanton academy and entered deliberately upon the profession to which all his time since has been devoted, except a period of six years, beginning in 1870, when impaired health demanded a change, and he became managing partner in the wholesale nursery firm of Neally, Bock & Bingham, Burlington, Ia. With health regained he closed a successful business career to resume his chosen calling. He has served as principal, besides Gilmanton, of the seminary for girls, Pittsburg, Pa., five years; Denmark academy, Denmark, Ia., eight years; and Pinkerton academy, seventeen years.

quate library, modern methods, and progressive spirit.

As a teacher he has taken an active and aggressive part in promoting the reform of the past twelve years in the teaching of English, and his pupils have taken their full share of prizes in the various interscholastic competitions in written composition and oral debate.

In recent years Mr. Bingham has had several tempting business offers coming through his commercial reputation established in Iowa, and has declined various proffers of educational positions, including that of the presidency of Oahu college, Honolulu.





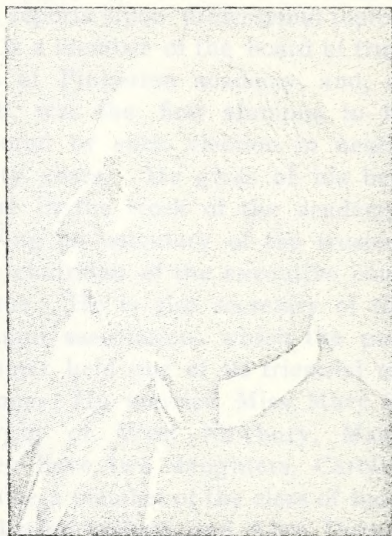
In early manhood, while a student in Kimball Union academy, he united with the Congregational church on profession of faith, and has been actively identified with Christian work wherever his lot has been cast. In Pittsburg he was a member of the Third Presbyterian church, and superintendent of its Sunday-school during the pastorate of Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D. He has been president of the New Hampshire Sunday-school Association, is an honorary member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and New Hampshire member of the executive committee of the International Sunday-school convention. He was a delegate to the World's Sunday-school convention, London, in 1889, and participated in its doings in City Temple and Exeter hall. Here he had the pleasure of the hand grasp of Charles Spurgeon and an hour with the Rev. James Paton, D. D., brother of the missionary to the Hebrides.

In his personal appearance, facial expressions, and even voice Mr. Bingham forcibly reminds one of the late James G. Blaine. The resemblance of the two is much more striking than the picture of Mr. Bingham on page 332 would indicate.

The Bingham family residence in Derry is the McGregor mansion, one of the richest examples of the old-time architecture to be found in all New England. A feature of its furnishings is a hall clock of costly and elaborate construction that has not ceased for an instant to beat time in a full one hundred years.

In John C. Chase Derry has a citizen, who, judging from his activity and success in notable fields of

special effort, bids fair to make for himself a name and reputation that will be national in its scope for notwithstanding all that he has already accomplished he is but just past fifty. He is one of those men so desirable in any community that can fit in anywhere and fill the existing gap. This means that socially he is one of the best of men to meet, for he is a man



John C. Chase.

of versatile reading and culture, has seen much of the country under the most advantageous conditions, and has, from natural fitness, been a leader among men. He is, practically, a new-comer to Derry, but as he is a native of the town of Chester, adjoining Derry, he may be said to be almost to the manner born. His birthday was July 26, 1849, the son of Charles and Caroline (Chase) Chase. His mother was the daughter of Benjamin Chase, author of the "History of Chester," and father of the present Benjamin Chase of Derry. John C. Chase passed his boyhood





days on the paternal farm and in attending the village schools. He entered Pinkerton academy and upon graduation passed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Thence he began active life as a teacher in the schools of Massachusetts. Choosing civil engineering as a profession he made his beginning as an engineer with the late Joseph B. Sawyer of Manchester. During the construction of the Manchester water-works system he was assistant engineer for nearly four years. Afterwards he was professionally engaged upon the Boston water-works and elevated railroad systems of New York city. Under the civil service regulations he entered the New York custom house and after nearly two years of service resigned the assistant cashiership in the naval office, in 1881, to accept the position of superintendent of the Clarendon Water-Works, Wilmington, N. C., remaining until 1898, when he returned to his native state, settling in Derry.

As a citizen of North Carolina he was conspicuous in his profession and active as a citizen. He was for several years Wilmington's city surveyor, and the engineer member of the state board of health from 1893 to 1897. For thirty years he has been a member of the order of Odd Fellows, and in North Carolina was past regent of the Royal Arcanum, past high priest of the Royal Arch Chapter, and past commander and past deputy grand commander of the Knights Templar.

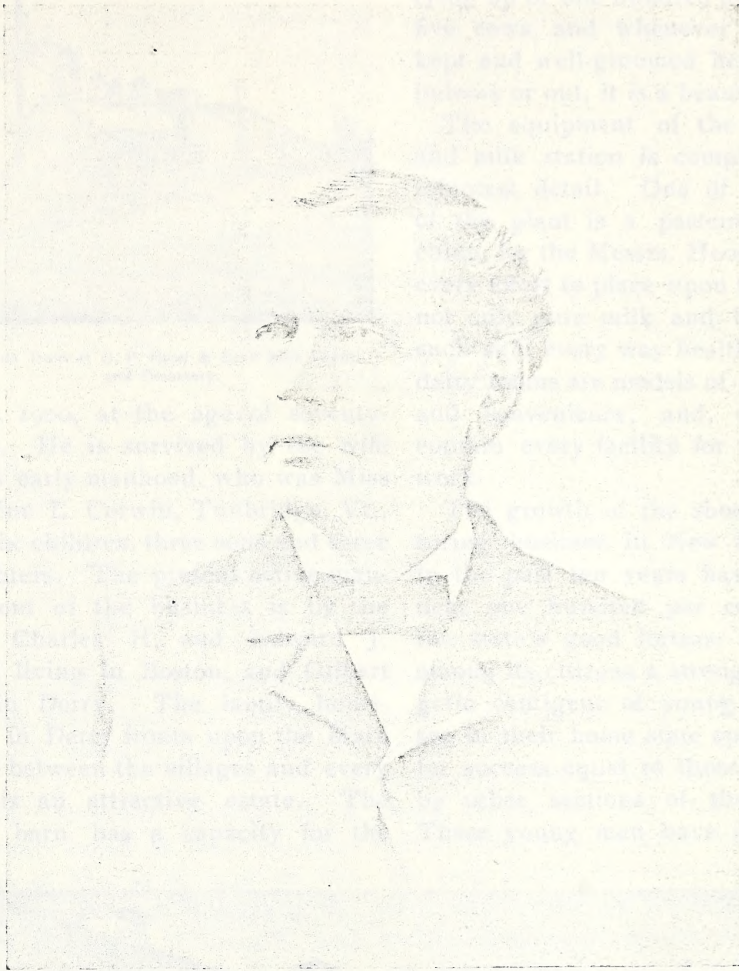
But the demands of his professional and business life, multifarious as they have been and are, do not prevent his giving valued time and effort to historical and genealogical work and

research and the Chase family history. He is the president of the Chase-Chace Family Association, one of the largest organizations of the kind in the country. He is a member of the New England Historic-Genealogical society, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Health Association, and several other kindred organizations, and the author of numerous papers and reports upon professional topics. He is a member of the board of trustees of Pinkerton academy, and, as such, was the first alumnus to be honored by such election in nearly thirty years. He gives of his best effort in the work of the academy, serving as secretary of the trustees and chairman of the executive committee. He is also secretary of the Alumni association, which the past summer held one of its triennial reunions. He married Miss Mary L. Durgin of West Newbury, Mass. They have two daughters, Carolyn Louise, a member of the class of 1900, Wellesley college, and Alice Durgin of the 1905 class, same college. Both girls are graduates of Pinkerton academy.

One of the first sights that arrests the attention of the stranger as he steps from his train in Derry is what is presumably the second largest creamery in the world, that of H. P. Hood & Sons, Derry and Boston. But the creamery proper is but a part of an immense plant, for it likewise includes a milk station in which fifteen thousand gallons of milk are handled daily, and in addition it contains a grain elevator of vast capacity, grain mill, and store. Entire train loads of milk and cream arrive and depart many times daily, and







Harvey P. Hood.

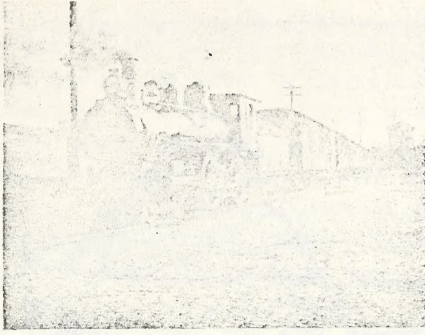
ice houses in which are stored annually twenty-five thousand tons of ice are still another adjunct of this great plant.

The business of H. P. Hood & Sons has grown from the smallest of beginnings, but for that very reason it rests upon a secure and firm foundation. It was founded by the late Harvey P. Hood, one of the most notably successful men who have ever had Derry for a home. Mr. Hood was a native of Chelsea, Vt.

At twenty-three he found his way to Boston, where, in 1847, he started a milk route, the nucleus of the present great enterprise. In 1856 he went to Derry, and besides buying a farm embarked in the business of purchasing the milk from his fellow Derry farmers. As time has passed the milk purchasing territory of the Hoods has expanded from beyond Derry limits over all New Hampshire and into Vermont as far north as Wells River. Mr. Hood died in







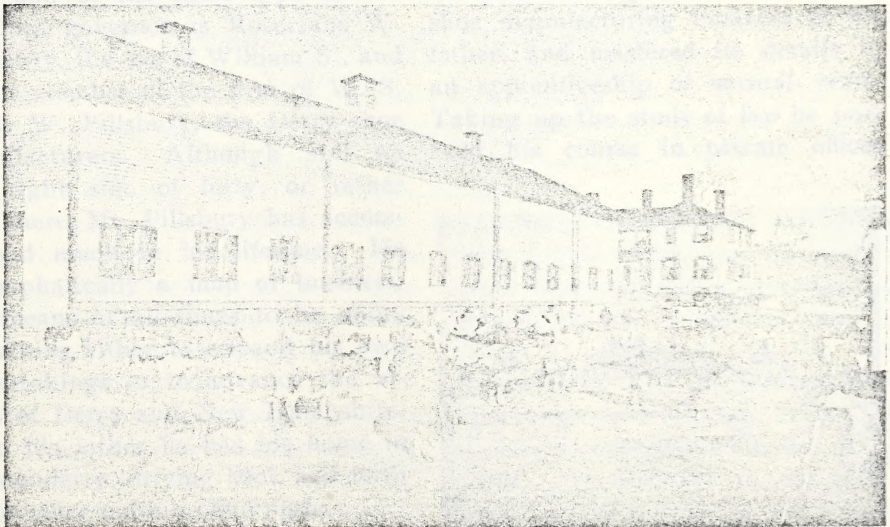
A Milk Train at H. P. Hood & Sons' Milk Depot and Creamery.

June, 1900, at the age of seventy-seven. He is survived by the wife of his early manhood, who was Miss Caroline L. Corwin, Tunbridge, Vt., and six children, three sons and three daughters. The present active management of the business is by the sons, Charles H. and Edward J. Hood living in Boston, and Gilbert H., in Derry. The family homestead in Derry fronts upon the Main street between the villages and every way is an attractive estate. The farm barn has a capacity for the

tying up of one hundred and twenty-five cows, and whenever this well-kept and well-groomed herd is seen, indoors or out, it is a beautiful sight.

The equipment of the creamery and milk station is complete to the minutest detail. One of the sights of the plant is a pasteurizing machine, for the Messrs. Hood put forth every effort to place upon the market not only pure milk and butter, but such as is every way healthful. The dairy rooms are models of cleanliness and convenience, and, of course, contain every facility for expediting work.

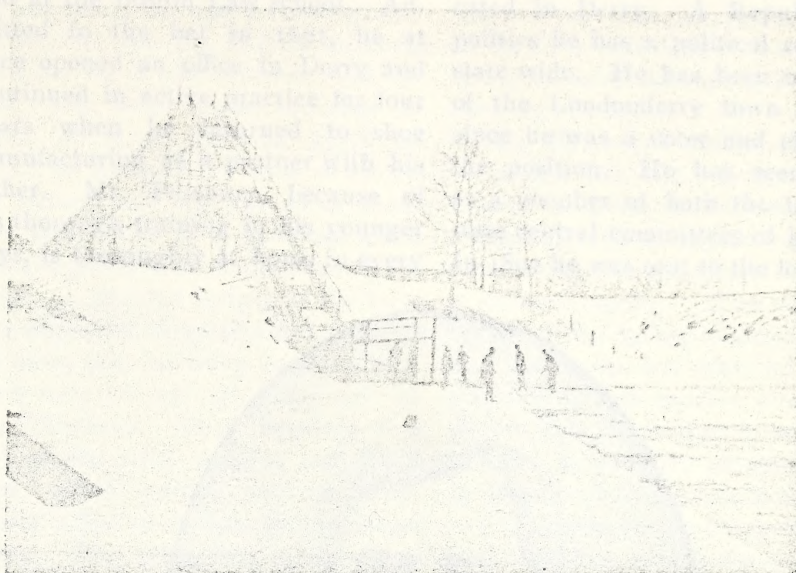
The growth of the shoe manufacturing business in New Hampshire in the past ten years has increased near one hundred per cent. It is the state's good fortune to number among its citizens a strong and energetic contingent of young men who see in their home state opportunities for success equal to those presented by other sections of the country. These young men have done much



Barn and Cattle on the late H. P. Hood Estate.







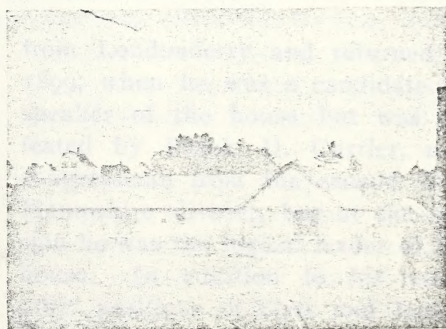
Gathering and Storing 25,000 tons of Ice—H. P. Hood & Sons.

to create chances for business for themselves and others to the great benefit and material wealth of the state.

Former Governor Rollins is a whole state board of trade in himself, and of the same type as the hustling governor is Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, the son of William S., and junior member of the firm of W. S. & R. W. Pillsbury, the Derry shoe manufacturers. Although still on the right side of forty, or rather just there, Mr. Pillsbury has accomplished much in his lifetime. He is emphatically a man of business. He means at all times to be doing something either to expand his own undertakings or to advance the affairs of Derry and New Hampshire. Like his father he has his home in Londonderry, driving back and forth to his office morning and night.

He was born in Londonderry, September 18, 1863, and named Rose-

crans W. after the famed Union general. In boyhood he attended the schools of Londonderry, Pinkerton academy, Phillips Andover, and entered Dartmouth with the class of 1885, remaining therein one year. He next turned his attention to the shoe manufacturing business of his father, and mastered its details in an apprenticeship of several years. Taking up the study of law he pursued his course in private offices



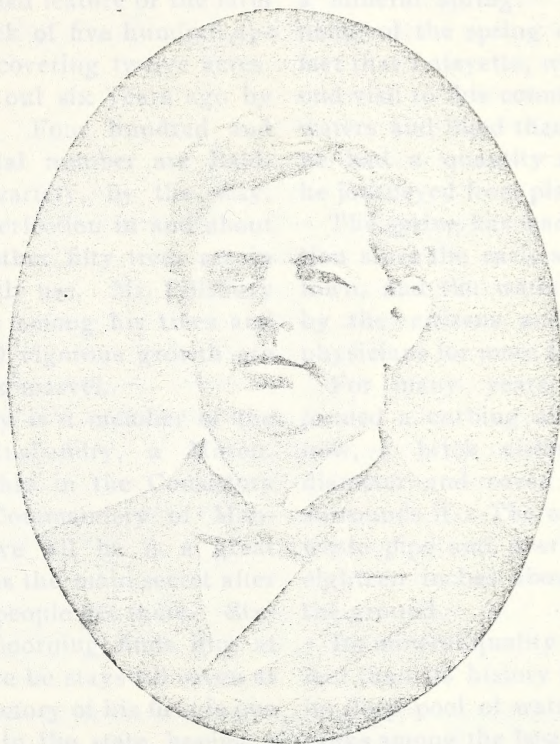
Frank Stearns's Mill.





and at the Boston Law school. Admitted to the bar in 1891, he at once opened an office in Derry and continued in active practice for four years when he returned to shoe manufacturing as a partner with his father. Mr. Pillsbury, because of his thorough training in his younger days, is thoroughly at home in every

cated in Derry. A Republican in politics he has a political reputation state wide. He has been moderator of the Londonderry town meetings since he was a voter and eligible to the position. He has seen service as a member of both the town and state central committees of his party. In 1897 he was sent to the legislature



Rosecrans W. Pillsbury.

department of a shoe factory. The firm, as said, has met with such success since its formation that the extension of the plant has gone on almost uninterruptedly.

Mr. Pillsbury is vice-president of the Shoe and Leather club, Boston, and a director of the Manchester National bank, and it was largely through his efforts that the new Hodgdon shoe factory became lo-

from Londonderry and returned in 1899, when he was a candidate for speaker of the house but was defeated by Frank D. Currier, now congressman from the second New Hampshire district, but at the session he was the logical leader of the house. In addition to his many other positions of trust and honor, he holds that of trustee of the State Agricultural college at Durham, his





appointment to which was wholly appropriate for his interest in rural economy is of the keenest description. His home place includes an estate of three hundred acres on which he keeps forty head of cattle, six horses, and one thousand hens. The farm barn is a spacious affair and altogether one of the best in the state. A decided feature of the farm is a single block of five hundred apple trees, they covering twelve acres. They were set out six years ago by Mr. Pillsbury. Four hundred and fifty of the total number are Baldwins, which variety, by the way, attains a fine perfection in and about Derry. The other fifty trees are in variety for family use. Mr. Pillsbury keeps his hens among his trees and their thrift and vigorous growth are little less than a marvel.

Mr. Pillsbury is a member of the Patrons of Husbandry, a Mason, with membership in the Consistory and Trinity Commandery of Manchester. Above all he is a great worker which is the main secret after all of the way people get there. Six-thirty in the morning finds him at his office, where he stays till seven at night. The factory of his firm is one of the largest in the state, having a pay-roll of some sixteen thousand dollars monthly, and turns out annually a million and a quarter pairs of girls' children's, and "little gents'" shoes.

Mr. Pillsbury married, in 1885, Miss Annie E., daughter of Horace P. Watts of Manchester. They have two daughters and a son. The elder daughter, Maud, is a student in Abbott academy, Andover.

The Boston office of W. S. & R. W. Pillsbury is 93 Lincoln street. Their sales extend to every part of

the country, and the junior member of the firm says that a foreign trade could be built up were it not for the duty on raw hides.

The diversified nature of Derry's industries find still further illustration in the Lafayette Mineral Spring company, which, as the name indicates, holds the proprietary rights in a mineral spring. The distinctive name of the spring comes from the fact that Lafayette, when on his second visit to this country, drank of its waters and liked them so much that he had a quantity shipped him as he journeyed from place to place.

The spring has had a local reputation since the early settlement of the town, and the water has been used by the citizens and prescribed by physicians for more than a century.

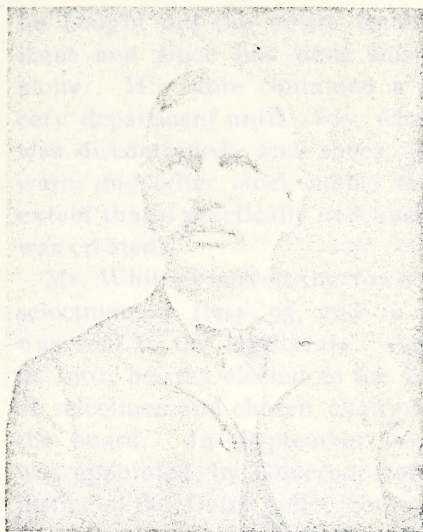
For many years an oaken tub formed a curbing about the spring; now, a brick cistern, six feet in diameter and seven feet in depth, surrounds it. The water rises to the waste pipe and overflows at a point eighteen inches above the surface of the ground.

Its mineral quality is no less excellent than its history is marvelous, or its deep pool of water beautiful. It ranks among the best springs, not because it is nauseous to the taste and violent in effect, but because its virtue acts like the silent, potent influences that control the natural world and give health and beauty to all that lives.

Moreover, the water contains all but two of the fifteen elements which naturally enter into the constitution of the human body. The two missing elements are found in the body in limited quantities, and are, perhaps, of minor importance.







Edwin N. Whitney.

The following analysis of the waters of the spring was made by Prof. Edmund R. Angell, when analyst of the New Hampshire state board of health:

Carbonate of Calcium, grains per gal.,	1.952
Carbonate of Magnesium, grains per gal.,	1.315
Carbonate of Sodium, grains per gal.,	0.535
Sulphate of Calcium, grains per gal.,	0.464
Sulphate of Magnesium, grains per gal.,	0.212
Sulphate of Sodium, grains per gal.,	0.448
Sulphate of Potassium, grains per gal.,	0.249
Chloride of Sodium, grains per gal.,	0.264
Silicic Acid, grains per gal.,	1.067
Phosphoric Acid, } grains per gal.,	0.074
Oxide of Iron,	

The company makes a long list of specialties by way of soda fountain articles, tonics, ginger ale, phosphates, and the like, which are sold throughout the country.

In Edwin N. Whitney commercial Derry has its leading representative, for he is a merchant of the day, his store being of the department order of the first character. Over its counters most everything in the shape of merchandise, except groceries, is sold to customers near and far.

Mr. Whitney was born in Windham, Me., April 17, 1851, the son of Obadiah H. and Louise (Bangs) Whitney. He passed his boyhood life in his native town until nineteen years of age, when he entered a business college in Portland, Me, where he obtained a thorough training in commercial practice. After leaving school he engaged with a Portland wholesale boot and shoe house and remained in the position for eight years as a salesman. He was next with the Whitney & Thomas wholesale shoe house as a traveling salesman, holding the place four years. The Whitney of this firm was a brother. Still a third Portland house secured his services as traveling salesman, and all told his time as a salesman covered eighteen years, in which time he never lost a day's pay. In 1888 he went to Derry, which has ever since been his home. His first business venture in Derry was the purchase from R. W. Pillsbury of his interest in a store located in the Pillsbury & Hardy building, and for a short time was a partner in a mercantile firm. January, 1889,



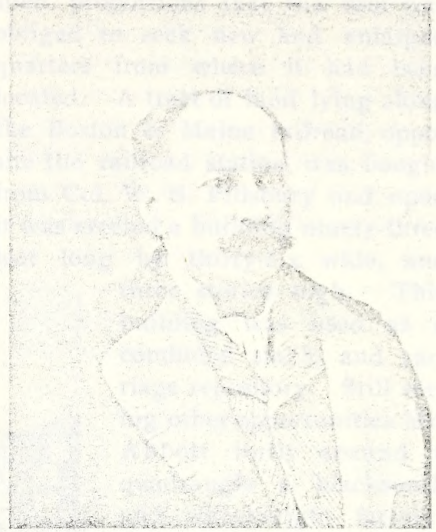
Residence of Edwin N. Whitney.





he bought out the entire establishment and since has done business alone. His store contained a grocery department until 1895, when it was discontinued, and shoes, hardware, and other stock added to the extent that a practically new business was created.

Mr. Whitney served the town as a selectman in 1894-'95, and in 1897 was sent to the legislature. Again, in 1901, he was elected to the board of selectmen and chosen chairman of the board. In September last he was appointed, by Governor Jordan, justice of the Derry police court, and



Converse H. Abbott.



Residence of Converse H. Abbott.

*Photo. by Will L. Joyce, West Derry.*

in this position he is giving the utmost satisfaction. Mr. Whitney is a Mason, a member of the Knights of Pythias, the Grange, and the Red Men. In 1888 he married Mrs. Mary A. Smith of Derry, widow of the late Alden B. Smith. The church home of the family is the Protestant Episcopal of Derry.

One does not long remain in Derry before learning that chief among the business men of the town is Converse H. Abbott, and the more that is learned of the man, the deeper does the interest in him become, and the more does one find to heighten ad-

miration and respect for him because of his triumphs over difficulties and successes attained alone and unaided. Not the least among the multitude of interesting facts concerning Mr. Abbott is the one that he is, after all that he has already accomplished, but just entered middle age, and has, apparently, the best years of a business career before him, years in which, with his present start, he is likely to make tremendous strides in the business and financial fields.

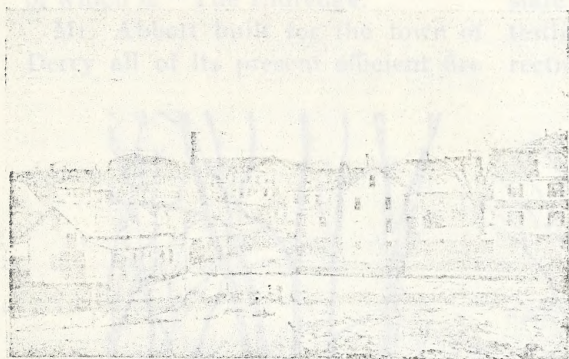
In his life-work thus far Mr. Abbott is a notable success even in a land that is rich with instances of significant business triumphs. Hardly a quarter of a century ago he was a laborer at the bench in a Derry shoe factory with health so impaired that it was only by the use of extreme will power that he could remain through the day at his work. But in these days of ill health and early manhood struggles he owned a horse and wagon, practically his sole worldly possessions,





and finally when he was compelled to give up work at the bench and take to his bed, this horse and wagon, without any planning on his part, proved the beginning of his eventful business career. It appeared that as the horse and carriage could not be used by him in his illness certain among those shopmates hired it as a

such proportions that the firm was obliged to seek new and enlarged quarters from where it had been located. A tract of land lying along the Boston & Maine railroad, opposite the railroad station, was bought from Col. W. S. Pillsbury and upon it was erected a building ninety-three feet long by thirty-six wide, and three stories high. This building was used as a combined stable and carriage repository. Still seeing other opportunities Mr. Abbott built around a quadrangle a blacksmith and wheelwright factory, a carriage factory with painting department, still another stable and a capacious residence. In the various manufacturing



C. H. Abbott's Buildings.

livery turnout. In this letting of the horse Mr. Abbott saw his opportunity and the seeing and turning to account of his opportunities is the great secret of his success. He kept on letting his team until finally there was ample demand for a second one, and one day his father-in-law, W. W. Davis, suggested that he put one he owned along with Mr.

Abbott's. This was done and ere long, from this little circumstance the firm Abbott-Davis & Co. was formed. A livery and sale stable was opened, and in this venture Mr. Abbott saw and grasped all the possibilities of the business. A carriage commission business was added, and as with all his undertakings he made this a success. The business increased simply day by day, and attained



C. H. Abbott's Carriage Factory.

plants carriages and wagons are turned out complete and repairing done.

Quite recently Mr. Abbott, who, for some time, has been sole owner of the business, disposed of his livery business but has added still other and distinct interests, notably that of wood for fuel. When the coal strike was on Mr. Abbott was prepared for the emergency, and day after day he



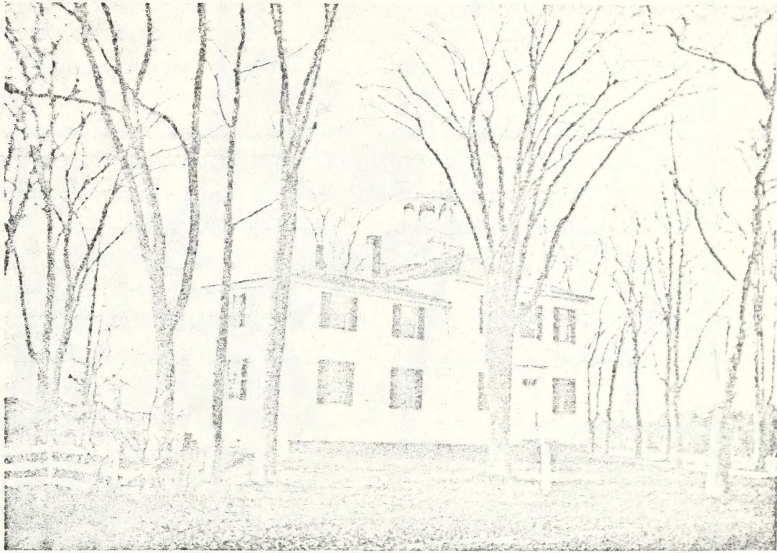


sent carloads of wood to the city markets. In the past year he has built a new residence in Derry, which, with its accessories, is on an extensive scale, and in every way a fine abode.

Aside from the town residence the family has a beautiful summer home at Wells beach, the distinctive name of which is "The Eldredge."

Mr. Abbott built for the town of Derry all of its present efficient fire

attainments than Prof. Edmund R. Angell of Derry. The simple fact that for almost a score of years he was the chemist to the New Hampshire state board of health is evidence of his repute throughout the state. He has appeared as an expert repeatedly in New Hampshire trials of capital cases and justices of the state courts have borne unreserved testimony as to his ability and correctness as such.



Adams Academy, East Derry.

apparatus including the fire department house.

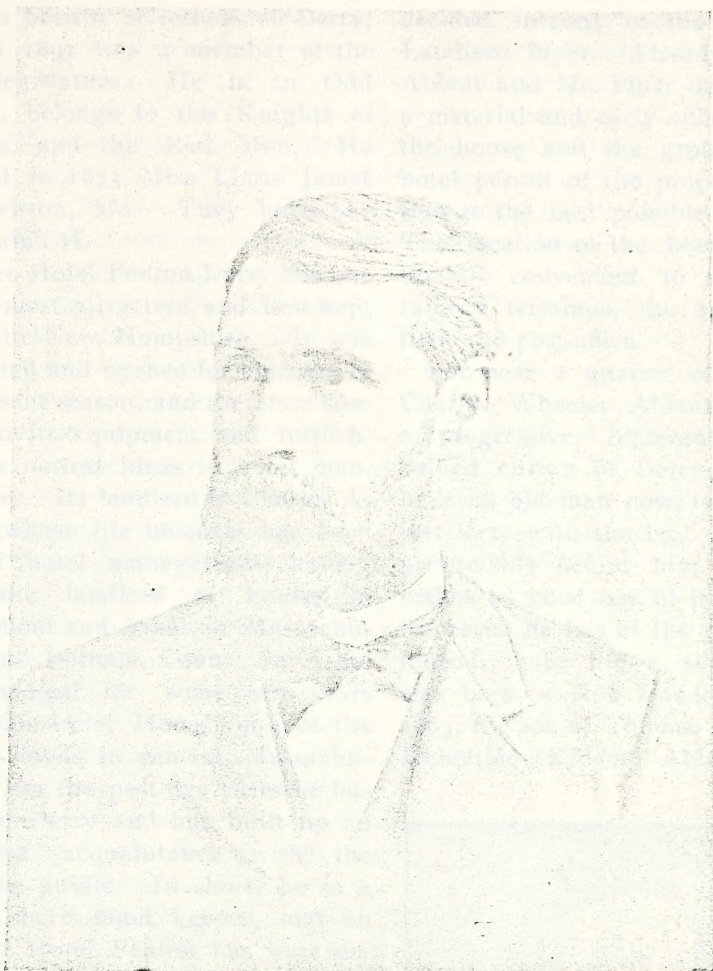
Mrs. Abbott was Miss Emma A. Davis, daughter of W. W. Davis of Warner. They have two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, William Wallace, is in business with his father. The daughter, Ethel E., was married, the present season, to George Marcus Burdette. They live in Derry.

Among the analytical and consulting chemists of New Hampshire none stands higher in tested abilities and

Professor Angell has, at Derry Centre, a large and completely equipped laboratory, and in addition to professional work he manufactures an acetylene gas machine of his own invention, and also the widely known almond cream bearing his name. His acetylene gas machine is easily the most efficient apparatus of the kind yet introduced, and its use is most successful. It is noted for economy, brilliancy and steadiness of light, and thoroughness of construction.







Prof. Edmund R. Angell.

Professor Angell was born in North Scituate, R. I., October 4, 1848, the son of Edmund R. and Susan (Dexter) Angell. His first American ancestor was a friend and adherent of Roger Williams and one of his Rhode Island colonists. After attending the district schools of his native town young Angell entered the Lapham Institute, so long noted among Rhode Island institutions of learning, and there completed a college preparatory course. The college of his choice

was Bates, Lewiston, Me., and from this he graduated in 1873. Upon graduation he enrolled as a student in the Cobb Divinity school, Lewiston, and at the same time as a divinity student tutored in mathematics at Bates college. After two years in the divinity school he left to become a teacher in the Castine, Me., high school, where he remained for one year. He then went to Derry, which has remained to this day his home. From 1876-'95, nine years, he was





the principal of Pinkerton academy. He has been a selectman of Derry, and in 1891 was a member of the state legislature. He is an Odd Fellow, belongs to the Knights of Pythias, and the Red Men. He married, in 1873, Miss Lizzie James of Lewiston, Me. They have one son, Ralph H.

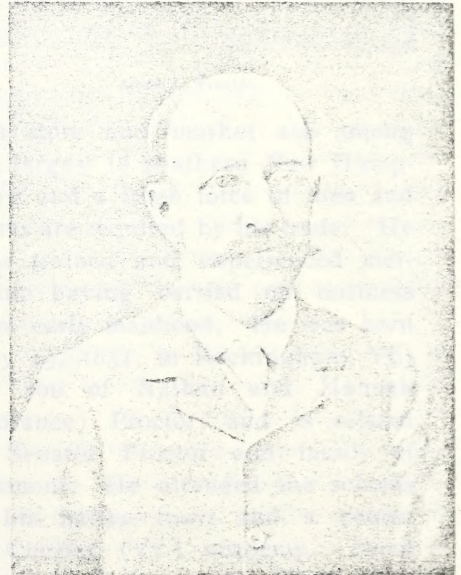
In the Hotel Fenton Derry has one of the most attractive and best kept hotels in New Hampshire. It was completed and opened for business in the present season, and therefore contains in its equipment and furnishing the newest ideas in hotel management. Its landlord is Charles A. Piper, whose life business has been that of hotel management, having been the landlord of houses in Charlemont and Athol in Massachusetts, and Putnam, Conn. In Athol he managed for some six years the Commercial House, one of the largest hotels in central Massachusetts. For the past five years he has lived in Derry and has built up an extensive acquaintance with the traveling public. In short, he is a natural born hotel keeper, and no guest of Hotel Fenton has ever departed from it except as an enthusiastic friend.

Every room in Hotel Fenton, its hallways, baths, sample rooms and all, is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Its furnishings, decorations, and facilities are neat, new, and in the best of taste. Its billiard hall is in a building separate from the main structure, so that guests are secure from the sound of cue and ball. The hotel stables are convenient, yet not so near as to in any manner annoy guests.

The hotel property is owned by

Converse H. Abbott, who takes a decided interest in the success of Landlord Piper. Already have Mr. Abbott and Mr. Piper decided upon a material and early enlargement of the house and the grounds of the hotel permit of the proposed extension to the best possible advantage. The location of the hotel is exceptionally convenient to the electric railway terminus, the railroad station, and post-office.

For near a quarter of a century Charles Wheeler Abbott has been a progressive, representative, and valued citizen of Derry. Not that he is an old man now, for he is but just forty with the best of his years presumably before him, and if he makes as good use of his prophetic future as he has of the past he will, indeed, make life a success. He was born in New London, May 10, 1863, the son of Thomas Burpee and Mebetible (Kidder) Abbott. He is



Charles W. Abbott.





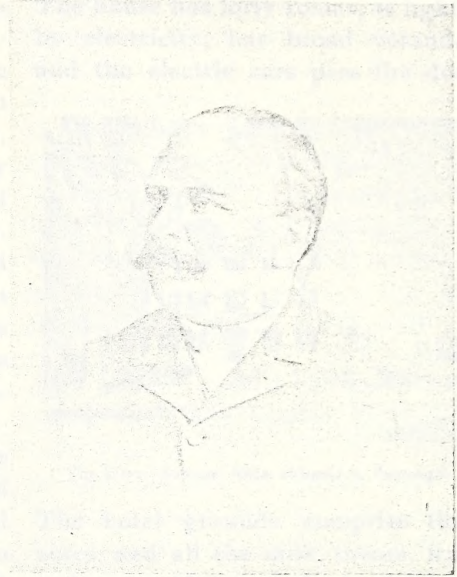
a brother of Converse H. and Ernest L. Abbott of Derry, and the three sons have done their parents credit as well as themselves.

Charles W. Abbott attended the schools of New London when in his boyhood, and at the age of fifteen, in 1878, went to Derry where he attended Pinkerton academy, taking a full college preparatory course. He entered Tufts college with the class of '85, but left at the close of his sophomore year. Upon leaving college he became a salesman in the Boston clothing store of Robert T. Almy, remaining there five years. In 1888 he returned to Derry and began the clothing business for himself which he continued with marked success for thirteen years, when he retired to give greater attention to his real estate and other affairs.

From the first his has been an active participation in the affairs of Derry, and each proposition designed for the upbuilding of the town has found in him an earnest advocate and supporter. In 1892 he was commissioned by Governor Smith a lieutenant in the Pillsbury guards, the local militia company of the time. In 1899 he received the Republican nomination to the legislature and was elected. In 1901 he was appointed justice of the Derry police court but resigned in September last. He is a Mason, Odd Fellow, and Knight of Pythias. He is a delegate from Derry to the state constitutional convention. For several years past, and particularly in the present year, Mr. Abbott has been an extensive developer of Derry real estate, and among her new buildings of this season is a beautiful residence for himself on Abbott street, so named

in honor of himself and brother, Ernest L. In 1887 he married Miss Emma Hudson Perkins, daughter of Washington Perkins of Londonderry. They have one son.

Among the more recent additions to the merchants of Derry and its inhabitants is Amos L. Proctor, dealer in groceries, meats, and provisions.



Amos L. Proctor.

His store and market are among the largest in southern New Hampshire and a large force of men and teams are required by his trade. He is a trained and experienced merchant having carried on business from early manhood. He was born May 19, 1851, in Rockingham, Vt., the son of Nathan and Hannah (Dorance) Proctor, and is related to Senator Proctor and family of Vermont. He attended the schools of his native town and a course in Chester (Vt.) academy. From school he went into the village store and post-office as a clerk, remaining



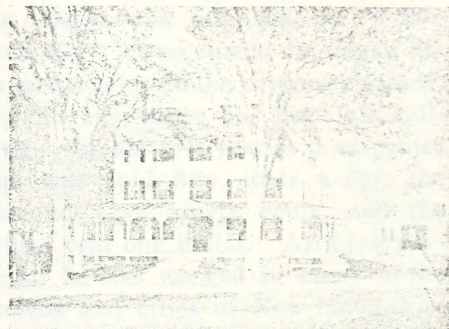


as such for three years. From the store and post-office he went to his father's farm, pursuing the work for five years. Next he formed a co-partnership in the provision business under the firm name of Bidwell & Proctor. This business was carried on for three years in Charlestown, N. H., at the close of which it was removed to Bellows Falls, Vt., and continued for two years as a co-partnership when Mr. Proctor became sole owner and continued the business alone for four years, when he sold out and went to Somerville, Mass. Here he opened a grocery and provision store and continued the same for nearly twelve years. He went to Derry last February and bought the grocery and provision store of Morse & Tenny. The store is centrally located, and the business under Mr. Proctor has greatly increased in the current year.

He was married in 1874 to Miss Emma A. Bidwell, daughter of George C. and Ruth Noble Bidwell of Rockingham, Vt. They have two sons and a daughter. The eldest son is in business with his father. The second son, Clarence D., is a member of the freshman class at Harvard. The church home of the family is the Universalist.

In the east village of Derry is the pleasantly situated and spacious three-story building once the dormitory of the Adams Female Institute, which was founded by Mary Lyon prior to her greater work at Mt. Holyoke seminary on the Connecticut river. For years the Adams Institute flourished and did much to build up East Derry, but to day the institution is one of the town's school buildings and the dormitory newly

furnished and rebuilt is the summer hotel of Sadie K. Pettingill, who, through several exceptionally successful seasons, has demonstrated her ability to manage a hotel. East Derry is simply an ideal place for the summer visitors as it is quiet, clean, and neat. The distinctive name of the hotel is "The Elms," and it is most appropriately named. The house has forty rooms, is lighted by electricity, has broad verandas, and the electric cars pass the door.



The Elms—Summer Hotel of Sadie K. Pettingill.

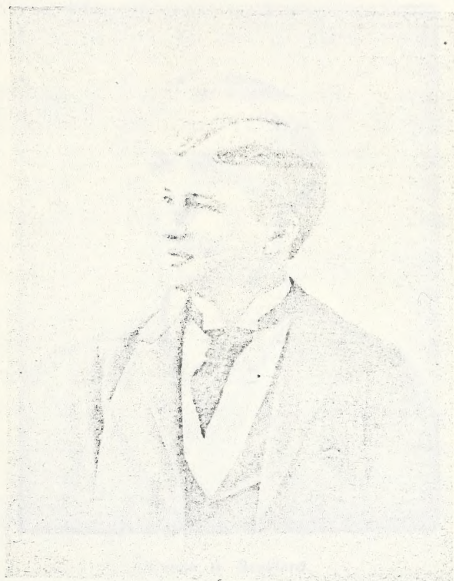
The hotel grounds comprise three acres, and all the milk, cream, fruit, and vegetables brought to the hotel tables are home products. Mrs. Pettingill, in addition to her management of "The Elms," owns and conducts the largest public dining rooms in West Derry. This is a new venture, but her success at "The Elms" is assurance that she will successfully manage the new enterprise.

In Harry L. Benson Derry has a young merchant of whom it is justly proud. He is the youngest merchant in town, but he has the training, the sound judgment, the energy, and the good will of the people to guarantee him success. He is just twenty-seven, having been born in Londonderry, October 27, 1875. His





parents were Andrew J. and Ruth Johnson (Page) Benson. He attended the public schools until he was fifteen, when he entered upon active life as clerk in a pharmacy. He worked as such in Derry, Concord, and Lawrence, and in addition



Harry L. Benson.

took a course at the National Institute of Pharmacy. Interested in his calling he threw his whole energy into his work and made decided progress. Eventually the opportunity came to him to manage an old established drug store in Derry, and later he bought the business. The store is located in the Derry National Bank building, and is not only convenient to the public but in every way attractive. Mr. Benson is a member of the Red Men and of the State Pharmaceutical association. He married, October, 1901, Miss Sadie Z. Goss of Manchester.

As a contractor and builder Calvin H. Bradford has had much to do

with the new industrial Derry and the years of the immediate past have been most active ones for him. Yet his whole career in his chosen calling has been a busy and thrifty one. Not once since he served his apprenticeship has he had occasion to go out and solicit a day's work, but summer and winter work has come to him without the asking. Derry is his native town and his natal day August 23, 1859. His parents were Thomas L. and Emily Bradford. He was reared on the paternal farm in Derry and attended the public schools. At seventeen he began his apprenticeship in the carpenter's trade, which ever since has been his calling. In his first year as a carpenter he was paid fifty cents a day, the second year ninety cents, and the third year one dollar. As a journeyman he has worked in many of the towns and cities of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He had charge of one contract in Boston that required a year for its completion. His rugged honesty and fidelity to every trust have gained for him the unbounded confidence of his townsmen. Among his numerous contracts the past season was the building of the new addition to the factory of Perkins, Hardy & Co. This addition comprised a total of near ten thousand superficial feet, and gives to the plant nearly an acre of floor space. The dwellings Mr. Bradford has had the contract for comprise in their total twenty-three tenements.

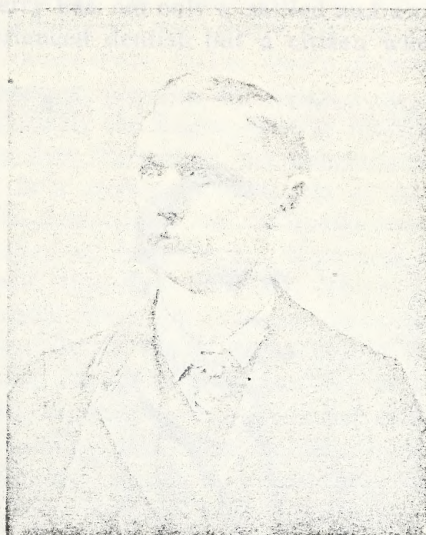
As a citizen of Derry he is held in highest esteem. He has served the town as constable and is ever an active worker in the temperance cause. In the last campaign he was



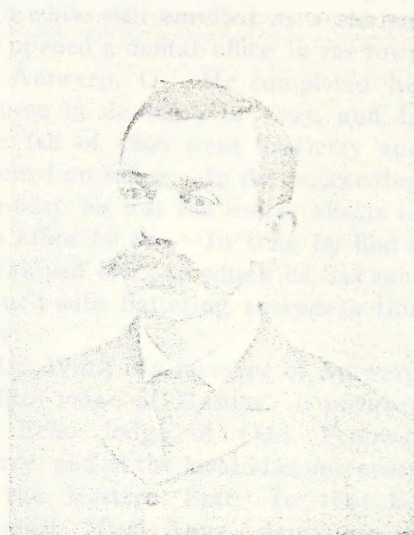


the candidate of the Prohibition party for senator from the nineteenth district. He has served his church, the Derry Baptist, as one of its deacons for six years. On June 23, 1881, he married Mary L. Eaton of Haverhill, Mass. They have two

Sunapee, February 2, 1860, but lived there only in infancy as the family removed to New London. It was there he passed his school-boy life, which included a course in the literary and scientific institute of that town. In 1878 the family took up



Calvin H. Bradford.



Ernest L. Abbott.

sons aged, respectively, nineteen and twelve. He belongs to the society of the Pilgrim Fathers and has filled the chair three years as governor. He is a member of the Knights of Malta, the Red Men, the Grange, and American Mechanics, and for ten years active in the ranks and councils of the Good Templars.

Ernest L. Abbott, brother of Converse H. and Charles W. Abbott, is, like them, thoroughly and conspicuously representative of the new and thriving Derry. He is at present the resident manager of the Lafayette Mineral Spring Company and also active in real estate interests. The son of Thomas B. and Mehitable (Mudgett) Abbott, he was born in

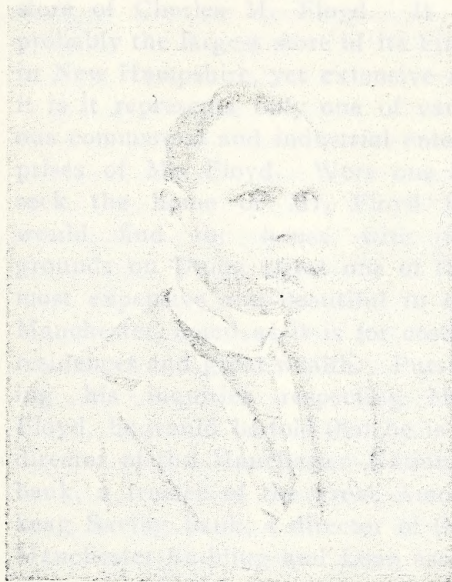
its residence in Derry and young Abbott became a student in Pinkerton academy, graduating therefrom in 1880. Upon leaving school he became associated with his father in the shoe box manufacturing business and remained at this for a number of years, leaving to engage in the grocery business on his own account, and as grocer he remained for four years, when he sold to the Annis Grain and Lumber Company. He remained with them for two years after the sale, when he became identified with the Lafayette Mineral Spring Company as the resident manager. He has just moved into an attractive and substantial new residence on Abbott street, named





for himself and brother, Charles W. In 1883 he married Miss Mary Elizabeth Clement of Derry. They have two children, a boy and girl. Mr. Abbott belongs to the local lodge of Odd Fellows, while the Derry Baptist is the church home of the family.

In Alexander B. Wark, D. D. S., Derry has not only a skilled and experienced dentist, but a citizen who



A. B. Wark, D. D. S.

is held in genuine esteem for the man that he is. Sincere in his personal life and ready at all times to do all in his power to advance the interests of Derry, one hears naught but good of him from his fellow-townsmen. He was born in Inverness, P. Q., in October, 1863, the son of Finley and Hannah Wark.

At an early age he began the active work of life by employment in a saw- and grist-mill. At twenty-two he left home with Lancaster as his objective point. Here he worked at various callings for a few years,

eventually entering the dental office of his brother, A. W. Wark. His leisure hours were improved by general study so diligently pursued that he gained thereby a well-grounded general knowledge. In 1891 he became a student in the Cincinnati (Ohio) College of Dental Surgery, and while still enrolled as a student he opened a dental office in the town of Antwerp, O. He completed his course in dentistry in 1895, and in the fall of 1896 went to Derry and opened an office. In the succeeding January he lost the entire effects in his office by fire. In time he had a reëquipped office in which he has continued with flattering success to this day.

Dr. Wark is a member of Antwerp (Ohio) lodge of Masons; a member of Echo lodge of Odd Fellows, Derry, and of the local Masonic order of the Eastern Star. In 1895 he married Miss Anna, daughter of George and Justine Richardson of Antwerp. They have three children. Both he and Mrs. Wark are members of St. Luke's M. E. church, Derry.

In these recent years it has come to pass that about every town of any size and pretension has its public bowling alleys and Derry is no exception because of the enterprise and business discernment of Fred M. Blake, whom pretty much every one in Derry knows as "father." Mr. Blake is a native of Sanbornton, son of John D. and Lucy (Moses) Blake. His school days were passed in Deerfield, whither his parents had removed and now live. In early manhood he began work at the shoe business, eventually coming into the employ of W. S. & R. W. Pillsbury.

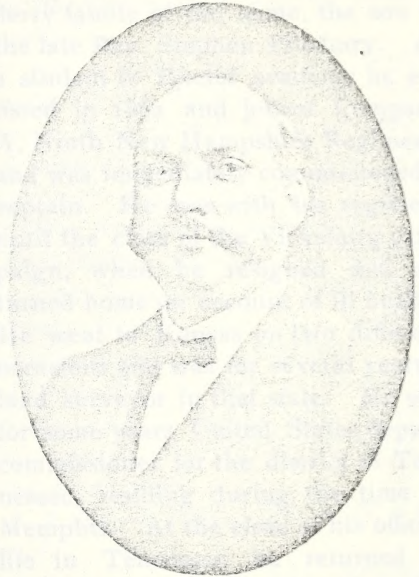




His bowling alleys are in Abbott hall and were completed this season. The hall is eighty-four by thirty-six feet in dimensions, and the alleys are the Narragansett standard pattern. The hall also contains a fine billiard table outfit.

One of the sights of Elm street, Manchester, the queen city of the Granite state, is the men's clothing store of Charles M. Floyd. It is probably the largest store of its kind in New Hampshire, yet extensive as it is it represents only one of various commercial and industrial enterprises of Mr. Floyd. Were one to seek the home of Mr. Floyd he would find the house with its grounds on Union street one of the most expensive and beautiful in all Manchester, noted as it is for costly residences and great wealth. Pursuing his inquiries respecting Mr. Floyd, he would be told that he is a director of the Manchester National bank, a trustee of the great Amoskeag Saving bank, a director of the Manchester Building and Loan association, and that one year ago he bought out the Manchester Sash and Blind company, reorganized it, and secured its incorporation as the Derryfield company, was elected its president, and that it to-day gives employment to one hundred people, being the largest plant of its kind in the state, and further he would be told that he was the president and chairman of the East Side company which built the shoe factory of the George H. McElwain company, the largest plant of its kind in the city, and that he was active in the development of real estate in various parts of the city. Again, would he be told that scarcely more than a

score of years ago Mr. Floyd was a poor boy in his native town of Derry, that he knew in very truth what manner of thing pinching poverty is; the kind of poverty that prevented his going to school after his thirteenth year, and that his great business success has been achieved principally in the short space of fourteen years. His career would seem to



Charles M. Floyd.

show that there are as good chances for young men in New Hampshire as elsewhere in the country.

Mr. Floyd's birthplace in Derry is about one mile east of the First Congregational church, East Derry. His parents were Sewall and Sarah J. (Sleeper) Floyd, and he was born June 5, 1861. Both parents were born and lived their entire lives in Derry, and in Derry their son owns a farm and country home to-day. As a boy, before he had reached his teens, young Floyd worked on the neighborhood farms and in the shoe





factory of Col. W. S. Pillsbury. In early manhood he worked at carpentering for some months, but at the age of twenty he became a clerk in a Haverhill, Mass., hardware store and remained thus for three years. He then became a clerk in a clothing store in the same city for a period of three and a half years. From Haverhill he went to Manchester and bought out the clothing store of Cumner & Company. In 1893 he bought the Manchester One Price Clothing company's store, then as now located in the Straw building, corner of Elm and Manchester streets. It was the largest store of the kind in the state and at the time of its purchase Mr. Floyd was only in his early thirties, for he is but forty-two to-day. When once he had taken up his residence in Manchester he entered heartily into the life of the city. He was instrumental in the organization of the Calumet club, a social association, and president of its committee that built its \$35,000 club house on Lowell street. He belongs to the Derryfield club, also a social organization. He is a Mason and an Odd Fellow, belongs to the Knights of Pythias, Elks, Grange, and other bodies. He was a member of the state senate of 1899, and served as chairman respectively of the Education and Banking committees. In 1886 he married Miss Carrie Atwood of Haverhill. They have one girl, Marion B. The family church is the Franklin Street Congregational.

The legal profession in Derry has for its leader Greenleaf K. Bartlett, one who is likewise active in the general affairs of the town. He belongs to a family long identified with

Derry life. At the recent state election he was elected to the legislature, and without question he will be one of the strong men of the house.

Derry is justly appreciative of its merchants and their fine marts of trade. Prominent among these is the furniture and carpet house of L. H. Pillsbury & Son. Leonard Hobart Pillsbury, the senior member of the firm, belongs to the Londonderry family of the name, the son of the late Rev. Stephen Pillsbury. As a student in Exeter academy he enlisted in 1862 and joined Company A, Ninth New Hampshire Regiment, and was immediately commissioned a captain. He was with his regiment until the close of the Vicksburg campaign, when he resigned and returned home on account of ill health. He went to Kansas on two different occasions and was for several years a land surveyor in that state. He was for some years United States deputy commissioner for the district of Tennessee, residing during the time in Memphis. At the close of his official life in Tennessee he returned to Derry, which has ever since been his home.

The hardware store of May & Neal is among the leading mercantile interests of the town. The firm carries not only a varied line of merchandise, but a most extensive one. Both members of the firm are widely known in and about Derry and both are likewise popular in the community.

#### FACTS ABOUT DERRY.

Approximate population, 5,000.

Gain in population, 1880-'90, 22 per cent.; 1890-1900, 32 per cent. Estimated gain in number of inhabitants in last two years, 1,500.





The building operations for 1902 include one shoe factory, employing 700 people; the addition to another shoe factory of 10,000 superficial feet; and the construction of 93 dwellings and tenements, business houses, and the like.

The total amount invested in new buildings during 1902 aggregates \$350,000.

Over 250,000 people live within a radius of 20 miles of Derry railroad station.

One and a quarter hours from Boston; one half hour from Manchester; one half hour from Lawrence.

Four trains daily each way over the Manchester & Lawrence division of the Boston & Maine road.

All trains stop at Derry.

All its villages connected by electric street railway.

Over seven miles of concrete sidewalks within the town.

Every street and highway between villages lighted by electricity.

A public water supply by driven wells. Supply inexhaustible and purity of water practically absolute.

A public sewerage system.

A new municipal building practically determined upon.

A public library of over 5,000 books.

The home of Pinkerton academy, an institution affording both sexes classical, English, and scientific courses of the most comprehensive natures. Its equipment and facilities are unsurpassed by any institution of its class in America, and is so munificently endowed that tuition is merely nominal, that is, six dollars per term, or eighteen dollars a year.

The topography of Derry is such that it can and does grow in all direc-

tions with practically its whole surface available for building purposes.

It is a centre of a magnificent farming country in which grows to a rare perfection every kind of fruit, vegetable, and grain common to the temperate zone.

Derry has the second largest creamery in the world.

It has an agricultural fair association that in the current season has held its fifty-second annual exhibition.

It has a lodge and Royal Arch Chapter of the Masonic order, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Grange, Red Men, Daughters of American Revolution, Woman's club, G. A. R., and other fraternal organizations.

Two Congregational, two Methodist, one Episcopal, one Universalist, one Baptist, and one Roman Catholic church organizations.

A post-office in each of its three villages, each a money order office, while one has an international money order department.

A National bank,—the Derry National.

Steps taken for the establishment of a savings bank.

A coöperative building association (incorporated).

An organized fire department and hydrant service.

Low fire insurance rate.

Economical yet progressive management of town affairs.

A public school system of the highest character.

One weekly paper,—*Derry News*.

Each of the three villages has its hotel—The Fenton, West Derry; Hildreth Hall, Derry Centre; The Elms, East Derry.

Local freight electric railway.





A lake, Tsienneto park, and pavilion.

Many points of marked historic interest.

Beautiful drives and walks in every direction.

Cheap electric power for manufacturing purposes.

Express office.

Western Union telegraph office.

Local and long distance telephone offices.

Weekly payments by local manufacturing companies.

A first-class brass band.

A first-class orchestra.



## THE LEGEND OF DUNFERMLINE.

*By J. W. Condon.*

'Round a ruined Scottish abbey,  
Just a few miles to the north  
Of the seaport town Queen's Ferry  
And the famous Firth of Forth,  
Clings a beautiful tradition  
Of how Malcolm Canmore met,  
Married, and became the idol  
Of the Princess Margaret.

Driven from the throne of England  
By the cruel hand of fate,  
She and her imperial parents  
Left their country and estate;  
But the rugged heart of Canmore,  
Touched with feeling unforeseen,  
In his splendid regal palace  
Made the fugitive his queen.

Influenced by her entreaties,  
Founded he a stately church  
Where the Culdee monks assembled  
For devotional research.  
And this spot he designated  
For the royal sepulture,  
Where the majesty of Scotland  
Should eternally endure.





Fortune frowned upon the project,  
 And the king, in after years,  
 Dying, found a grave in Tynemouth,  
 Sadly distant from his peers.  
 Margaret, crushed and broken-hearted,  
 Was the first of royal rank  
 To be buried in the abbey  
 On Dunfermline's craggy bank,  
 Which her kingly husband's mandate  
 Had appointed for his own  
 And the resting-place of others  
 Who should sit on Scotland's throne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Afterwards, when Alexander,  
 Next along the royal line,  
 Saw the edifice completed  
 And established there a shrine,  
 Brought he back bold Malcolm's body  
 To the grand Dunfermline vault  
 Where the sainted queen lay sleeping—  
 Death had served but to exalt.

Next, another Alexander  
 Built a new and nobler shrine,  
 Richer than its predecessor,  
 And of royalty the sign.  
 Here were to be moved the relics  
 Of the pious Margaret,  
 And two kingdoms sang the glory  
 Of the abbey's amulet.

Pomp and pageantry imposing  
 Marked the ritual event—  
 But the form was interrupted  
 By a startling incident.

Solemn was the long procession,  
 Such as mortal seldom sees—  
 Kings and princes, gravely leading  
 Noblemen of all degrees.

With this long cortége for escort,  
 And the monks as solemn van,  
 Reverentially the progress  
 Toward the new abode began.





'Twixt the east piers of the old church,  
 . Rich with incised ornament,  
 Was the tomb of Malcolm Canmore—  
 To his life a monument.  
 As the saint-queen's gorgeous coffin,  
 With its fittings ponderous,  
 Passed between these massive columns  
 To the king's sarcophagus,  
 Suddenly it grew so heavy  
 That the bearers, in dismay,  
 Were compelled to rest their burden  
 By the side of Canmore's clay.

Consternation was engendered  
 All along the pompous train,  
 For the bearers of the coffin  
 Could not raise it up again.  
 Terror seized the dignitaries,  
 And they knew not what it meant—  
 Far were they from understanding  
 This delay and its portent,  
 Till a wise ecclesiastic  
 Self-control recovering,  
 Made suggestion that the bearers  
 Move the casket of the king.

Instantly, each heavy coffin  
 Was removed from off its base  
 And conveyed without an effort  
 To the final resting-place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Near the corse of sainted sovereign,  
 Bones uncanonized have not  
 Been accounted profanation  
 Of that sacred burial spot ;  
 For the tenor of tradition  
 Scotchmen never will forget  
 Is that Malcolm entered heaven  
 By the grace of Margaret.

'T is another repetition  
 Of a queen's devoted life,  
 And " the unbelieving husband  
 Saved by the believing wife."







*Hofmann.*

The Nativity.

*Perry Pictures Co.*

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

*By Frederick Warren Jenkins.*



WITH the close of the year come the Christmas holidays, just as we are about to step out of the known into the unknown, with new plans, new hopes, and new resolutions. It is this greatest holiday of the year that unites the whole Christian world into one joyful celebration of the Saviour's birth. At no other time of the year is there such harmony of thought and feeling, so perfect a union of Christian people, and so little thought given to sect and creed in the great enjoyment and appreciation of Christmas.

By far the greatest anniversary of the year, it is also the oldest custom which to-day survives as a national holiday. The first authentic account of the observation is in the time of the Emperor Commodus (180-190), over seventeen hundred years ago. There was, however, at this time no uniformity in the date of the celebration,—it is not until the latter part of the fourth century that the present Christmas day was finally chosen as the time for the great birthday observance.

As to the choice of this period of the year it is strange to note the





heathen ideas which were blended and softened by Christian belief, resulting in the choice of this greatest holiday. That this day upon which we observe Christmas is not the real "natale" or natal day is, of course, evident. In December the rainy season of Judea sets in, so that the shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night. The choice was largely the result of heathen belief and custom, the most powerful influences which resulted in the choice of the twenty-fifth of December as the day on which to rejoice, were heathen in the extreme, so that our Christmas of to-day, while the spirit and thought back of all is Christian, has much of the heathen symbolism blended into its Christian observance.

Almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as the great turning point of the year,—the beginning of a renewed life and fresh activity, not only of the powers of nature, but of the gods. It was the resurrection, the death of the old winter followed by the promised new life of spring. The Romans celebrated this auspicious change with the festivities of the Saturnalia, while in the north the Celts and Germans, to whom the change after the rigors of their northern winters was particularly pleasant, celebrated with the joyous season known as Yule. From the earliest time the Germans held this great Yule feast in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun, believing that during the twelve nights from the 25th of December to the 6th of January they could trace the movements and interferences on earth of the great Odin, Berohita, and other powerful divinities. In the evergreen with which we decorate our

homes and churches, and in the Christmas trees laden with gifts for our friends, we have the relics of the symbols by which our heathen German forefathers manifested their faith in the returning sun to clothe the earth with green, and to hang abundant new fruit on the trees.

The Roman church on beginning its mission of civilization made no attempt to change a festival so deeply rooted as this, and adopted it as Christmas, changing its significance entirely, softening the heathen customs, and giving it the Christian element which is the keynote of the observance to-day. It was no longer the simple delight at the prospect of a new spring, the material conquest of the sun over a cold and frozen earth, but Christian joy at the rising of the Son of God bringing renewed life to all. And the Christmas tree of our sturdy German ancestors was not discountenanced, but its heavily-laden branches no longer meant the promise of abundant fruitage but the greatest gift of God,—His Son.

And so down through the ages, this beautiful spirit of Christmas has come, pouring itself out, making men better, and the world in which they lived. Men have not always had receptive souls, and the Christmas idea has not at all times found waiting hearts to be quickened by the beautiful message.

In the reign of Diocletian (284-305 A. D.), while he was keeping court at Nicomedia, he heard of a goodly number of Christians gathered in the city to observe Christmas. Having ordered the doors closed he burned the building and all perished in the flames,—one of the atrocious crimes of which history is altogether too full.





From that early day down almost to our own time, the beautiful spirit of Christmas has had many a hardened heart to conquer, many a foolish prejudice to smooth over, before it could get into the hearts of nations and bring its tidings of peace and goodwill.

In our own country it is only within a century that the observance of Christmas has been given much thought, Thanksgiving being a much older institution in New England than the feast of the nativity. The sturdy old Puritan was ever ready to fast or to give thanks for all the blessings of a kind Providence,—we have an excellent account of their first Thanksgiving on New England shores. But the idea of Christmas savored too much of the Church of England, of grand choral service and impressive ritual. To them God was not a mere ideal but a reality. They despised the rich traditions of the Episcopal church, they cared not for human meditation, and scorned all the ceremonious homage of other sects. Theirs was a personal God to talk with face to face, and to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him was the great end and the aim of their lives. "The Puritan conception of religion brought the individual soul face to face with God." The services of the hated Church of England were to them a superficial substitute for the real soul worship, and they rejected it with contempt. We may be surprised if we will,—we may even regret that the real significance of this beautiful Christmas idea had not penetrated into their sturdy lives. Yet we cannot but admire their strength of conviction. Men who

dared the tempest of wind and wave for three months, and then to take up their abode on inhospitable shores, simply for religious freedom,—such men can be trusted to live up to their convictions.

Then, too, the Christmas holidays of England at this time were not so much Christian observances as times of excess, so that there was really much truth in the stinging criticism of Cotton Mather when he expressed his hatred of the "wanton Bacchanalian Christmases," spent in "reveling, dicing, carding, masking, mumming, consumed in compotations, in interludes, in excess of wine, in mad mirth."

Of the first Puritan Christmas in New England we know almost nothing except that it was spent in work,—in the erecting of "ye first house for common use to receive them and their goods." On the following Christmas we find in Governor Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" a passage "of mirth" rather "then of waight." "On ye day called Christmas-day, ye Govr. called them out to worke (as was used), but ye most of this new-company excused themselves and said it wente against their consciences to work on yt day. So ye Govr. tould them that if they made it mater of conscience he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in ye streete at play, openly; some pitching ye barr, & some at stoole-ball and shuch sports. So he went to them and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience, that they should play &





others worke. If they made ye keeping of it mater of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but ther should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

And the observance of Christmas did not grow in favor, as time passed on, but the Puritan grew to hate it more and more until it came to the pass that any one who observed it as a holiday was obliged to pay five shillings. Judge Sewall was very anxious to "heate down every sprout of the Episcopacie," and particularly energetic in showing his disapproval of any observance of the day. But it was not many years before services began to be held in Boston,—the spirit of Christmas was getting a foothold and penetrating through the unnatural hardness of the Puritan heart and was bringing messages of peace and good cheer. Within the last century the observance of the anniversary has spread over the whole country as the great festal day of the year.

The Italian natale, with its surroundings of art and priceless treasure; the French Noel, celebrated with poetry and song; the German Weihnachtsfest, with blazing yule log and heavily-laden Christmas tree; the English Christmas, with twelve days of feasting and open hospitality,—all join hearts in the great feast of the Nativity. And in America, where all nationalities and creeds are as one, all these different people celebrate the great holiday according to the customs of their fatherland, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, for that day, at least, the hearts of the people are in unison.

And what is the meaning of it all? Do we make a Christian holiday of it or a time of pleasure and relaxation from work only? Do we realize the significance of Christmas? Only once have the ears of men heard the heavenly strain, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men." Down through the ages this manifestation has made itself heard in song and story, and still it rings in the ears of men. The words are plain and simple, we cannot mistake them if we would,—we sometimes hear but do not heed. "Glory to God in the highest,"—the civilized world never doubts to whom to "ascribe all honor, might, majesty, and dominion, now and forever," but does it heed the tidings of peace on earth, good will toward men? We take pride in our battleships and fortifications; we build death-dealing guns, and study improved methods of warfare—are these things to bring tidings of peace and good will to all men? Let us think for a moment of the meaning of it all. And in our relations, man to man, when the conventional is removed, when selfishness and jealousy is forgotten and the spirit of ever-ready criticism taken away, and when simplicity and genuineness come into men's lives, when charity in speech and thought are guides in passing judgment, and when the spirit of helpfulness is the rule and not the exception, then can people and nations rejoice, that the song of the ages has been sung and heard. As we step out of the past narrow year, into a future to be made broad if we will, what better resolution can we make than to keep the spirit of Christmas in our hearts throughout the year?





## A MEREDITH MAIDEN.

*By Isabel Ambler Gilman.*

Dainty, little baby Beatrice!  
In the portico she stands,  
Wafts a parting kiss to mamma,  
Waves her chubby little hands.

Such a winsome little maiden,  
With the bluest laughing eyes  
Full of witchery and mischief,  
In an instant, oh, so wise.

Such a lovely little princess  
With a wealth of sunny hair  
Falling like a golden halo  
Round her dimpled features fair.

Such a merry little fairy  
With her pretty baby ways,  
Like a playful gleam of sunshine  
Making bright life's gloomy days.

Tiny, fragrant, human blossom,  
Little sunbean sent from heaven,  
Sweetest, truest of all blessings  
That to mortals can be given.



## THE UNCONCEALABLE.

*By Mary M. Currier.*

He took his harp and smote the strings amain,  
He said, "They shall not know the pain I feel."  
He chose a merry fantasy of Spain,  
And gaily forth the notes began to peal—  
Or so he thought. But when to speech again  
His hearers did at length their lips unseal,  
Said one, "Was ever heard so sad a strain?"





## AT CAMP.

*By E. M. Kix.*

The sun is setting in the drowsy west,  
And sweetly kissing vale and peak to rest ;  
The ripples, swashing on the sandy shore,  
Rechant the mem'ries of the day that 's o'er,  
And softly whisper, as the daylight dies,  
Of all the day's lost opportunities.

The sun is rising o'er the eastern hills,  
And with its mellow light the valley fills ;  
And then, with all its tenderness of power,  
It sips the dew from every leaf and flower,  
Touches them tenderly and seems to say  
Be like these little flowers, be pure to-day.



## THE GEM.

*By Samuel Hoyt.*

Not in a circlet of gold  
On a maiden's fair white hand—  
Not in the womb of earth  
In the sunny Afric land ;—

Nor yet in the oyster's shell,  
Beneath the heaving sea,  
Is the gem of greatest price—  
The gem of gems for me.

But far transcending all,  
Under the bending dome,  
Is the gem of true love, set  
In the circle of hearts at home.







## RAMBLES OF THE ROLLING YEAR.

*By C. C. Lord.*

### RAMBLE XLIX.

#### A FOOT OF SNOW.

**T**HIS is the first week in December. We are experiencing the first days of the colloquially first month of winter. December is not supposed to be a warm month. It is not uncommon for December to begin in the midst of snow. We are not disappointed in December if all the evidences of existing winter are exerted with power.

December, however, is not of uniform climatic aspects from year to year. There is a complex cause of this fact. It is, therefore, proper to specify some of the meteorological features of the present inceptive December. The weather of New England is so variable there is almost always an opportunity for the contemplation of some one or more of its unique changes.

Previously to the present week, the aspects of the approaching winter have been asserted with moderation. There has been a number of chills of only comparative severity, and several light flirts of snow have only succeeded in temporarily or partially whitening the local landscape. But now there is an emphatic demonstration of winter. There is a foot of snow upon the ground. As we look abroad and far over the surrounding expanse of country, the

pure whiteness of the view is an earnest of the wintry fact that cannot be doubted or denied.

There is a suggestion of sadness in the annually approaching winter. There is also a hint of gladness in the same progressive consummation. As we go out in the new, white snow, tossing its feathery particles to and fro as we make our way through its light, wreathy depth, we feel a spontaneous thrill of pleasure in the scene and the exercise. We are not alone in the essential experience. There are other people abroad to-day. Both old and young seem to be happily alert to-day. Even the most stolid ruralist is pleased. The average boy is hilarious. The snow is to-day the pledge of an expression of joy that proves that rural, out-door gratification is not wholly confined to any season of the year.

Yet it were absurd to assume that the present popular expression of pleasure in the snow is purely æsthetic in character. A plain farmer admits the cause of his gratification and says he is glad that there is "go'in' to be some sleddin'." The material exigencies of this life appeal to us all. A yeoman of somewhat scientific reflection is pleased with the snow because "now it's down we shall have it warmer." The remark is truly suggestive. The air has been especially chill for the past few days, and now the atmosphere certainly





presents a more softened aspect. We are reminded that we have many times heard people speak as if a rise in the temperature of the air is the natural sequence of a storm of snow. We reflect and think how true and simple is the fact. The congealing moisture of the atmosphere parts with its latent heat, doubtless sometimes to a degree appreciable by the ordinary sense of feeling. Though the popular world is full of superstitions regarding the weather, it sometimes instinctively assumes a genuine scientific theorem. A truly humble and appreciative mind can often learn much from the traditions of an observing peasantry.

There is a foot of snow. It is a beautiful snow. This is a fact because the snow is really such. In other words, it is not sleet or hail. It fell from the sky only yesterday. It dropped rapidly, but softly, and in large flakes. While it was falling, one of our observing rural neighbors said, "It won't last long. It comes in too big chunks." He was right. Large snowflakes are not indicative of a prolonged fall. The storm of yesterday expressed only an agitation of the lower regions of the atmosphere. Nor was the disturbance a violent one. There was a gentle conflict between opposite currents of air of different degrees of temperature. In consequence of a milder contention of the skies, a measure of suspended moisture was congealed into softly falling snow that filled the land below with an abundance of light flakes of fleecy whiteness.

Let us for a moment give our thoughts to the contemplation of the present beautiful snow. We have spoken of its wreathy whiteness. Ob-

serve the uniformity of its distribution. The storm that yielded it was so gentle as to leave hardly the suggestion of a drift. The whole open landscape is mantled in a robe of immaculate purity. Thought conceives of nothing more symbolic of absolute refinement. But there is also an intensification of the present state of contemplative, ideal reflection. As we cast our eyes upon the trees of the orchard and forest, we derive a thrill of imagination that partakes of the richness of fantasy. How captivating are the aspects of the light, wreathy snow as it rests in fanciful shapes upon the boughs and branches! Both deciduous and evergreen trees seem to strive with one another for the mastery of ideal, decorative art. Rosettes, wreaths, festoons, spangles, — all, intermingled and sparkling in the sunlight of the early day, make a scene appropriate for the transcendental endowments of a fairyland.

The fairest scenes fade soonest. As we ramble, we observe that the rays of the ascending sun are overpowering the charms of the beautiful snow, which drops from the trees and settles upon the ground. We turn homeward reflecting upon the mutability of earthly things.

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#### RAMBLE L.

##### A COLD MORNING.

This is a cold morning. There is no doubt of the fact. Everyone says it is a cold morning. The coldness of the morning is a frequent subject of popular remark.

Thus we reflect as we go out. We were aware of the coldness before we went out. Yet the sharpness of the





air did not prevent us. All our life we have accustomed ourself to face all the general changes of weather in this locality. There has always been a fascination for us in a direct contact with the extremes of climatic change. There is poetry in the weather, as there is in most natural things.

This morning we realize one phase of human life with special vividness. Man is a creature of moods. His moods depend very much upon his circumstances. A certain aggregate of human conditions tends invariably to induce a corresponding state of mental reflections. It often seems to us that people never think in winter just as they do in summer. We sometimes conceive that, if the experience of intense cold were a constant one, human life would lose very much of its characteristic tenderness of feeling. If we were always subjected to the influences of winter, we should never realize a true summery state of the soul. This idea is enforced upon our mind by a mere passing incident. As we trudge along the highway, enclosed from head to foot in a warm, heavy ulster, we meet a neighbor in a sleigh. He is also wrapped and concealed in clothing to a degree almost beyond recognition. Yet we know him and he knows us. He is one of our most cordial neighbors. Yet we pass each other, and he gives us only a frigid nod. We entertain no feelings of censure on account of this cold civility. We comprehend its cause. Indeed, our deference to him was as reserved as his to us. All the people in the highway are chilled in feelings this morning. There is, in fact, a suggestion of what society

would be if there were nothing but winter in the climatic world.

This is a cold morning. This statement must be allowed an intenser meaning. We have experienced many cold mornings since the annual autumnal season became more pronounced. It is not remarkable that there should be a merely cold morning in winter. But this is a specially cold morning. It is the occasion of a special reflection. It is the first morning this season to impress every one with an idea of a present, extreme bitterness of cold. The immanence of this fact is vividly impressed upon the consciousness of the public, which is thinking and acting accordingly.

Why is this morning so cold? This is a harder question than it first seems. There are so many necessary facts involved in the local climatic expression of a single day that none but a learned meteorologist can practically comprehend more than a few of them. The temperature this morning is not very low. The mercury hardly sinks to zero. Yet there is a brisk, sharp wind from the northwest, and it is the special cause of the present severity. But there is more to the subject. Yesterday was mild. There was a genial atmosphere for winter and an unmistakable dampness of the air. There was such clemency of the atmosphere that some people even prophesied a continued warmth and thaw. From the warmer and moister precincts of the not distant Atlantic ocean floated moist clouds that shed a few drops of rain upon the snow-clad land. Then night came and the wind changed. The boreal influences of the northwest took command of the





situation. This fact became more potent as the night advanced. In the morning it was the consummate reality.

A fellow-townsmen who claims some knowledge of the mysteries of wind and wave meets us on our way, and, for a wonder, pauses and talks. He says the tide is flooding on the coast. We dare say he is right. All winter long in this latitude and longitude there is a constant tendency to a conflict between the warmth of the ocean and the coldness of the land. At one time there is a stillness of the northwestern currents of air, and the mild breath of the southeast brings in the melting influences that promise to dissolve all the abundance of the snow. Then the flooding tide of waters from the great moving reservoir of the gulf stream rushes upon the coast, and the cold breezes of the north and west come down to meet it. The warm influences of the ocean cause a degree of atmospheric rarefaction, and the adjacent world, to restore the equilibrium, looses the winds of the land that sweep over unnumbered miles of snow and ice on the way and in consequence become chilled even to bitterness. Yes, our neighbor must be right. The tide is flooding on the coast. In a few hours the tide will have gained its height and begin to ebb. Then there will be an abatement of the tempest of the cold wind, the air will become more clement, and the human local world will move on its way, haply to reflect only upon the past, severe roughness of the morning.

Our ramble this morning is not a long one. The circuit of our path is less than usual. We soon find our face set directly on home, where the

fire is genial and the wind excluded. Once indoors, we not only feel a relief from the cold and blast, but we find our sentimental nature reviving in the comfort of our own apartment. Poets and essayists have written beautiful things in winter as they sat by the fireside at home. Returned to the smiling influences of the hearth, we become mollified in impulse and emotion. Were our cordial neighbors to come and meet us here, the interchange of personal civilities would not be formal even to frigidity. So much does man depend upon his circumstances and surroundings. With this thought, we take up our book and pen and begin the earnest labors of the day.

#### RAMBLE LI.

##### THE CONFLICT OF USES.

The world is the arena of conflict. Hostility is written upon the face of nature. Antagonism is expressed in every department of industry. Life is a struggle in which atoms, motives, and thoughts enter into inevitable relations of contest.

We fall into this train of reflection to-day on account of a mere passing incident. As our ramble takes us out and into the broad highway, we observe two individuals trudging along together. We do not know them, and they do not appear to know us. They are peculiar persons. Our mind is instinctively attracted to their unique appearance. We read, as it were, a whole volume of interesting history at a glance. Yet these two individuals are both very ordinary ones. Why do we notice them so particularly?





These persons are simply two manual laborers. They are laborers of the humblest grade. Yet they suggest a world of thought to us. Indeed their presence in local society is significant. They represent the conflict of uses. We may add, they express the conflict of ages.

These two laborers are men. They are plain, awkward, and uncultivated. They speak in a foreign tongue. They are workers in the woods. They are choppers. They have been to the village store for supplies and are returning to their home in the forest. One of them has a new ax in his hand.

Two hundred years ago the Englishman and the Frenchman were contending at arms over the possession of territory now embraced in the United States. In those days New England was prominently involved in the contest. The Englishman took the advantage. The Frenchman was pushed to the wall. Yet today, in a way, the old battle between the Englishman and the Frenchman is being fought over again. New England is again prominently involved in the conflict. However, the resultant conditions are measurably reversed. The Englishman is this time being crowded back. The present contest is a peaceful one, but it is none the less real.

Only a few generations ago, almost all the work done in New England was by resident people of English social extraction. There were only a relatively few laborers who spoke anything but pure English. Now the situation is vastly changed. The old English families have become extinct, or their members have entered the higher walks of society,

or have moved away. Foreigners are daily assuming the functions of local manual labor to an increasing extent. Among these foreigners the French from Canada constitute a conspicuous element. The Frenchman is now industrially everywhere. He is felling our forests, tilling our soil, making our fabrics, and delivering our merchandise. Has he not already begun to conduct politics and hold office? We are compelled to say he has.

It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun. One man dies and another takes up the tools he leaves. The same may be said of a society or of a nation. It only takes longer to effect more important changes. The history of this world principally reveals conflicts of both war and peace. One generation passes away, and another generation comes. The one resists its going out, and the other enforces its coming in. There one fails, and the other wins. One is victim, and the other victor.

We continue our ramble and seek the local geographical heights. We tread the ridge of land that has already figured conspicuously in our rambles. Almost any day, looking from Mt. Putney or Mt. Lookout, one can see the not far distant curling vapor that rises from a portable sawmill. Even now a column of white vapor rises a few miles away in the northeast. There is a steam sawmill upon the plain in the Buswell district. There are doubtless Frenchmen cutting timber and wood, though a man of English extraction directs the enterprise. In the general fact, there is an illustration of the conflict of uses. Yet all uses are not material ones.





Material objects are not to be despised. It is good that men fell trees, saw lumber, collect fuel, build houses, factories, stores, and other edifices, to further the interests of social prosperity. Yet in all this there is a suffering conflict. The woods are full of comfort and help for the æsthetic man and woman. The stately forms, the green foliage, the dense shade, the extended avenues, the dainty bowers,—all contribute to the imaginative wealth of the observer who distributes it for the happiness of mankind in his delineations in poetry or in art. The poet and the artist will inly grieve and outwardly sigh when the land is devastated of a beautiful and inviting forest. There is no complaint of the lips in this case, though the sorrow of the heart is deep. Æstheticism is sensible though it is extremely sensitive. The observation of two Frenchmen on their way to the woods may make it instinctively repine.

It is winter. This is the favorite season of work in the woods. It is the time of æsthetic affliction. To-day a hollow tree falls, and a sprightly squirrel is deprived of a comfortable and peaceful home. An ancient pine goes to the ground, and the domicile of years of the wise crow is demolished forever. A cluster of evergreens is cut away, and a familiar resort of the melodious hermit thrush is destroyed, and no more sweet summer-evening concerts will there be heard. Next year, when verdure and bloom return, there will be only an unsightly barrenness where was once a lovely forest. The poet and the artist will avoid the spot for the pain it gives to be

compelled to reflect upon the inevitable changes of things that imply the unavoidable conflict of uses.

#### RAMBLE LII.

##### THE DARKEST DAYS.

We are now in the season of the darkest days of the year. The sun is in or near the winter solstice. Now is the time when there is the least light and the most dark in twenty-four hours. All the attendant features of the extreme decline of the sun's heat and the intensest power of darkness are predominantly manifested. The daylight is late in the east, and the twilight is early in the west. If the sky happens to be obscured by clouds the days are still darker and shorter. The emotionally reflective mind finds a difficulty in maintaining its usual elasticity and brightness on such days as these. There is something suggestively gloomy in the thoughts of the darkest days.

Thus we think as we undertake our ramble to-day. In the presence of the depth of winter, there is a conception of monotony that prevents the diversion that one easily derives in strolling out of doors during any other of the four seasons of the year. We think we are always prepossessed with sentiments of a somber cast when the annually darkest days arrive, unless we make a special effort for diversion or have our mind diverted by accident.

Yet there is something in the conception of these darkest days that partakes of the nature of intense anticipation. We know that the darkest days are soon past. In the su-





perior manifestations of nature's law, there is no permanent status of condition or fact. The moment the sun (in appearance) reaches the extreme solstitial point of winter it begins to return to the solstitial point of summer. Hence we think there is something to which we can look forward as soon as we reach the day of wintry, solstitial limitation. There is a comfort to the human heart in a sure cause for expectancy. When we know that the days are growing longer and lighter, though the senses cannot note the rate of change, the mind increases in buoyancy and the spirit revives, though the snow is the deepest and the blast is the keenest.

We often indulge a criticism of the annual scientific calendar. We wish the almanac fixed the beginning of the year at the winter solstice instead of about two weeks later. There are two reasons for this wish. In the first place, there is something reflectively fitting in the idea of a concurrence of natural and artificial facts and uses. In this era of increasing knowledge, the world seems more and more to appreciate the advantage of the useful formularies that nature indicates. We are learning that, when understood, nature is apt to be found on the side of truth. The fact that nature has set the solstitial and equinoctial points as four determinative boundaries of the year suggests that one of them might properly be used as the initial point of civil astronomical reckoning. In the second place, we should prefer to have the scientific year begin at the winter solstice because then the idea of a new year and a new anticipation of happier climatic conditions would be mutually coincident.

We have mentioned a conception of monotony existing at this time of the year. This idea results from the general sameness of the aspects of nature at this time. It is true we have sun and shade, heat and cold, storm and calm, in winter as well as in summer, but the extremes of varying climatic conditions are not as pleasantly contemplative as they are in summer, and as a consequence the mind ignores them in a great measure. Then the wide expanse of snowy whiteness of the landscape, relieved only here and there by patches of green in the forests, is suggestive of a sameness that cannot be reflectively entertained in summer. Again the comparative silence of winter is antagonistic to a conception of diversity. Not the least item of consideration in this aspect of the case is the absence of that concert of birds that so often varies and delights the reflections in the annually verdant and blooming summer.

As our present ramble progresses, we take an ascending path and seek an eminence. On the height we pause. We cast an eye over the broad expanse of the surrounding landscape. How pale and deathlike is the whole scene! We listen—there is scarcely a sound to mar the solemn stillness. We test the temperature of the air. How chill! We turn and look for the sun. It is far and faint in the south. The world seems to have donned the aspect of motionless, cheerless solemnity. We will not dwell long upon the prospect around us. We resume our way in the path of the hour's ramble. We fain hope for a sight or a sound to prevent the cumulative





preponderance of somber monotony in our thought. Perchance a titmouse may flee from one bough to another. A woodpecker may tap upon the dead branch of a tree. A sable crow may caw from a distant wood. A squirrel may chatter on a wall. Yet all these only modify the aspects of winter. There is nothing of summer in the suggestions of these darkest days.

However there is one thing we had forgotten. We espy a specially graceful evergreen tree of moderate size and are reminded that we are close upon the annual Christmas time. We think of the symbolic tree, laden with gifts for a concourse of joyfully anticipative human beings. The Christian world is now in the beginning of a devotional year, and is preparing to celebrate the great mystery of which Christmas is a peculiar sign. Perchance the prospective eye of an expectant observer of Christmas eve will fall upon the pleasant tree that our own has singled out and select it as the artificial bearer of material fruitage to a happy assembly of persons both old and young.

These are the darkest days of the year. Yet the brighter days are coming. In a very short time we shall feel a new glow in the breast because the darkest days have departed.

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### RAMBLE LIII.

#### THE GRAVE AND THE GAY.

There are times in human experience when the accidental and incidental features of life seem to command attention. The elective and

determinable elements of existence are sometimes in involuntary abeyance, having little or no power to assert themselves in the face of surrounding circumstances. This experimental fact may be one either of actual or ideal life. Practical things in human consideration are often pushed into the background before the advance of mere contemplative subjects.

We go out musing thus to-day, for we feel more the influence of circumstances than of purposes. It is the last week of the year, and we cannot crowd the thought from our mind. Every scene of nature seems to suggest the present, predominant reflection. The earth, the air, and the sky are, in fancy, mindful of the last aspect of the solemnly closing year.

A poet has said that we should count time by heart-throbs. It were at times equally proper to say that our heart-throbs are determined by the hours themselves. Who has ever spent a wakeful night and not been moved to peculiarly solemn reflections when the clock struck twelve? This is a fact because the hour of midnight marks the end of a day. At the sound of the last stroke of the midnight bell, we feel like lapsing into a state of solemn contemplation that notes only the most potent issues of eternity. When a day ends it ends forever, and we are so absorbed in the thought that we forget the new day falling immediately upon it.

As we ramble to-day, we fain take note of the looks, acts, and words of our friends and neighbors, in view of ascertaining their possible moods on this reflectively peculiar time. Of





course we do not expect that every individual will manifest the same degree of thoughtfulness, or that every one will appear to be thoughtful at all. The present apparent predominance of a solemn shade cast over the face of all the world is, in part, the result of our own subjective condition. Yet there are others in the same state as we. There are all grades of serious thought exercised to-day. There is the sepulchral genius who reflects only upon the dead who have been buried during the year, and the sweetly solemn mind that entertains a hundred and one profitable conceptions of passing time that are a priceless treasure to him who is in the select confidence of the possessor of it. There are all possible grades of serious reflection existing between the two. The looks, acts, and words we observe attest the case as we have briefly described it. It is the end of the year. The annual clock will soon strike twelve, and the community of the thoughtful is waiting the solemn stroke with calmness even if with concern. Each individual who indulges the frame of mind portrayed has a special inducement to practice the mood. Who thus looks out of and around himself upon the wintry landscape of the closing year witnesses everywhere the symbols of his own reflections. The earth is covered with a snowy pall. The deciduous trees are bare, or only a few dead leaves rustle upon their boughs. There is a stillness like death in the surrounding air, which breathes with a chilliness suggestive of the rigors of destruction. There is, indeed, the verdure of the pines and the spruces, but even this wears an as-

pect of desolation and despair in the almost or entirely silent depths of its cold shades.

Still we will not altogether dwell upon the somber phase of the ending year. During the past week we have repeatedly felt fitful throbs of anticipation because we know that now the darkest point of the year's progress has passed and the warm and bright sun has already begun to creep up from its low, southern, wintry resort. But there is something else to awaken livelier and more expectant conceptions of the passing time. These are the holidays that culminate in the festive New Year. Only a few days ago, Christmas came with its wealth of gifts and testimonials of hope in the prospects that pertain to the everlasting destinies of mankind. To-day expresses an observable liveliness of spirit—of course the sprightliest among the younger and less thoughtful members of the community—that will continue till the last festivity of the holiday season is accomplished. Of course, in the superficial aspects of the world's affairs, the young indulge and demonstrate the greater anticipation and enjoyment. This is but natural and as it should be. We would not abate one jot or one tittle of the innocent happiness vouchsafed to childhood and youth during these fleeting festal days. Hence we scorn to rebuke the pride with which a passing child displays a new trinket, priceless juvenile treasure of the joyful though closing year. The youth and the maiden that meet us on our way have each a brightness of face that attests the gratification they derive from the new ornaments and adornments they wear, and which a





proper modesty of demeanor forbids them to mention. It is a significant fact that almost every young person we meet seems to exhibit an earnestness of manner that implies some specially existing or projected activity. The reason is readily explained. The young are now involved in the contemplation of festivities. The culmination of the new year is close at hand. In a few days more the music will swell with delicious harmonies, the dance will whirl

with captivating rhythm of motion, the feast will be spread with tempting luxuries, and the heart of early manhood and womanhood will rejoice in strength and promise, though the long hours culminate in the moment that completes the stroke of twelve that speaks only in solemn tones to the less youthful and more thoughtful among the children of men. Young life is gay and now dons itself with evergreen, forgetting the cold and the snow.

[The end.]



### THE HERMIT'S "CALL."

*By G. K. Pattee.*

The wind wailed wild at yester e'en  
 And scurried clouds across the sky ;  
 The dome was lit with a ghastly sheen,  
 O'er moor and moss rang shriek and cry.

The hemlocks sighed their funeral dirge,  
 The vale was full of moving things  
 That in the roaming of the serge  
 Screamed out, and flapped their sable wings.

Alone I paced my cabin floor,  
 And sleepless heard with nameless dread  
 The banshee's note keen louder, lower,  
 And heard the murmurings of the dead.

The firelight gleamed a ruddy glare  
 And threw grim pictures on the wall.  
 The death watch ticked upon the stair,  
 And with it went my hope, my all.

The cheerless hours of night crept past,  
 The morning brought no rest, no tear,  
 I've heard "the call," the spirit blast,  
 That wraps the shroud and strews the bier.





## A SONG AND THE SINGER.

*By M. E. Drake.*

It was only a simple ballad  
Sung to a careless throng,  
But the singer's voice was tender  
And I listened to the song.



LISTENED, then turned to see who the beautiful singer might be. Ah! what a vision of beauty met my gaze. A slender young girl stood on a street corner pouring forth her soul in an evening song. Her hands were clasped. Her face was raised upward, and the deep blue eyes seemed to be looking far beyond the sky. Golden curls hung about her beautiful neck and shoulders. Her mouth expressed sweetness and exquisite beauty, and dimples came and went as she sang. A most beautiful picture! but the song?

I had almost forgotten that in my interested study of the singer. I listened. The song at that moment was in a minor strain, soft, tender, and pathetic. She sang the old, old story of the Babe in the Manger, the angels, and the shepherds. Her voice trembled with fear as she sang of the shepherd's fear, then grew

tender at the strain, "Be not afraid," then, bursting with joy and gladness, she sang, "I bring you glad tidings of great joy." Clear, sweet, and full the song rang out. The singer knew not of the listening crowd so near. She heeded not the noise of cart and street car. She had forgotten earth and the things of earth, for her soul was lost in her song. The last bright rays of the sun smiled a blessing upon the upturned face, making it radiantly beautiful. The song ceased. In an instant the vision had vanished, for the singer had passed into the crowd. She had left a Christmas message and gone, perhaps to tell it to others.

The crowd murmured, "Wonderful! how sweet! who is she?" I passed silently on my way with a feeling of peace, hope, and strength given by the beautiful face and song of an unknown singer.

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## RICHES.

*By Charles Henry Chesley.*

Nor gold have I nor priceless stone,  
And yet no art can measure  
The wealth I hold to be my own:  
Love's gift, earth's rarest treasure.





## LET ME GO FIRST, THE WAY IS DARK.

*By Frederick Myron Colby.*

NOTE.—A young French marquis and a viscountess, betrothed lovers and favorites at the court of Versailles, were among the noble victims of the Reign of Terror. As fate would have it they met for the last time at the foot of the scaffold, when the gallant marquis, with a bow, pushed himself in front of his liege lady, saying, like the true lover he was, "Let me go first, the way is dark."

He stood beside the scaffold stair,  
His coat all rich with silver lace ;  
The sunshine on his powdered hair,  
A smile upon his courtly face.  
He bent a moment o'er her hand,  
As proud as though in Versailles Park ;  
And then with air of seigneur grand :  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

With broided kerchief on her breast,  
And trailing robes of silk brocade,  
She looked as if for ball-room dressed ;  
A rose above her heart was laid.  
She saw Trianon's courtly grace,  
She heard the song of morning lark,  
All speaking in her lover's face :  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

When last they met t'was in the dance,  
Where lamps shone o'er a festal throng ;  
Bright was that royal fête of France,  
And gay the dulcet notes of song.  
How changed the scene, the courtly bliss !  
Here stood the headsman in his sark,  
And lovers' sighs were changed to this :  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

A picture fair, she stood awhile,  
Then plucked the rose from off her heart ;  
And sighed, as with a weary smile :  
"We only for a moment part."  
Ah, loving hearts, your courage rare  
Shines down the years with love's true spark,  
And we still hear through rose-scent air,  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."





# NECROLOGY

## JOSEPH KIDDER.

Joseph Kidder, born in Manchester, March 13, 1819, died in that city October 29, 1902.

Mr. Kidder was one of the best known citizens of the New Hampshire metropolis, and was noted throughout the state for his prominent connection with the Odd Fellows and the Masonic fraternity, more particularly the former. He was a son of Samuel P. Kidder, who was for some years superintendent of locks and canals for the old Blodget Canal Company. He attended various schools, including Lebanon and Pembroke academies, and completed his education at Dummer academy, West Newbury, Mass., of which he was the oldest living graduate at the time of the celebration in June 19, when a memorial tablet in honor of Governor Dummer, the founder, was unveiled.

In early manhood Mr. Kidder went into trade in a general store, being long associated with his older brother, John S. Kidder, and subsequently with John M. Chandler and John F. Duncklee, in the management of the old "Family Store," at what was then 36 Elm street, on the site where the Weston building now stands.

He was also actively identified with journalism, having commenced writing for the press in early youth, and continuing in various lines up to the time of his death. He was one of the founders of the old Manchester *Democrat*, had been editor of various publications in this state and Massachusetts, at different times, and had conducted an Odd Fellows department in each of several papers for a long series of years.

He took a lively interest in educational affairs, having taught considerably in youth. He served for a number of years on the Manchester school board, and was acting superintendent of schools for two years. He was a speaker at farmers' institutes in the early years of the State Board of Agriculture, and was for one term a member of the board. He was also for three terms a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and for some time secretary. This institution conferred upon him, in 1901, the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. He had also received from Dartmouth college the honorary degree of A. M.

Early in life Mr. Kidder joined both the Masons and Odd Fellows. He had been treasurer of the state Grand Lodge of Masons for nearly thirty years; was twenty-four years prelate of Trinity Commandery of Manchester, and for twenty years chaplain of the Grand Chapter. He had taken the Scottish Rite degree up to and including the thirty-second degree. He joined Hillsborough lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F., in 1845, was grand master of the state lodge in 1856, and for ten years a member of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, and had been, since 1878, secre-





tary of the Grand Lodge and scribe of the Grand Encampment, besides holding various other positions of prominence in both orders. He was also a member of Amoskeag grange, P. of H., and for some years its chaplain.

Politically Mr. Kidder was a Democrat, but never an office seeker nor specially active in political life. In religion he was an active and earnest Universalist, and for many years a lay preacher in that denomination, having been heard in many pulpits most acceptably.

June 20, 1850, he united in marriage with Miss Sarah E. Smith, of Concord, Mass., by whom he is survived, with three daughters, Maria F., Annie E., and Mary M. Kidder.

#### DR. FREDERICK E. POTTER.

Frederick E. Potter, M. D., was son of a physician of the same name, and a great grandson of Major-General Frye of the Continental army, a close friend of Washington, for whom Fryeburg, Me., was named. His mother's maiden name was Calista Lucas, she being a daughter of Samuel Lucas of Rumney, in which town Dr. Potter was born, July 3, 1839, his parents removing to Pembroke when he was three years of age, where he attended the public schools and academy, entering the medical department of the University of Vermont when eighteen years of age, graduating in 1859. He then went to New York city, where he was appointed resident interne of King's County hospital, a position he held till the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1861, when he entered the regular service of the United States navy as surgeon, and was on board the *Monticello* at the taking of Forts Hatteras and Clark, the first naval victory of the war.

He was next transferred to the Mississippi squadron, and served on the Cumberland, Mississippi, and Tennessee rivers, through the siege at Vicksburg, was present at the bloody battle of Grand Gulf, and in the Red River expedition. Broken in health from hard service, he was detailed as the president of the board of examiners for the admission of medical officers to the navy, and stationed at Cincinnati. He returned to duty upon his restoration to health, and served for seven years in Mexico and South America. In 1873 he was ordered to the Portsmouth navy yard as surgeon, where he remained until he resigned his commission early in 1876. He then engaged in the practice of medicine in Portsmouth, continuing up to his last sickness, except during the time passed in several trips to Europe, where he went to study in the hospitals, and a winter passed in Egypt. He had established an enviable reputation as a skilled and successful practitioner.

Dr. Potter was a lifelong and thoroughly loyal Democrat, and was the candidate of his party for governor of the state in 1900. He attended the Unitarian church. He was a thorough gentleman, of a kindly and generous disposition, and possessed of rare conversational powers. He married, in 1873, Miss Harriet Wilkins of Suncook, who survives him.

#### REV. EPHRAIM O. JAMESON.

Ephraim Orcutt Jameson, born in Dunbarton, January 23, 1832, died in Boston, Mass., November 9, 1902.

He was the third son of David and Mary (Twiss) Jameson. He fitted for





college at Gilmanton academy and was graduated from Dartmouth in 1855, and from Andover Theological seminary in 1858. His first pastorate was in the East Concord Congregational church. From there he was called to the Union Evangelical church of Amesbury, Mass., and from there he went to the First Church of Christ, in East Medway, now Millis, Mass., where he preached for twenty-one years, rounding out nearly forty years in the three pastorates. Since his leaving Millis in May, 1893, he has supplied pulpits in Boston and vicinity up to the time his health failed him. Mr. Jameson was a voluminous historical writer, having published many biographical town and family histories. He was a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the South Carolina Historical Society, American Historical Association, and an honorary member of the New Hampshire Historical Society. In his researches for genealogical facts he visited and spent some months in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and by long years of labor made himself an authority on family histories. October 18, 1894, he was appointed supervisor of the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, which position he faithfully filled until he was prostrated by fatal illness.

He married, September 28, 1858, Mary J. Cogswell, daughter of Dr. William and Joanna (Strong) Cogswell of Gilmanton, who bore him four children, three of whom survive him. Mrs. Jameson died March 6, 1897.

#### JOHN BELL BOUTON.

John Bell Bouton, a well-known writer and journalist, son of the late Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton of Concord, where he was born March 15, 1830, died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., November 18, 1902.

Mr. Bouton was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1849. He studied law, but did not become an active practitioner. His life-work was that of journalism and literature, and he was for some years one of the editors of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, at Cleveland, O., and later, for about thirty years, one of the editors and proprietors of the *New York Journal of Commerce*.

He retired from active work in 1889, and took up his residence in Cambridge. He was the author of a novel, "Round the Block," and a book of travel, "Roundabout to Moscow." He also wrote "The Enchanted" and "Uncle Sam's Church," the latter being a strong plea for patriotism. He was the author of numerous sketches and memoirs, and was for some ten years one of the editors of Appleton's Annual Encyclopædia. His last literary work was a sketch of the life and character of his father, prepared for a memorial service held at the First Congregational church at Concord, and afterwards published in the *Granite Monthly* for August, 1902.

He was a charter member of the Lotus club of New York, and a member of its board of directors many years.

He married Eliza J. Nesmith, daughter of the late Hon. John Nesmith of Lowell, Mass., December 4, 1873.

#### LINDLEY M. SAWYER.

Lindley M. Sawyer, born in Weare, September 25, 1833, died in that town on November 16, 1902.





He was the son of Allen and Anna (Osborne) Sawyer. His father was a prominent business man of Weare, having established a shoe manufactory there in 1852. He was educated at Moses A. Cartland's school at Clinton Grove, Friend's school at Providence, R. I., and Vassalboro, Me., academy.

At an early age he engaged in the shoe business with his father, with whom he remained until the father's death in 1867, since which time he has carried on the business alone. This firm was the originator of the famous "Quaker" boot, known throughout the United States, and during war times turned out 25,000 pairs of shoes annually.

Mr. Sawyer was a lifelong Republican, and served his town as clerk for several years, was a member of the legislature in 1874 and 1875, and held the office of town treasurer at the time of his death.

He was also a prominent member of Mt. William lodge of I. O. O. F., in which he manifested the keenest interest. In religious belief he was a Friend, and his quiet, unostentatious ways and kindly bearing toward all represented the very best qualities of the sect.

In 1867 he married Ellen R. Dickey of Manchester, by whom he is survived, as he is also by three of their five children: Allen W., Emma, and Gertrude.

#### HON. GEORGE L. BURT.

Hon. George L. Burt, a prominent resident of Dorchester, Mass., died at his home in Mattapan, October 2, 1902.

Mr. Burt was born in the town of Walpole, in this state, November 3, 1829. In youth he worked with his father at the cabinet maker's trade, but went to Dorchester in 1848, and worked for two years as a journeyman. In 1850 he united with his brother, the late John H. Burt, in establishing the firm of J. H. Burt & Co., at Mattapan, which business has been carried on for fifty years, and which, besides general contract work, includes the manufacture of doors, sash, and blinds.

Mr. Burt was a member of the first city council after the annexation of Dorchester to Boston, in 1870, and continued so for four years. He also served five years in the state legislature, having been a member of both house and senate.

In 1898 he was appointed building inspector of Milton. For twelve years he was a trustee of Mt. Hope cemetery, and for four years a trustee of the Mechanics' Charitable association. He was also for many years a director of the Dorchester Mutual Fire Insurance company, and a trustee of the Dorchester Savings bank. He was also a member of Union lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Dorchester, a director for several years of the Dorchester Co-operative bank, and an active member of the Master Builders' association. Mr. Burt married August 6, 1852, Miss Ellen A. Darby of Walpole.

#### EBENEZER FERREN.

Ebenezer Ferren, born in Goffstown, February 12, 1817, died in Manchester, November 15, 1902.

He was a son of Ebenezer and Mary (Eaton) Ferren, and a grandson of Lieut. Philip Ferren, who served in the Revolutionary War, and on the maternal side a





descendant of Francis Eaton, who came over in the *Mayflower*. He attended the common schools of his native town, but had a natural bent for trade, and after several years' experience as an itinerant vender, established a dry goods and carpet store in Manchester, building up an extensive business, which he conducted successfully for twenty years, till 1865, when he retired, with a competency which several successful real estate deals had materially enhanced.

His later years were devoted to religious thought and study, and the furtherance of reform measures, particularly in the temperance line, being a decided Prohibitionist, both in practice and political affiliation. He was a delegate to the National Prohibition Convention at Indianapolis in 1888. He was a practical philanthropist, of the unostentatious order, and gave to the needy most generously, the public at large knowing nothing of his benefactions. He was a member of the First Congregational church of Manchester, and for ten years treasurer of the Sunday-school. He was also an active and interested member of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

On August 7, 1849, Mr. Ferren married Adelaide F. Badger, who survives him. They had no children.

#### DR. WILLIAM H. HOSMER.

William Henry Hosmer, M. D.; a son of Jacob and Catherine (Wellington) Hosmer, born at East Concord, January 13, 1814, died at Penacook, November 15, 1902.

Dr. Hosmer was educated at Boscawen and Sanbornton academies, studied medicine with Dr. Thomas P. Hill of Sanbornton, graduated from Dartmouth Medical school in 1838, and commenced practice in New London that year, where he remained for nine years. He was then located in Newport one year, removing, in 1848, to Penacook, where he ever after remained, establishing a successful practice.

September 5, 1838, he married Mary J. T. Sanborn of Sanbornton, a sister of the late Dr. Thomas Sanborn of Newport, who died in 1863. Two daughters by this union are still living,—Mary Franc, widow of Prof. J. E. Abbott, of Mountain View, Cal., and Ella Jane, wife of John Chadwick of Penacook. In 1865 he married Mrs. Julia A. Dunlap, who died in 1899.

Dr. Hosmer was a Democrat in politics, a Baptist in religion, and a member of the I. O. O. F.

#### DR. GEORGE F. MELIFANT.

George F. Melifant, M. D., born in Gilmanton, March 24, 1864, died at Millville, Mass., November 4, 1902.

He was educated in the public schools of Concord and graduated from Dartmouth Medical college in 1888. Shortly after graduation he began the practice of medicine in Millville, Mass., where he soon gained for himself the reputation of being a skilful, able physician. He served the town officially in many positions of trust. He was a member of the school board for a number of years and was on the board of health at the time of his death. He left a widow and two children, Anna E. and George F., the latter having since deceased; also two sisters, Mary E. and Julia M., of Concord.





## EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

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The New Hampshire Constitutional convention, now in session at the state house in Concord, departed somewhat from the established custom in effecting its organization, in that it did not elect as its presiding officer a man of large experience in legislative work. In the choice of Gen. Frank S. Streeter of Concord, as president, the convention saw fit to call to the chair one whose labors thus far have been principally expended in controversy over the application of existing law, rather than in the making or unmaking of law itself. General Streeter, though still comparatively a young man, stands in the front rank among the successful lawyers of the state, and it was reasonable to suppose that he would find no difficulty in presiding over the deliberations of a body of men called together for the purpose of considering what, if any, changes are needed in the fundamental law of the state. Meanwhile, from the fact that the work of the convention is largely done in the committee of the whole, with some other member in the chair, the state is not deprived of the service on the floor, for which General Streeter's legal experience and acumen so admirably qualify him.

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The Constitutional convention, now in session, includes in its membership many of the most experienced legislators and publicists in the state, among whom are an ex-governor, an ex-chief justice of the supreme court, an ex-senator, two ex-congressmen, six former speakers of the state house of representatives, a United States district judge, an associate justice of the supreme court of the state, the attorney-general, the

United States district attorney, and two former incumbents of the same office, and a large number of men prominent in public and business life. Such a body ought to be able to deal successfully with all questions which may arise; but, after all, the man who best understands the temper and wishes of the people is the one best adapted to the work which the convention has in hand.

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Nearly a dozen different schemes for reducing the membership of the house of representatives have been introduced in the convention, some involving the district plan and others retaining the town system. The general impression seems to be that the town system in some form must be retained—that is, that no district plan can command the support of two thirds of the people, if submitted. The probabilities seem to favor some plan which shall not reduce the membership of the house below three hundred. The safety which is supposed to exist in numbers is one of the arguments adduced against greater reduction.

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Aside from the reduction of the membership of the house, the matters of plurality election; of the excision of the word "male" from the constitution, thereby practically establishing woman suffrage; the expurgation of all sectarian references; the protection of judicial tenure against legislative aggression; the increase of membership in the senate, and the appointment of sheriffs and solicitors by the superior court judges are among the more important that have been introduced in the convention for consideration.





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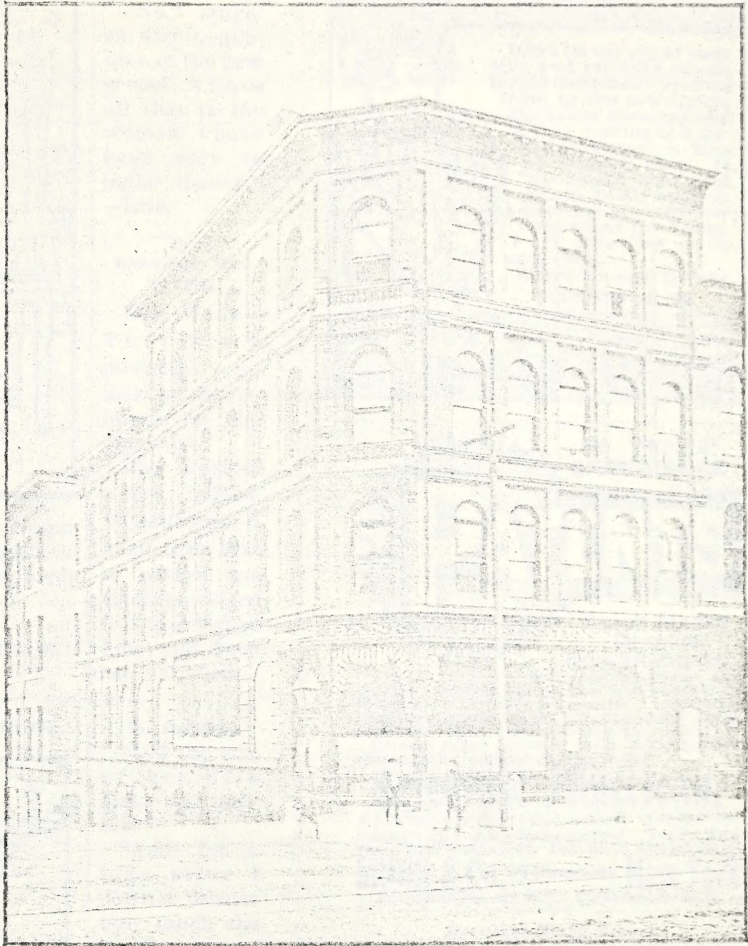




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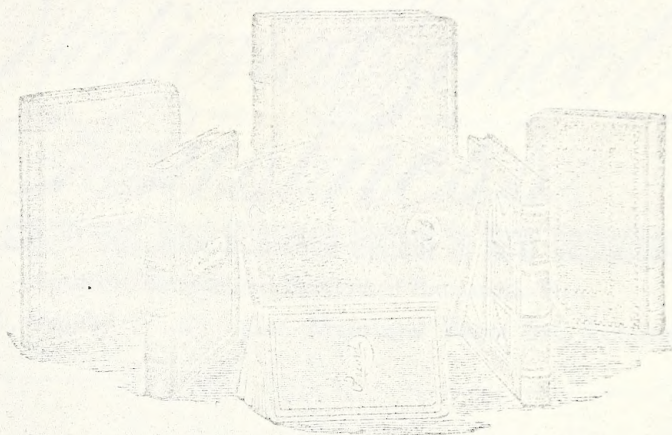




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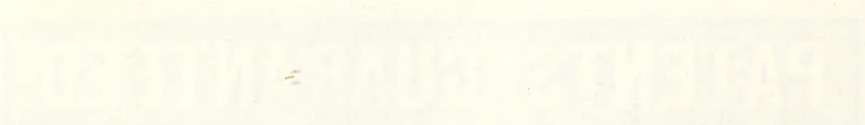
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